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High Times

May '77

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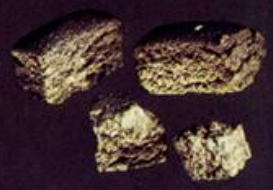
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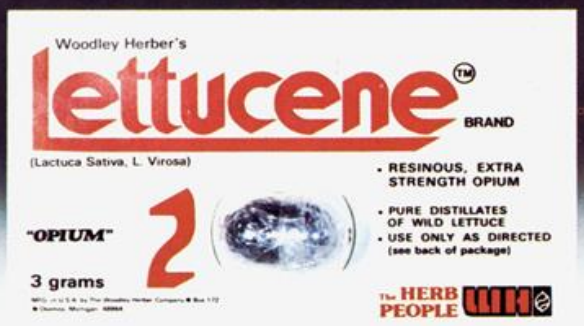
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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

May 1977 **No. 21**

INTERVIEW:

Harry J. Anslinger	Peter Biasucci	**26**

FEATURES:

Yum Yum Estates	Jerry Kamstra	**50**
Honey	Lynn Geller and Bill Madden	**53**
I Remember Civil Defense	Glenn O'Brien	**62**
VAMP: Fantasy and Humor by Women	Terry Richards and Becky Wilson	**67**
NOMAD	John Wilcock	**60**

PICTORIALS:

The Fabulous Furry Freak Bros.	Gilbert Shelton	**39**
Dope War Crimes in Mexico	Darby Craig	**44**
Roots		**56**

DEPARTMENTS:

Lines	**10**
Letters	**12**
Forum	**14**
Health	**18**
Law	**20**
Gardening	**25**
Records	**98**
Books	**104**
High Style	**108**
Trans-High Market Quotations	**110**
Closers	**114**
HIGHWITNESS NEWS	**31**
NATIONAL WEED	**79**

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3/29 Riverside Theatre, Milwaukee, Wisc.
3/31 Ford Aud., Detroit, Mich.
4/1 Aragon Ballroom, Chicago, Ill.
4/2 Cleveland Music Hall, Cleveland, Ohio
4/4 Lisner Aud., Washington, D.C.
4/5 Avery Fisher Hall, New York, N.Y.
4/6 Tower Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.
4/18 Paramount, Seattle, Wash.
4/20 Paramount, Portland, Oreg.
4/25 Santa Monica Civic Aud., Los Angeles, Calif.
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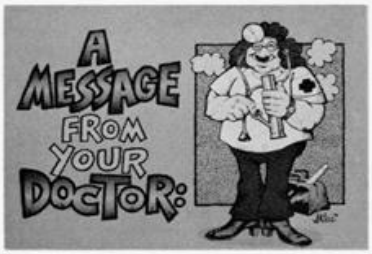




A-3



A-7 MESSAGE INSIDE: What did you say my name was?



A-4



A-1 MESSAGE INSIDE: Who'd thought we'd wind up as a Conventional Old Married Couple ?





A-5 MESSAGE INSIDE: I just wish you wouldn't FLAUNT it!



A-6

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May 1977 • No. 21 • *High Times* is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation • Entire contents © 1977 by Trans-High Corporation • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for $16, 24 issues for $29 • In Canada: 12 issues for $18, 24 issues for $33 • In South America, West Indies and Caribbean: 12 issues for $30 • In Europe: 12 issues for $37 • In Africa, Asia and Middle East: 12 issues for $45 • Send all mail to *High Times*, Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

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In the past decade, faith in our country has dwindled to practically nothing. We have a simple plan which could save America and revolutionize life here in the nicest way. And all that is required is a simple amendment to the Constitution—The 28th Amendment. The beautiful part of this amendment is that it will save billions of dollars, make life a hell of a lot more pleasant, redirect America's energies toward more meaningful work and, amazingly enough, change practically nothing about the ways Americans live their lives. It would merely acknowledge the right of Americans to conduct their lives as they are alreay doing every day.

The Freedom Amendment, very simply, would abolish laws against victimless crimes and the government spying necessary to enforce those laws. What are victimless crimes? Dope. Political organizing. Gambling. Prostitution. Homosexual relations. Cunnilingus and fellatio (now outlawed in many states). Adultery. Transvestism. Pornography. Nudity. Abortions. There are many more such victimless "crimes" on the books, and a study should be made to compile them so they can be included in the Freedom Amendment for abolishment. Thus, every time we smoke a joint, take a drink, make love, read a controversial magazine, bet on a horse, we won't have to hate America in the process.

Yes, High Times *is a patriotic magazine. The crucial issue in world politics today is human rights. In Washington, they speak of America's "failure of nerve"—the loss of faith in American ideals, in the Constitution itself, that makes America's will to resist the global tide of totalitarian despotism a doubtful bet. Americans simply no longer believe in their right to help spread the goals of the revolution of 1776. Remember—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, inalienable rights, self-evident truths and all that?*

The problem of human rights has been aggravated by America's wonderful prosperity of the last 30 years. No longer do millions of Americans cling to the soothing old emotional codes and Puritan taboos that told them the pleasures and comforts they could not afford were evil. No longer does economic necessity, masked as religious purity, tell them it is immoral to enjoy life. And in the delightful American way of things, millions of Americans have, indeed, begun to relax and enjoy life.

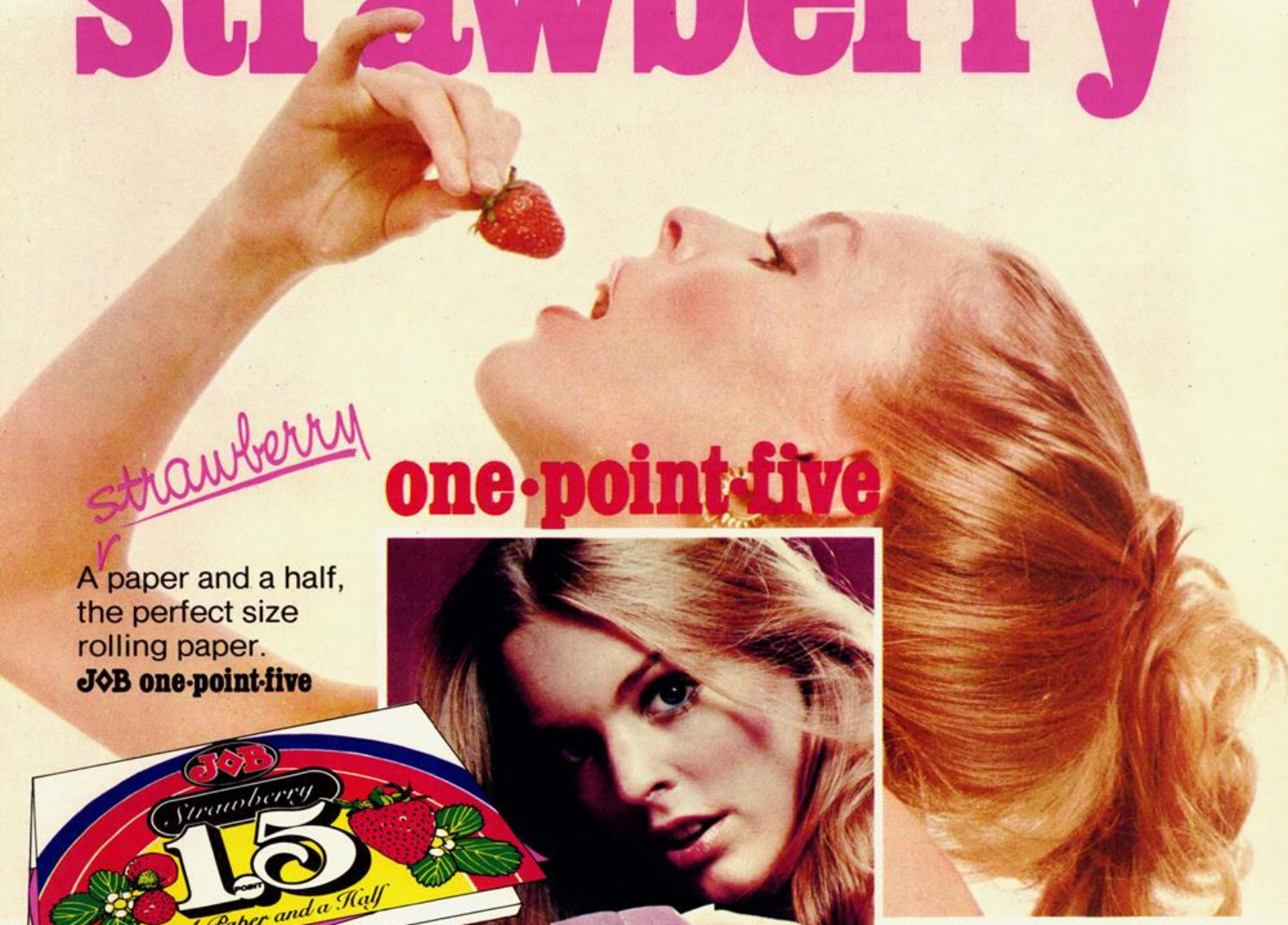
In the same 30 years, we have seen the democratization of sex, dope, politics and other pleasures that were previously the exclusive property of the privileged rich. The rich have flown to Monte Carlo to gamble, while denying the honest working man the solace of his neighborhood bookie. The rich have had abortions in comfort while working-class women have had a shocking death rate from back-room butchers.

As for government spying, it should be virtually unnecessary after these victimless crimes are eliminated. We estimate that a million government spies, wiretappers, cops, narcs, tax agents, T-men, G-men and D-men could be rehabilitated hopefully, given useful work. God knows there's plenty left to be done (for one thing, there are a lot of beer cans alongside America's highways). Without government spying, we'd not only save a lot of money, but we could all breathe a very welcome sigh of relief. Big Brother would finally be off our fucking back. Wiretaps and other democracy-destroying types of privacy invasion would be outlawed.

We want to save America. A Constitution that guarantees Americans freedom of their bodies and prohibits the prosecution of victimless "crimes" will be a Constitution Americans can believe in again.

America needs the Freedom Amendment (so does every other country, for that matter). Let's do it!

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Letters

Stormy Weather

Your "Guide to Guerrilla Units" [*High Times*, January '77] failed to reflect events since July 1976—inevitable, I guess, with the publishing time-lag.

There have been recent communiqués and/or bombings by the Sam Melville-Jonathan Jackson and Fred Hampton Units in New England, indicating both are alive and well. But the FBI has captured Richard Picariello and Edward Gullion, Jr. (accused leaders of the Hampton Unit) and is rushing them to trial. The government's case is in the hands of an informer, one Joseph Aceto.

On the West Coast, another police set-up. The Emiliano Zapata Brigade, if it ever really existed, has vanished. The headline-grabbing Bay Area raid by the FBI last February was a pretense to round up members of the New Dawn Party, an above-ground support cadre. Five people were sent to jail on the testimony of police agent Daniel Adornetto, an ex-con and a founder of New Dawn.

The guerrilla Left is entering a period of retrenchment: major trials on both coasts, rumors of cop infiltrators, ideological splits. Time will tell the story.

—Pat McGilligan, Madison, Wis.

Jolly Green Giants

We call this weed Georgia Pine because it grows almost as tall as the trees of that



name and gets you even higher. These were grown in the "Valley of the Giants."

—S. Jackson, address withheld

Defense Ministry

According to Bruce Eisner's "LSD Purity" in the January issue, really pure LSD "turns on the 'clear light of the void.'" Less pure acid is likely to result in a "live TV broadcast in runny color from the front seat of a roller coaster or in a scene from *The Exorcist*."

Bullshit! Did Carlos Castaneda have pleasant satori-like trips all the time? That's not all there is to the inner journey. Keep taking large doses of LSD in the right setting and eventually you will confront your innermost pains and fears—until you become less influenced by blocks from your past and more in touch with your true self. The reason people didn't keep having good trips was because the LSD was finally breaking through their defenses. *—Chuck and Randi, Lansing, Mich.*

Author Bruce Eisner replies: *Small amounts of pure LSD-25 provide access to the psychodynamic level of consciousness, with the confrontation and removal of mental blockades—often a scary process. Higher doses allow complete transcendence of the ego—along with its fear and trembling—in a way that is just not possible when the acid is laced with impurities.*

Bottled Butts

This 22-inch jar is crammed with roaches from the last year and a half. Maybe we



should run a contest to guess how many there are. *—J. S. and L. H., Baltimore, Md.*

Gammon Rays

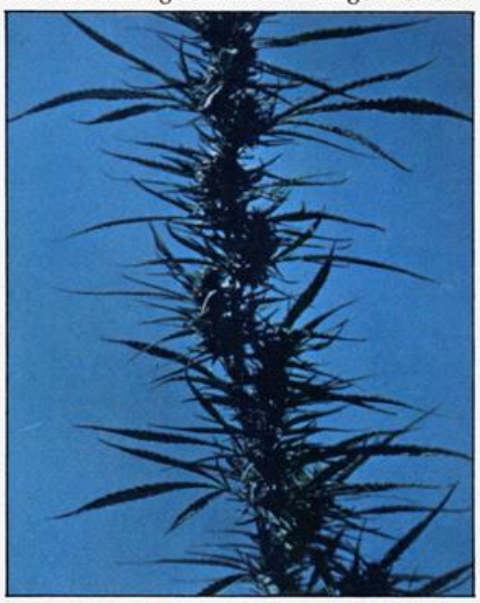
John Graff's piece on backgammon [*High Times*, January '77] was excellent, but he overlooked a couple of things:

The Iranians, including the Magi, drank soma (haoma), as did the Indians. To this day, imbibing and making haoma is practiced by the Zoroastrians of Iran and the Parsis in India. Also, there are many surviving manuscripts of the Magi—almost certainly the authors of the "Vendidad," or "Videvdad," the last chapter of the *Avesta*.

Meccan pilgrims do circumambulate the Kaaba seven times, but they do not throw stones in its vicinity. Stones are thrown at three rock pillars a few miles away, which represent demons. For an excellent modern account of a pilgrimage to Mecca, see *Caravan of Dreams* by Idries Shah, pages 53-73. *—Name and address withheld*

Keystoned

This and other beauties from last year's harvest were grown near a large western



Pennsylvanian city at 1,000 feet above sea level. This year we plan to experiment with sinsemilla among our third-generation Colombians.

—Name and address withheld

Somatime Love

The soma mushroom is more than a drug, as anyone who has tried to look for it can tell you. It comes up when and where it pleases, grows in several shapes and colors and can be extremely hard to find, even though it's often the largest mushroom in the forest and grows in groups and gatherings that rival a witches' Sabbath. Unless you live close to the northern timberline, where it is plentiful, the forest search for the fly can be as rigorous as a desert hunt for peyote.

After taking fresh agaric last autumn and having a hammering experience, I prepared a proper extract, and the result was more like the silver needle than the wooden stake described by Mr. Robbins—something like a mellow MDA high. Four of us took it, and all felt as though our Kundalini had been aroused—no after-effects, either.

Anyone attempting to use fly agaric should start with small amounts and work up. Always dry your specimens, unless you prefer a high that's also an ordeal. Then reconstitute them with several increments of clean water. Strain out the pulp and add some kind of oil or fat and a concentrated milk product to the greatly darkened water. This whole procedure is an approximation of the Vedic method; they added milk, curds, butter, honey and barley water. I take no responsibility for it, but it's worked for me. *—Karl Ludescher, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Herbal Birth

As for "Marijuana in the Womb" [*High Times*, January, "Forum"], I smoked dope at least once a day throughout my pregnancy and while breastfeeding my daughter, who is now two. Not only was she perfect at birth, but she knew the alphabet and counted to 14 by the age of 18 months. She's healthy, intelligent and perceptive. I'm not recommending it, but I do believe that if a woman had a defective child after smoking during pregnancy, it would probably have happened anyway.

—Name and address withheld

Pharmatootical Science

Thought you'd like to see some pharmacy coke. At about a dollar a gram, I'd say it's



worth it. Of course, this is only for doctors with registration numbers, and even they are closely watched.

—Dr. X, address withheld

State's Last Word: Freedom

The South Dakota Supreme Court wrote a happy ending to the lead story in your December "Law" column "Supreme Court Sanctions Search of Impounded Car." The state court granted a rehearing in the Opperman case and found that the South Dakota Constitution warrants a "higher standard of protection for the individual in this instance than the United States Supreme Court found necessary under the Fourth Amendment." Opperman's conviction was reversed.

—R. N. Woodruff, attorney, Belle Fourche, S.D.

Somanambulation

Tom Robbins's mushroom tales [*High Times*, December '76] were great, but unfortunately he repeated one misconception about *Amanita muscaria*. R. Gordon Wasson—a fine scholar and a true mushroom of a man—clearly discounts any link between the Berserkers and superfly. In the documents section of his book, Wasson includes the Berserker story and a more modern World War II account of mushroom-crazed Russian soldiers. His intent is only to demonstrate the predominantly European fear and ignorance of mushrooms. Fly agaric does seem responsible for acts of heightened physical prowess—long walks through the snow, for example. But the long sleep periods, the spatial distortions, the inner euphoria—all mitigate against violence.

—F. P., San Francisco, Ca.

Psychoactives and Socioactivists

I think *High Times* glorifies a lifestyle that should have died away long since. I went through a period of taking drugs, but it was always secondary to doing something about changing this society's racism, sexism and imperialism

At least heads were once gentle "consciousness expanders." But nowadays, if there's some Thai stick or coke in town, they couldn't care less if America invades Angola or blacks are beaten in Boston. Too often, dopers range from burned-out gangster types who will beat or kill anyone suspected of a rip-off to apathetic luders who can't change their clothes, let alone America. Hell, rednecks and National Guardsmen do dope now, but their heads are still in the same old place.

To top it all off, in one of your earlier issues I came across a T-shirt ad with Art Linkletter's smiling face above the legend, "Drugs Do the Darnedest Things!" Can't you understand the tragedy this man went through? At least he has progressed to the position that cops should concentrate on hard drugs. If your ad people had any compassion, they'd have rejected that one hands down.

—R. Harvey Lambert, Columbus, Ohio

Well, at least we ditched that ad after a few issues. As for society and mind alterants: it's not what you do, it's what you do with *it. Social change with maximum freedom is the hardest problem we face, and even a thousand flowers may not produce the answer. Chemicals don't read political theory; they're just forces we can use toward utopia or oppression, as we choose.* —Ed.

Foiled Again

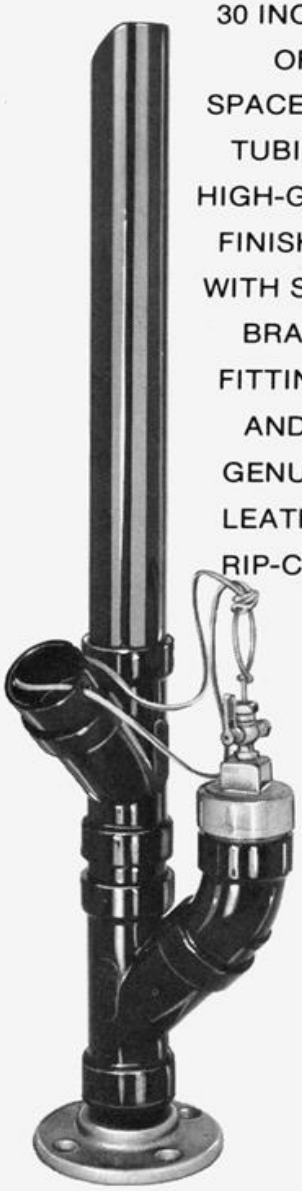
A lot of this moist, brown Lebanese wonder drug has passed through our snobbish



Philadelphia suburb recently. It was shot in daylight using Kodachrome 64 and a close-up lens. *—J. S., Gladwynne, Pa.*

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HT 21

Forum

Air Privacy

Q: In his interview (*High Times*, September '76), Mike Stepanian said that police have no grounds to search your property on a tip from a pilot who spotted the good bush from the air. Stepanian stated that California's *Lorenzano* case established that the herb must be sighted from a place where the public has access. Would this action of the California Supreme Court affect a Hawaiian court?

—Name withheld, Honolulu, Hawaii

A: *A state supreme court decision is binding only in the state in which it was made, although a judge sometimes will use an out-of-state case in his reasoning. From top to bottom, the court hierarchy is as follows: U.S. Supreme Court, federal circuit courts, state supreme courts, state district courts and local courts. Subordinate courts must follow the rulings of those above them.*

TECnicalities

Q: "HighWitness News" once reported that the Freedom of Information Act enables citizens to find out what TECS (Treasury Enforcement Communications System) has on them. Could you detail the correct address and procedure for filing? Also, can we get similar reports from the CIA and DEA? *—Stephen Flater, Galesburg, Ill.*

A: *Simply write to the Freedom of Information Coordinator of the agency involved. For TECS data, contact the U.S. Customs Service, 1301 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20224.*

To avoid red tape delays, we've found the following form letter useful:

"This is a request under the Freedom of Information Act as amended (5 U.S.C., section 552). I write to request a copy of any information on John Q. Suspect in the possession of the Treasury Enforcement Communications System.

"As you know, the amended act provides that if some parts of a file are exempt from release, "reasonably segregable" portions shall be provided. I therefore request that if you determine that some portions of the requested file are exempt, you provide me immediately with a copy of the remainder of the report. I, of course, reserve my right to appeal any such decisions.

"If you determine that some or all of the report is exempt from release, I would appreciate your advising me as to which exemption (s) you believe covers the material you are not releasing.

"I am prepared to pay reasonable costs for locating the file and reproducing it. If you have any questions regarding this request, please telephone me at [number].

"As provided for in the amended act, I expect a reply within ten work days."

By the way, the General Accounting Office has just published a 750-page book, Protecting Your Right to Privacy, *containing 6,600 lists of people various agencies are watching. The Government Printing Office in Washington will send you a copy for $5.*

Good Morning, Headache

Q: I smoke about a joint a day and have suffered headaches for about a year. Doctors have ruled out improper eyeglasses, tension and birth control pills. For a short time I smoked from a small tobacco pipe with a "mechanical renewable" filter, which collected a dark brown tar. I wasn't getting very high, but on the other hand my head didn't hurt, either.

I remember reading of research by University of Tennessee optometrist Dr. James H. Coleman that linked headaches and fourth-cranial-nerve damage to "medium to heavy" use of marijuana. Is my favorite relaxer really the cause of my throbbing temples? *—Jane M., Philadelphia, Pa.*

A: *The fourth cranial nerve, also called the trochlear nerve, controls the movement of the eyeball. Paralysis of this nerve means the eye cannot move or focus very well. As far as we know, no other doctors have yet confirmed or disproved Coleman's findings.*

Your experience with the pipe seems to indicate that you are allergic to the tars and other nonpsychoactive materials removed by the filter. To check this, simply do not smoke pot for a few weeks or a month. Keep a diary of headaches and related symptoms. If the headaches remain when you're not toking, it's probably not the pot. Then try smoking again. If they recur, it probably is.

More refined cannabis products, such as hash oil, may give you the high without the painful ingredients. If not, it's time for a decision: is your favorite tranquilizer worth the pain? —Alan H. Nittler, M.D.

Grape Nuts

Q: I've just begun to appreciate fine wines, and I need to know how to store them. I've heard they must be kept at 55 degrees Fahrenheit. Is that really necessary? *—Randy Tillotson, Bay Ridge, Kans.*

A: *It depends on how serious a collector you are and how long you plan to store your vintages. Wine has three natural enemies: heat, light and vibration. None will spoil it unless you keep it for five or ten years. The ideal temperature is 55 degrees, but any cool closet will do for a year or two. It will also keep out light, even more effectively than the green glass of the bottle. Vibration is a problem only for wine buffs who live over a subway, drill press or bomb factory. No matter where you put*



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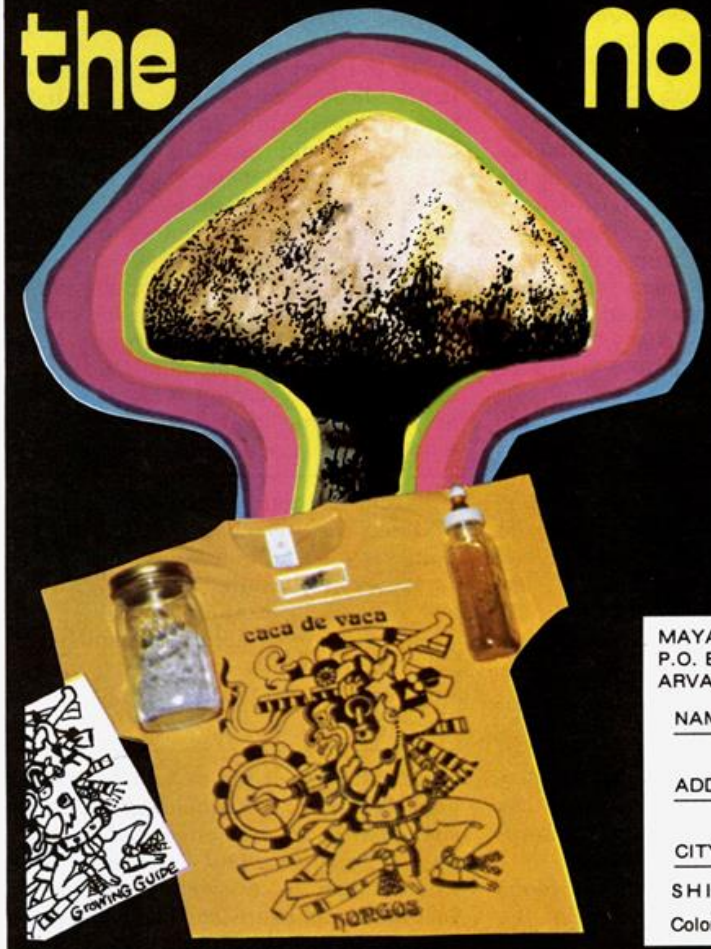
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HT21

them, however, the bottles must lie on their sides. This keeps the corks wet. If they dry out, they shrink and admit air, which turns the vino to vinegar.

Measure for Measure

Q: Is there any way I can weigh small doses of a couple of hundred milligrams without a scale? Also, are there any simple equivalent weights for amounts of a few grams? *—Mel F., Bellefont, Pa.*

A: *You can rig up a makeshift scale by filing a groove at the exact midpoint of a ruler and balancing it on a knife edge. For milligram weights you can use standard straight pins, each of which weighs 92 milligrams, or paper clips, at 570 milligrams each.*

Gram amounts can be estimated with various combinations of coins, which weigh in as follows: dime, 2.3 grams; penny, 3.1 grams; nickel, 5 grams; quarter, 5.6 grams; and half-dollar, 11.2 grams.

Playing Post Office

Q: I've successfully imported small amounts of Hawaiian dope about 15 times. But I'm wondering: do postal inspectors need a warrant or the addressee's permission to open a package that's been sniffed out by the dogs? And if the recipient was never in possession, could he or she claim ignorance? *—Name and address withheld*

A: *Your chances are better with American mail than with packages from abroad. The U.S. Postal Service does not use dope dogs, according to Chief Inspector Curt Similes of the Prohibited Mailings Division. The Customs Service does, though, and any suspect mail is turned over to them for a good nose job. Customs regularly inspects all incoming foreign mail, especially from dope exporting nations.*

Sealed first class mail is protected by the Fourth Amendment; police or postal narcs must get a search warrant before opening it. Fourth class mail, including parcel post, may be opened without such niceties. In either case, the addressee need not, and will not, be tipped off in advance.

If a pound of buds gets nailed on its way to your mailbox, you can play as dumb as you like, but it probably won't get you very far in court. In such a case it is up to you to prove you knew nothing about your impending good fortune. If you can't do that, it's either face the music or move fast with no forwarding address.

Of course, anything suspected of containing a bomb is opened pronto. So don't send watches, and avoid aluminum foil, which may set off metal detectors.

Peyote Pioneer

Q: Can you tell me more about the role of Havelock Ellis in the discovery of mescaline? I'd always thought he was a sex researcher. Recently I read that he introduced mescaline to Western science.

—Conrad Finney, Alpenstock, Idaho

A: *Ellis began trying mescaline soon after it was isolated in 1896 by the German chemist A. Heffter. He called the effects "an orgy of vision" in his 1897 essay "Mescal: A New Artificial Paradise." A year later he turned on William Butler Yeats and steered him along London's Chelsea embankment as the poet became fascinated by a fire-breathing dragon on a billboard ad for Bovril.*

A 1902 piece in Popular Science Monthly detailed further trips in which Ellis varied the setting and gave the extract to friends. He compared Mescalito's magic to the visions sometimes seen in the transition between sleep and waking. Doctors unfortunately never took his suggestion that half the members of the next medical congress should take mescaline while the other half watch.

Spice Knack

Q: None of the dealers around here can get MDA. I've heard nutmeg contains a small amount of it. If you've ever tried nutmeg, though, you know both its taste and high leave nearly everything to be desired. Is there really MDA in the spice? And if so, is there any way to extract it?

—H. L. J., Janesville, Wis.

A: *We hate to disappoint you, but there is no MDA in nutmeg. The major psychoactive component is myristicin, which constitutes 4 to 7 percent of the spice's essential oil. Myristicin is chemically related to MMDA (3-methoxy-4,5-methylenedioxyamphetamine). It can be converted to MMDA, but only by a tedious process that requires sophisticated lab equipment.*

Royal Purple

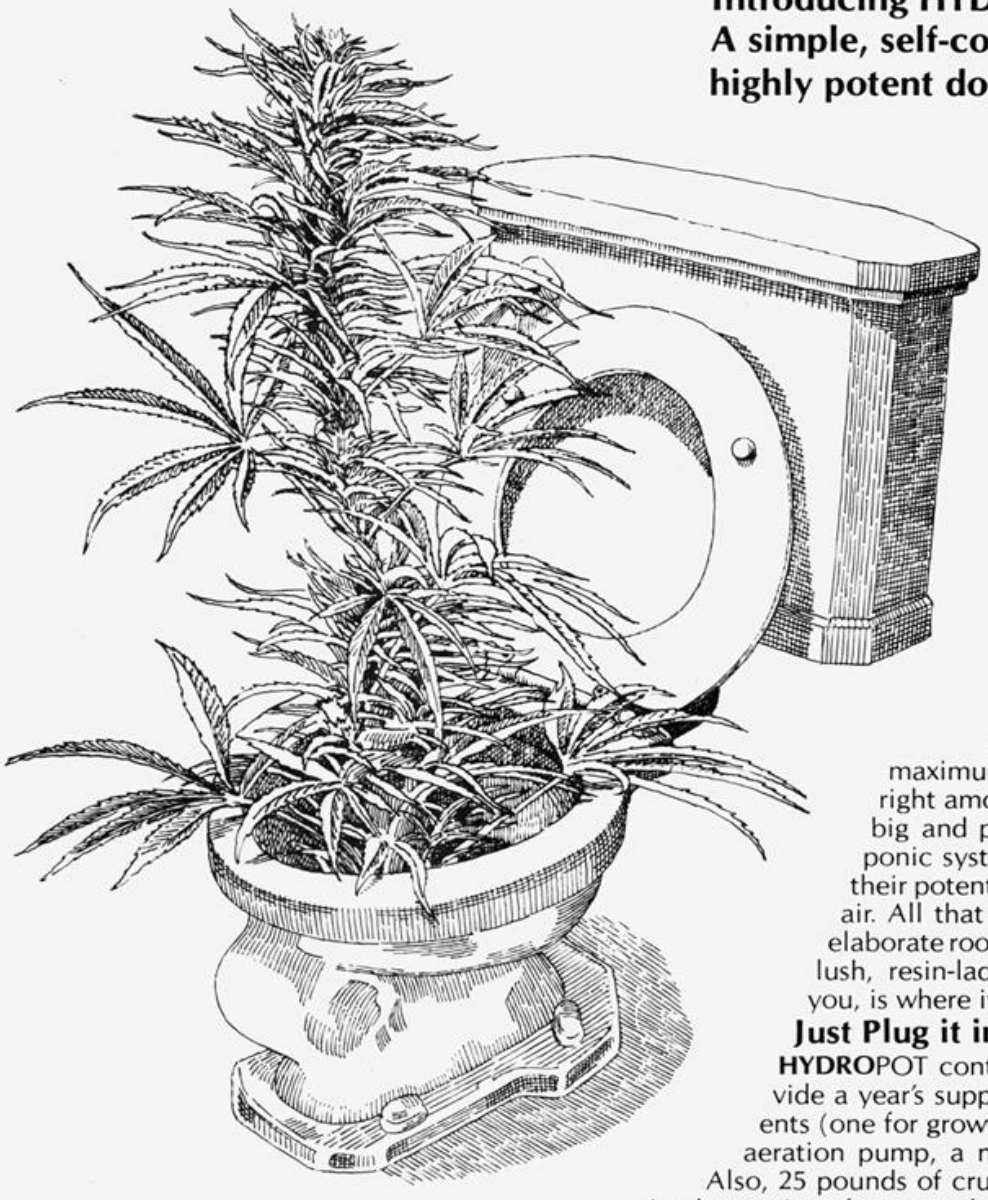
Q: In the past few months, the "Trans-High Market Quotations" have listed something called Torréon Violet in Guadalajara and Mazatlán, Mexico. What is this stuff, and is it ever seen north of the border? *—Name withheld, Flushing, N.Y.*

A: *"Overripe" female plants occasionally become so choked with their own resin that they die because the leaf pores are too clogged to absorb carbon dioxide and release oxygen. Hence the rare and fabled black varieties of Colombia, Alexandria and the Congo. Torréon Violet is reported to be the same kind of monster smoke, whose supply is consumed locally.*

"Forum" is proud to introduce Alan H. Nittler, M.D., who has agreed to help us answer medical questions, whether or not they involve mind alterants. Author of *A New Breed of Doctor*, Nittler has long been a practitioner and publicist of holistic healing—emphasizing nutrition and avoiding medical drugs whenever possible.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ◘

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Health

Your Brain Waves May Choose Your Highs

The brain's characteristic response to external events seems to determine which psychochemicals an individual chooses, says Dr. Edward Deaux of New Mexico's Department of Hospitals. Neurologists have established that most people are either "augmenters," whose minds increase the perceived intensity of stimuli, or "reducers," whose heads play it down.

Deaux compared barbiturate users with amphetamine enthusiasts and found that the drug of choice compensated for the innate pattern. Deaux cautioned drug counselors that relaxation therapy or meditation could "encourage an extreme reducer to seek more stimulation" with ups.

Grass Better Than Glasses

Pioneer glaucoma researcher Dr. Frederick M. Blanton announced plans last December for a nationwide glaucoma prevention study in which persons with a family history of the eye disease would be given federal THC by ophthalmologists throughout the country. The eye pressure and incidence data would then be compared to those of the general population by Blanton at the Robert B. Criswell Eye Hospital in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Glaucoma afflicts 4 percent of all Americans and 12 percent of those whose relatives have it. Blanton added that since the condition is hard to treat, medical efforts should also be directed toward prevention. Patients would be issued cards for quick proof to police that they are bona fide project members.

Dr. Blanton himself will not participate in the experiment. Federal agencies have denied all his requests to study pot, even before his successful but unauthorized hemp brownie treatments of glaucoma a few years ago.

Lockheed Considers Windmill Fertilizers

Automatic windmill-powered conversion plants will be making fertilizer more cheaply than current fossil-fuel processes by the 1980s, predict engineers at Lockheed of California, a division of Lockheed Aircraft.

Project director Michael Dubey said a pilot plant proposal will be filed with the Environmental Resource Development Administration (ERDA) when feasibility studies are wrapped up this June. He expects it will take four years to build and test the prototype.

Wind energy can be used to split water into hydrogen and oxygen, Dubey explained. Hydrogen is then combined under high pressure and temperature with nitrogen from the air to form anhydrous ammonia, which can easily be converted to ammonium nitrate. Both compounds are among the most common fertilizers.

Exxon cost analyses show production costs by conventional methods of $400 a ton by 1980. Lockheed expects the wind to blow their costs down to half that amount. "The potential for increasing world food supplies will be enormous," Dubey said.

Thinking Bra Finds Cancer, Loses Babies

A Scottish doctor has invented a brassiere he believes can detect breast cancer early enough to avoid surgery by continuously measuring the minute temperature changes that might indicate malignancy. Glasgow Royal Infirmary's Dr. Hugh Simpson says women would be issued the device from clinics for two weeks twice a year. The data would then be fed into a computer for analysis.

All he needs is $20,000 to develop and market the garment. With slight modifications, he says, it could also monitor a woman's infertile period each month, making the rhythm method reliable. When mass-produced, each bra would cost $200 to $300 to make.

Fake Food You Can Really Eat

Indigestible foods are under development to enable compulsive eaters to gorge without gaining. Food technologist Dr. George Bray of Los Angeles Harbor General Hospital reports that two approaches are being investigated. One is a series of chemical additives that would prevent digestion of starch, fat, protein or all three. The other is ersatz foods made of textured and flavored cellulose, a natural indigestible that functions as roughage in the alimentary tract.

Bray refuses to divulge the additives being tested or the manufacturer involved. A consultant for at least one of the firms, he estimates it will be three years before the products are ready for approval by the Food and Drug Administration.

Only Opportunity Keeps Women Out of NFL

Female athletic inferiority will soon become just another myth, says Australian geneticist Dr. K. F. Dyer, whose study of the Olympic performances of men and women from 15 nations discloses that lack of opportunity, not biology, have kept women in second place. Noting that it was only in 1928 that the Olympics were even opened to women, Dyer showed that female runners, for example, have steadily closed the gap, so that their times now trail men's by only 6 to 10 percent. Dyer expects equality in many sports in a decade or two.

Psychiatrists Discover Contact High

You don't really have to smoke to get high, report scientists who found some of their control subjects were getting off on smoke exhaled by a group of tokers under study. Five heavy smokers and one nonsmoker were tested in a locked ward at the New York State Psychiatric Institute in Manhattan. The control subject—and some of the staff members—complained of dizziness, nausea, rapid pulse and red eyes and began staying at the far end of the ward, away from the potheads. Eventually a closed-circuit television system was installed to observe the subjects. Drs. Phillip Zeidenberg, Raymond Bourdon and Gabriel Nahas suggested that no-smoking laws be extended after legalization to protect nontokers from "absorption of cannabinoids."

Brazil Doc Says Rubbers Cure Cancer

A Brazilian tree called *janaguba* is under study in at least three countries to test the claims of Dr. Jose Ulisses Peixoto of Crato, Brazil, that he has achieved at least four "confirmed cures" of cancer with an extract of the plant. Botany professor Otto Henrique Volk took one shipment to the University of Würzburg, West Germany, and a Japanese student, Kunio Soneda, recently divided eight liters of the material between a friend who has cancer and the Universities of Tokyo and Osaka. In Brazil, research is being conducted by the Federal University of Ceara in Fortaleza and the Ceara Biomedical Research Society.

Janaguba grows some 10 to 15 meters high. The part used medicinally is the latex it produces, which can be taken orally or rubbed on the affected area, but the active principles have yet to be identified. Peixoto claims *janaguba* to be an aid to the body's immune system and, possibly, an antiviral agent. He says that centuries ago the Indians called it *nanoi uba* ("milk tree") and used it for genital infections, wounds, severe bleeding and other conditions. These Indians have long since been absorbed into the Brazilian people, so there is no current folk use available for study.

Garlic Makes the Heart Grow Stronger

An Indian medical study last autumn provided evidence for the age-old belief that onions and garlic are good for the heart. The British medical journal *The Lancet* reported that physicians compared matched groups of 45 people, similar in all respects except that one group included lots of the aromatics in their diet and the other ate none. The garlic and onion eaters had lower blood levels of cholesterol, triglycerides and lipoproteins.

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Law

Korean Nazis May Kill Busted G.I.'s

Since January 1, 1977, marijuana has posed a grave health hazard in South Korea, where a new law provides death for "habitual offenders." Playfully dubbed "the South Africa of the Far East" by the 65,000 American G.I.'s and civilians who call it their vocationland, South Korea had never been known for political leniency. But the new law is Draconian.

Anyone "who habitually imports or exports marijuana for profit" risks death or ten years at hard labor, a Korean spokesman for the Health and Welfare Ministry explained. First smuggling offense rates seven to life; intended or actual sale of grass or manufacture of other cannabis products one to fifteen years. Simple possession holds a sentence of up to ten. There's a reward system for informers, and the Seoul brothers have asked— and received—full cooperation from the U.S. military command.

Stars and Stripes reported that 225 servicepersons, 12 dependents and two civilians were busted between January 1 and October 31 of 1976. Most American arrestees are turned over to U.S. authorities, but the South Koreans do have the option to fry them under native laws.

Leaves Legal in London

Hemp leaves are not marijuana as defined by English law, ruled a London appeals court recently. The decision overturned a fine imposed by a lower court on Kevin Goodchild, a 19-year-old clerk, and opened a new defense for at least 50 more London leaves cases awaiting trial. The current Misuse of Drugs Act clearly defines pot as the "fruiting or flowering tops" of the cannabis plant. Observers expect an amendment from Parliament that will include the entire plant.

Ford Man Aids Indians in Eleventh Hour

Exploitative coal mining leases on Crow Indian lands in Montana were voided by Ford's secretary of the interior during his last week in office. Thomas S. Kleppe ruled that the Bureau of Indian Affairs had violated its trusteeship of the reservation by negotiating substandard contracts.

Shell Oil and tribal chairman Patrick Stands Over Bull agreed on royalties of 17½ cents a ton. After Bull was impeached by angry tribal dissidents, the company decided to shell out the standard rate of 40 cents per ton.

Kleppe ordered the lease renegotiated from scratch, and also nixed similar agreements with AMAX, Inc., Peabody Coal and Gulf Oil. The order will stall the strip mining for several years.

You Can't Take It Out, Either

Customs and the Coast Guard may stop and search vessels *leaving* American waters as well as those coming in, ruled a federal court. Allegedly helping to solve the U.S. drug problem by steaming for the high seas with five and a half tons of pot, Frank D. Stanley's boat was still boarded and busted by coast guardsmen nine miles offshore.

Stanley's *O/S National* had been seen entering California's Bodega Bay Harbor after midnight and leaving early the next morning. It aroused suspicion by being rigged for albacore fishing, then available only near Mexico. When a routine check of a truck whose rear wheels had broken through the Harbor Fish Company pier revealed grass debris, the suspicious boat was apprehended at sea.

On appeal of a dismissal motion, the Ninth Circuit Court agreed there was nothing to connect the truck with the boat but allowed the search because of the overriding need to stop grass from crossing the border—in either direction.

Bell Begs Billions for Barristers

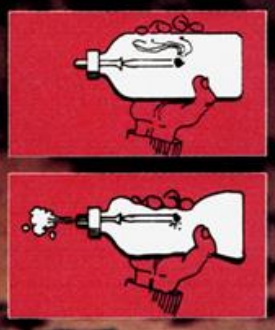
American Telephone and Telegraph, the world's largest corporation, asked the Supreme Court to prevent a Justice Department antitrust case from coming to trial. Filed in 1974, after exhaustive hearings by Senator Phil Hart's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, the suit seeks to break up the company's "illegally pervasive" control of the communications industry. Some of Bell Telephone's holdings and the lucrative Western Electric Company would have to be sold. The telephone trust's Supreme Court brief estimates the total legal bill at a billion dollars and argues that the Federal Communications Commission, and not the courts, should decide the issue.

Surprise Judge Gives Southerners Comfort

An Arkansas judge who took on a felony pot case at the last minute released all five defendants last November with fines and probation and docked the irate prosecuting attorney $50 for contempt of court. Circuit

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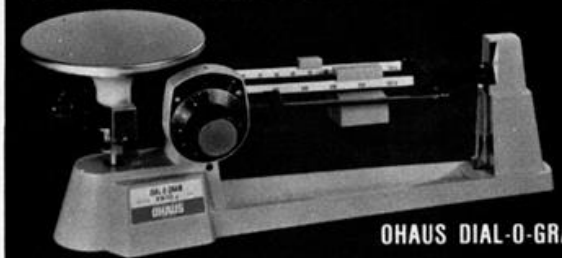
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Judge Henry B. Means of Malvern, Arkansas, worked the case into his docket the night before trial. He dismissed 96 prospective jurors, levied fines of $1,000 and $2,000 with five years probation and retired to his chambers. The 250-pound intended-sale rap could legally have slammed the defendants with three to ten years and a $15,000 fine.

Prosecutor John W. Cole was fined for his vehement protest that four months of police work had gone down the drain, and he vowed to seek a separate prosecution in federal court. Local Police Chief David Miller said, "I've never been so fucking mad in my life. That much pot may not sound like much, but it's the biggest thing that ever happened around here."

Gay Going Legal but Still No Male Mags in Stir

Civil rights laws for homosexuals may soon be passed in Oregon and several other states, but gay publications have been banned from all federal prisons.

At press time, the Oregon legislature was still considering a gay rights package drawn up by Governor Bob Straub's Task Force on Sexual Preference. The bill would prohibit discrimination in employment, housing and public accommodations. There are now 18 states in which homosexuality is no longer a crime, and similar civil rights bills are under consideration in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Georgia, Florida and Virginia.

Meanwhile, Nixon-appointed prison director Norman Carlson prohibited all periodicals that "advocate or support homosexuality," claiming they are "detrimental to safety" because they lead to homosexual rapes. Boston's Gay Community News editor Neil Miller commented, "The idea of protecting someone from rape by denying him the right to read is ridiculous."

Nixon Headed for Hit Parade

Broadcasters and record companies have asked the federal district court in Washington to approve sale of excerpts from the Nixon tapes. Lawyers for several corporations—including NBC, CBS, ABC, Warner Communications, the Radio and Television News Directors Association and the Public Broadcasting System—have submitted a plan asking the National Archives to sell hour-long cassettes by mail for about five dollars. A ruling is not expected for some time, as plaintiffs have agreed to solicit public opinion on the issue before a decision is made by Judge John J. Sirica.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department.

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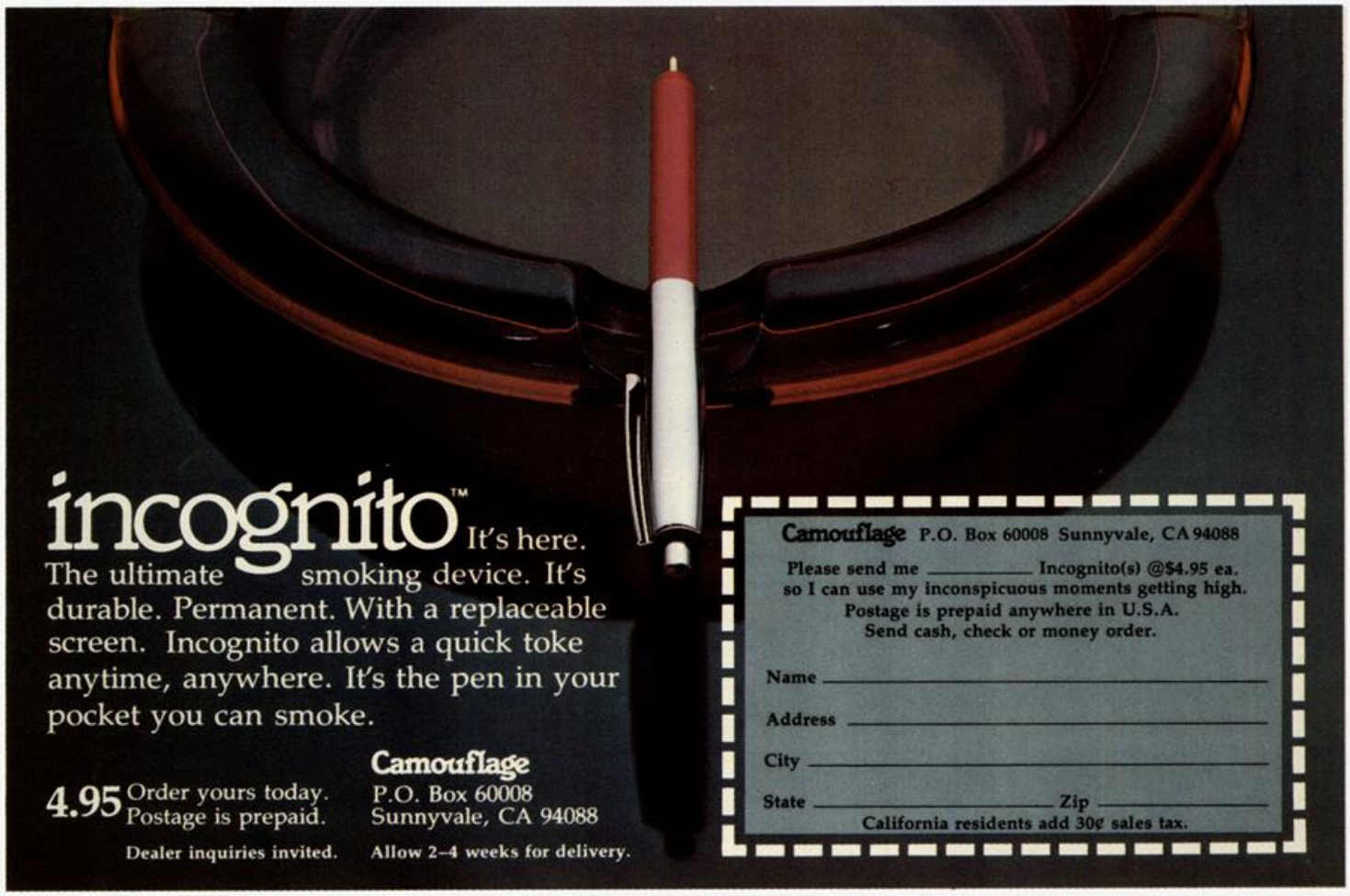
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Let It Bee

The laws of symbiosis (biological interdependence) offer some easy ways to increase a garden's yield and variety. Fruit trees, berry bushes and many vegetables rely on bees for pollination. Wind-pollinated crops, like marijuana, need no bugs, though bees seem to love pot flowers anyway. But peach or raspberry flowers stay infertile without insect help, so branches laden with buzzers in the spring and summer mean bushels of mature fruit a few months later.

Now, the bee has a nose for spicy flowers. You can attract the wandering pollinator by growing aromatic herbs. They're also handy around the kitchen, make flavorful honey and enhance other crops.

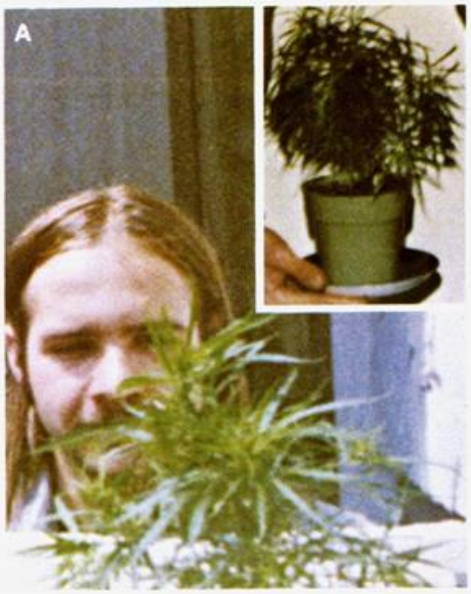
Two of the best bee-baiters are lemon balm (*Melissa officinalis*) and, appropriately enough, bee balm (*Monarda didyma*). Beekeepers sometimes rub the insides of new hives with leaves of these plants as a sort of housewarming gift to get the insects into their new apartments. Of Mediterranean ancestry, lemon balm was known by the ancient Greeks as a citrus-flavored tea good for fevers and headaches. It grows readily from seed in any warm, sheltered location, but grows better in poor soil than in rich.

Bee balm, also called bergamot and Oswego tea, grows wild in eastern North America as far south as Georgia, favoring dry, well-drained soil in sun or light shade. It was a favorite garden herb of the colonists, who learned of this lemon/pepper-flavored tea from the Indians.

Your spaghetti sauce will never be the same if you substitute fresh basil for the dried-out stuff from the supermarket. *Ocimum basilicum* took pre-Christian trade routes to the West from India, where it has been used for thousands of years as a medicine, spice and salad green. The juice of the fresh top leaves or a tea made from dried leaves is drunk as a tonic. Both preparations are an antiseptic for small cuts, mosquito bites and the stings of the bees that swarm for the flowers come July and August.

Pliny's herbal records the Romans' belief in basil as an aphrodisiac; they used it themselves and gave it to horses and asses during mating season. The custom of Italian women, who place it in their windows when they desire a visit from their lovers, was adapted by the heroine of Keats' poem *Isabella*; she buried and worshiped her murdered beau's head in a pot of basil.

The small black seeds are covered with a mucilage that retains their germinating power for up to eight years. Sow them after the last frost, about a foot apart, douse them with boiling water and wait a week for the sprouts to show. The plants do best in a well-drained, sunny exposure, and the first leaves can be harvested in six weeks.

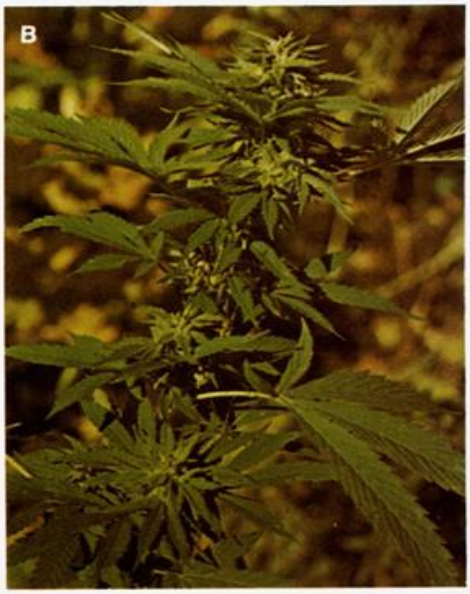


Bees love many other herbs, including thyme, borage, mint, catnip, camomile, marjoram and sage. But one of the most intoxicating odors of all, for man or bee, is lavender. Another Mediterranean import, *Lavendula vera* in bloom looks like a fountain of flower spikes radiating from a gray-green, heathery shrub.

Called spikenard in the Bible, lavender was used in the ancient world for fine perfumes and oils, which were so expensive that some of Christ's followers reproved a woman who poured a whole box of it over his head (Mark 4:3-5). It's also one of those plants with a reputation for protecting the wearer from calamity. Tuscan children use it to ward off the evil eye, and Kabyle women of North Africa wear sprigs of it to avert beatings from their husbands.

Lavender's medicinal values have been all but forgotten, despite a long history of relieving headaches, reviving fainted ladies and freshening breaths. The darker the flowers, the stronger the scent they impart to perfumes and potpourris. They also kept our ancestors' clothes free of holes until modern science gave us the mothball.

Lavender grows best in bright sun on dry, stony land. Chalky soil overlaid with loam is ideal. The seeds are difficult to sprout, so begin with commercial seedlings. English lavender adapts best to northern climates, but shelter from winter winds may be necessary. Harvest the flowering branches on a sunny afternoon by cutting them as close to the woody stem as possible.



Bonsayonara (A)

Tom Thumb's thumb will be green when he finds out about these miniaturized marvels. Both plants are eight months old, swears the grower in Victoria, British Columbia, who says the smoke can hold its own with the best Thai or Hawaiian.

The trick: he doesn't use seeds. Instead, cuttings (slips) from fully developed plants are dipped in a rooting powder, such as Rootone, and then planted. Bonsai techniques involve painstaking pruning and training. As far as these hemplets go, though, you're on your own. Our informant refused to divulge any more of his Lilliputian lore.

Green Mountain Afghalumbo (B)

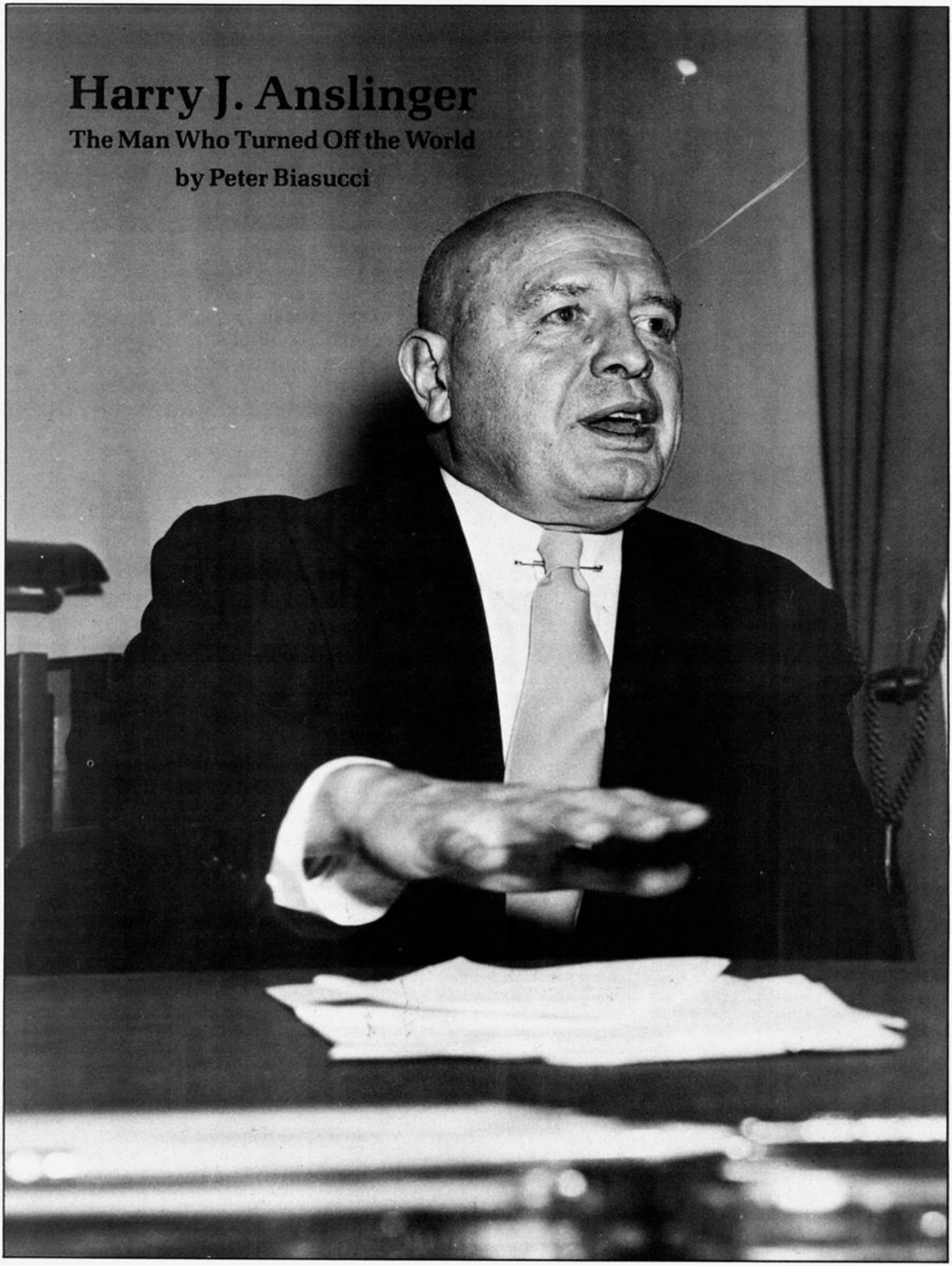
Some growers in Vermont have produced staggering smoke from an unusual transcontinental hybrid. Lineage began with several ounces of Afghani ganja. Eleven seeds were planted. Of those, five plants flourished, all female. They were cross-pollinated with Colombian-gold males. The seeds from that batch were sprouted in February 1976, planted in the Vermont woods in May and harvested by the middle of October.

The plant is short, squat, furry with resin, and boasts hundreds of bushy buds bearing large, speckled seeds. Tastes like Afghani. Mushroom soil was used: much horse manure, rich nitrogen fertilizers. The leaves were sprayed regularly with fish emulsion. Acording to the grower, "The cool climate in Vermont is similar to the mountainous region of Afghanistan. The pot likes cool temperatures. It resisted 20-degree weather and frost."

Harry J. Anslinger

The Man Who Turned Off the World

by Peter Biasucci



Photos : Wide World

Interview

"We intend to get the killer-pushers and their willing customers out of selling and buying dangerous drugs. The answer to the problem is simple—get rid of drugs, pushers and users. Period."

Harry Jacob Anslinger was born in 1892 into a world where marijuana, cocaine, opium and other drugs were freely, or cheaply, available to anyone who wanted them. By his death on Nov. 14, 1975, marijuana, cocaine, opium and many other drugs unheard of in the 1890s had been banned from medical practice, cast out of decent folks' homes, branded enemies of society and tools of the devil, feared, hunted, destroyed. Throughout the world, a billion-dollar police establishment waged a violent war on dopers. The entire course of world civilization had been altered by Harry J. Anslinger, who singlehandedly created present-day dope laws as commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics from its inception in 1930 until 1962.

After an undistinguished stint as a paper-shuffling bureaucrat, Anslinger joined the Treasury Department's Bureau of Prohibition in 1926, and by 1930 he was promoted to the post of Assistant Commissioner of Prohibition. As he explains in this interview, Anslinger never really believed that Prohibition could work, but he did his job zealously because it was there. Later in 1930, he was asked to preside over the new Federal Bureau of Narcotics (FBN), designed to provide a refuge for thousands of otherwise unskilled Prohibition agents, who were shortly to become unemployed. Anslinger swiftly began laying the groundwork for an entirely new approach to narcotics enforcement—a hysterical campaign of antidope propaganda within the United States. In 1937, at the height of this uproar, he published his famous article, "Marijuana: Assassin of Youth" (republished in High Times, *March 1976).*

"Marijuana is the unknown quantity among narcotics," wrote Commissioner Anslinger. "No one knows, when he smokes it, whether he will become a philosopher, a joyous reveler, a mad insensate or a murderer.

"In Florida, police found a youth staggering around a human slaughterhouse. With an ax he had killed his father, his mother, two brothers and a sister. He had no recollection of having committed this multiple crime. Ordinarily a sane, rather quiet young man, he had become crazed from smoking marijuana.

"In at least two dozen comparatively recent cases of murder or degenerate sex acts, marijuana proved to be a contributing cause.

"Command a person high on 'mu' or 'muggles' to crawl on the floor and bark like a dog," Anslinger summed up, "and he will do it without a thought of the idiocy of the action. Everything, no matter how insane, becomes plausible."

Reprints of Anslinger's article flooded the high schools, and Congress passed the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 in a frenzy—thus effectively outlawing pot on the federal level.

Throughout the Thirties and Forties he exported America's antidope craze and strengthened his ties with foreign police officials, who rallied to cries for an international narcotics force, presumably to be headed by Anslinger himself. Finally, in 1961, Anslinger's persistent labors paid off. The Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs created an international commitment to unilateral war on dope.

The worst part of the Single Convention (amended in 1971 to include hallucinogens, barbiturates, amphetamines and tranquilizers) is that it places federal drug laws beyond the reach of American voters and their elected representatives. As Anslinger explains in this final interview, the U.S. government is bound by law to honor any international treaty; the treaty may not be altered or discontinued without the consent of every party to the treaty; and the United States may not withdraw from the treaty without the sanction of the Supreme Court, which traditionally upholds all American treaty commitments. In short, however much individual states may liberalize their laws, the federal government may never be able to grant a legal status to marijuana or to any other "drug of abuse."

"A young bellboy induced to smoke only one marijuana cigarette went out on the town and killed somebody and had to go to prison."

With the Single Convention in effect, Harry Anslinger's work was done. He retired to Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania, and coauthored three books, The Traffic in Narcotics, The Murderers *and* The Protectors, *which glorified narcs and depicted the dope scene as the embodiment of unspeakable evil.*

It seemed there was only one thing Anslinger had neglected to do: give an interview to High Times. *He reluctantly agreed to speak to us, but for various reasons, including Mr. Anslinger's poor health, negotiations broke down. Finally we went down to Holidaysburg to work out the details of the interview, but a few weeks later, Anslinger died. We thought that this historic encounter had been lost forever.*

We were wrong. Pete Biasucci, a college student and High Times *stringer who lived nearby in Pennsylvania, had obtained the deathbed interview just days before Anslinger died. What follows are the last words of the world's first and greatest narc.*

High Times: Mr. Anslinger, you've been called the single most important force in creating the marijuana laws we have today. Now that you're retired, do you feel there'll be any change?

Anslinger: No. I notice the legislator stays away from these laws because he knows the women of the country will run him out of office because they don't want their sons and daughters smoking marijuana.

High Times: How did the marijuana laws get started?

Anslinger: We didn't have any trouble with this drug until 1937, when the states in the Southwest were so up in arms about the crimes and assaults, wrecks, killings, murder...

High Times: Why didn't these states pass their own laws against marijuana?

Anslinger: They appealed to the federal government for help, because while there was a lot of interstate traffic, most of the traffic came in from Mexico.

High Times: Many people feel that the drug laws were enacted as a device to give Prohibition agents jobs when liquor became legal again.

Anslinger: Well, I'll tell you this. I was also at one time assistant commissioner of Prohibition. I wasn't radical about it and I knew it couldn't work, but they requested me to stay to the end of it until they established the Bureau of Narcotics.

High Times: Do you still believe that marijuana makes people violent?

Anslinger: I personally investigated cases of a young bellboy smoking marijuana in a hotel room, then going out and into the Federal Building where the Army was recruiting and telling a fellow to move aside. They grabbed him, and he grabbed the gun that the guard had. The guard came in to see what the disturbance was, and he got the guard's gun and killed him. I know that fellow had only one cigarette, because that's what sort of struck me as peculiar.

High Times: How so?

Anslinger: How? There's a boy that wasn't a drinker, he wasn't a marijuana user, but one of his boyfriends in the hotel, a bellboy, induced him to smoke a mari-

juana cigarette, and he went out on the town, and he just raised the very devil and killed somebody and had to go to prison for it, of course.

High Times: Do you feel that marijuana intoxication is a legitimate defense in having a murder charge reduced to manslaughter?

Anslinger: They did try this. I noticed the Supreme Court the other day held a jury to consider the form of intoxication that a man is in when he commits a crime. I don't see how they can do that with marijuana, because they can test on alcohol, they can make a test on morphine or heroin users, but so far there hasn't been any test developed as to a fellow using marijuana after a severe auto accident, unless they can find stubs in the car or they find something on his person.

High Times: Do you think that hashish is more dangerous than marijuana?

Anslinger: Now in Africa there's the natives. They are so frightened of people who use hashish—which is the same thing as marijuana. There may be 50 different terms for marijuana, but hashish is one of the most prevalent in countries like Egypt, the cradle of civilization. Egypt has a greater hashish than marijuana problem, more than any country in the world. And they have severe laws.

High Times: What about other countries besides Egypt?

Anslinger: Now in Turkey they have the death penalty for possession of marijuana.

High Times: What about the rest of the world?

Anslinger: There isn't a country in the world that doesn't have very, very strict laws to enforce it. Of all the other countries in the world, there isn't one country in the world that doesn't have laws more severe than ours. In fact, on the average, their laws are more severe because they have various severe problems, slaughter on the highways . . .

High Times: We know of many studies showing that marijuana does not impair driving ability.

Anslinger: Here you have a drug where you have no sense of time or distance. You're driving along the highway at 70 miles an hour and you think you're going 7 miles an hour. There's slaughter on the highways all over this country, also in Canada and in the United Kingdom.

High Times: Does marijuana lead to harder drugs?

Anslinger: I guess that part of the reason for the marijuana laws being so tough is the fear of progression to harder drugs. That's probably a big factor.

High Times: How do you know that marijuana leads to harder drugs?

Anslinger: At one time I had a system whereby I got the case histories of all teenagers who were on heroin, and only rarely did I find one who hadn't taken on heroin after starting on marijuana. I suppose that's still the case today—the progression. Usually in narcotic drugs there is a progression from one step to the next.

High Times: Having enforced laws against both alcohol and drugs, how do you feel about the dangers of strong drink?

Anslinger: I can tell you about alcohol. After all, it doesn't have the prolonged effect that marijuana has. Now, there's where the danger is.

High Times: Haven't most comparative studies found that alcohol is more destructive than marijuana?

Anslinger: I'm talking about the man who will use one marijuana cigarette and go out and drive a car and knock things over. A fellow with one or two drinks, it wears off in a couple of hours.

High Times: One marijuana cigarette wears off a lot quicker than eight or ten drinks, which is the more usual alcohol ration in cases of drunken driving.

Anslinger: Marijuana, that stuff'll stay with you for about six hours. You're not going to get away from it and you don't have that immediate effect.

High Times: Most experts today feel that marijuana is harmless.

"Nixon assembled a group of half-assed lawyers, who wrote a report that marijuana should be decriminalized. Nixon read that report and threw it in the wastebasket."

Anslinger: It has been condemned as a dangerous drug by the American Medical Association, by the World Health Organization and also by the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs.

High Times: On the other hand, it's been pronounced harmless by the Board of Trustees of the American Medical Association in 1973, the National Institute of Drug Abuse in 1975, the congressionally sponsored Brown Commission law enforcement study of 1972 and the Canadian Commission of Inquiry into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs in 1971.

Anslinger: That may be true, but there's a Dr. James Munch, formerly a professor of pharmacology at Temple University in Philadelphia, and I consider him to be the best medical expert on marijuana. He's retired now and lives in Silver Springs, Maryland. He just sent me a letter the other day about some new substitute for heroin, which is just as bad but some kind of a synthetic. Well, Munch wrote an article for the United Nations Journal on Narcotics, and I have a copy of it in my den. I'll give it to you.

High Times: What does Dr. Munch say?

Anslinger: He lists all of the savagery that was attributed to marijuana and some



of the atrocious murders and massacres.

High Times: What evidence does he have that marijuana actually caused these crimes?

Anslinger: He is unquestionably the only man in this country that I know who worked on the subject and worked very closely with it.

High Times: Have there been any atrocious murders and massacres in Oregon since marijuana was decriminalized there?

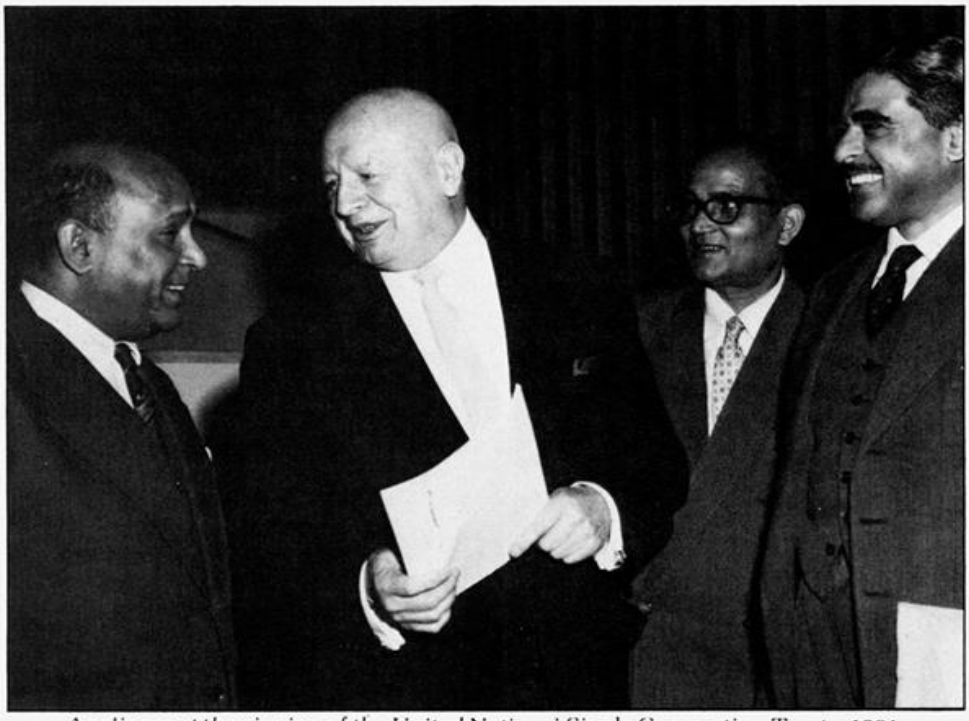
Anslinger: In Oregon, yes. I haven't been able to follow that very closely because I can't read anymore and all I get is what I hear on the radio or by telephone from some of my former agents. But I understand that they did have a bad situation there once in Portland when I was still the commissioner, but I haven't followed that closely. Maybe it's working there, I don't know. I wouldn't be able to tell you.

High Times: Another expert body that said that marijuana was harmless was the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, which was headed by Governor Raymond Schaeffer of Pennsylvania, your own home state.

Anslinger: When Schaeffer was governor of this state, he never interviewed the head of the drug enforcement unit during the four years he was in, never had him in his office to interview him about the situation generally in relation to narcotics.

High Times: What about the exhaustive research of his commission?

Anslinger: Well, you'll remember that Schaeffer was appointed by Nixon as the head of a commission to study marijuana and give him a report, so he could take their views and make his own decision on it. Now that was Nixon. He assembled a group of half-assed lawyers who had never tried the case in court or had anything to do with it. They wrote a report to the effect that it should be decriminalized, and when



Anslinger at the signing of the United Nations' Single Convention Treaty, 1961.

Nixon read that report, he threw it in the wastebasket. He said, that's where it belongs. So much for Schaeffer.

High Times: That's pretty much what happened to Nixon, too. And since Nixon left office there's been steadily increasing pressure on legislators to reform the marijuana laws. How long can the government resist this movement?

Anslinger: Oh, I suppose there's this movement to so-called decriminalize. They don't go the whole distance, they go down quantitatively to the possession charge, you see. Well, that's a theory that just doesn't work, quantitatively. New York State tried that with heroin and it didn't work.

High Times: Why didn't it work?

Anslinger: I think they still have this in New York. If you have less than a quarter of an ounce of heroin, you're not supposed to be a trafficker. The assumption is that if you have less than that, you don't use. It hasn't worked up there at all, and I don't think it will work with marijuana.

High Times: Why doesn't it work?

Anslinger: Here's a fellow, he probably sold a hundred pounds of it and they catch him with just, say, an ounce—I believe with marijuana they're calling an ounce presumptive evidence.

High Times: But they're obviously going to change the laws. Five, six states have already decriminalized marijuana.

Anslinger: They'll try it, and I think they have changed the law in many states, as they're trying to do in New Jersey now. I guess that'll go through the legislature, but that matter of quantitative . . .

High Times: Let's say decriminalization does pass a number of the state legislatures, or even a majority of them. How will that affect the federal statutes?

Anslinger: Our situation in relation to marijuana is analogous to the Supreme Court decision in *Missouri* v. *Holland*. You have a commodity that is under controversy and there's a treaty that controls that commodity. In this case, migratory birds were going through from Canada to Mexico and the hunters in Missouri were shooting them down, and they put through a law to control it.

The law was then found unconstitutional because they said it was a matter of states' rights. However, we made a treaty with Canada and Mexico to protect the migratory birds. Then the hunters went out and shot the birds. Holland was the United States marshall who arrested them. That case went to the Supreme Court because without the treaty, it was unconstitutional, but when they got the treaty, why, now you have a treaty with other countries to control this commodity, and treaties are the law of the land. The decision was rendered by Supreme Court Justice Wendell Holmes, and they held to it.

High Times: Hasn't there been some pressure from other parties to the Single Convention Treaty to amend it?

Anslinger: Canada has gone through a similar situation, but they've dropped it.

High Times: How about the British?

Anslinger: The British have a man over here now with the British Broadcasting Company. He is making a film for the British public on marijuana and the penalties and its use. . . .

High Times: Does marijuana have a chance in Britain, then?

Anslinger: I'm afraid so. To show you how strong this movement in the United Kingdom is, all the Beatles, many members of the clergy and many doctors signed a full-page advertisement in the London Times, which is the greatest paper in the world. They've been promoting this all over England but never got to first base, haven't been able to make a dent in it, because the people are frightened of it.

High Times: Some of the liberals in the British government seem to favor it.

Anslinger: I don't know how this new government regards it. I haven't followed it very closely. But the old government, the old Conservatives and even the Labourites, you couldn't get them to enter a bill in Parliament.

High Times: I assume you're familiar with the Le Dain report, which was to Canada what Governor Schaeffer's Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse was to the United States. The Le Dain report also found marijuana harmless. Do you see any threat in this?

Anslinger: Yes, there was a study made up there, but in my communication with the head of the Canadian Narcotic Service, he said it wouldn't get anywhere without the House of Commons. They wouldn't have it; they rejected it. It's a wonder they haven't made more progress in Canada than in the United States, because it's been more vocal, you've heard more about it.

High Times: So you look upon Canada as one of your failures?

Anslinger: It isn't like here, where you just hear about it occasionally, like the Oregon-California on the ballot.

High Times: Did the California decriminalization bother you?

Anslinger: That didn't take hold in California when they had it on the ballot for a referendum. California has its problems with marijuana, I can tell you.

High Times: Marijuana smokers have found quite a lot of liberty in California, and the decriminalization program there seems to be working well.

Anslinger: California, they have their problems.

High Times: What do you mean by problems . . . ?

Anslinger: And of course, they're so closely adjacent to Mexico, across the border, that a lot of the stuff we use in New York comes through California, around that Tijuana area. Most of the marijuana, the viable type, comes from Mexico

High Times: Isn't marijuana grown in the United States any good?

Anslinger: The stuff that used to be grown around here was pretty strong. We used to have hemp out in the Midwest that made the best textiles in the world. But later the stuff that was grown here during the war was not as impressive as it had been.

High Times: Didn't it get people high?

Anslinger: It was just grass, that's all. The best textiles in the world in their fiber, but the stuff that was grown here during the war, when you couldn't get hemp from Manila, just wasn't so hot.

High Times: What do you think of the Mexican situation?

Anslinger: Now, you'd think the Mexicans with all their trouble would do something to stop the marijuana. They've got thousands and thousands of cases every

(continued on page 42)



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LIGHT WITNESS NEWS

May '77 No. 21

IT'S WAR IN MEXICO

Sinaloa Explodes

Air Battles Rock Sierra Madres

story on next page



U.S.-supplied Bell helicopter making a spray run over a pot plantation deep in the Sierra Madre.

Dirck Halstead

It's War in Mexico

There is war in Mexico. From all accounts, the once regionalized battle to control Mexico's lucrative marijuana and poppy export business has erupted into a full-scale conflict extending throughout the country.

There are daily fire fights in the Sierra Madre, Mayan Indians in Yucatán have revolted against government destruction of their pot plantations and the split between Mexico's 3.8 million landless peasants (who depend on marijuana as a cash crop) and the landowner-backed regime of José Lopez Portillo has prompted the call for mercenary intervention on both sides.

As we go to press, more than 700 persons have been arrested in operation Condor, the biggest undertaking ever by Mexican and DEA authorities against the marijuana and poppy industries. At this moment, some 10,000 heavily armed Mexican soldiers are waging a campaign against growers in the western coastal state of Sinaloa.

The Mexican government, scared the U.S. will cut off its pipeline of money and arms, has launched a program to lure Americans to the beautiful country with cheap prices, white beaches and romantic interludes under the Latin moon. But the government neglects to tell visitors that their lives are very much in danger. It forgets to describe the conditions in its jails, where hundreds of Americans are rotting, with the fear that an electric cattle prod will be shoved up their rectum by a Mexican jailer and his D-man helper.

North of the Rio Grande, the American taxpayer is bearing the brute cost of a war. Over $40 million has been pumped into Mexico by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), which has convinced the U.S. Congress and the American public that the bucks are needed to wipe out heroin. Heroin is still on the streets, while American dollars continue their unhindered flow southward into the fields of Mexico.

Grass War Erupts in Yucatan



Dirck Halstead

Troops awaiting their departure to the front.

In an attempt to stop government destruction of their profitable marijuana plantations, Mayan Indians living on Mexico's Yucatán peninsula instigated a revolt in January that led to heated gun battles with Mexican troops.

The bloody uprising, which left several dead and at least six seriously injured, began when the Mayans accused the Chemax town government of destroying their pot farms and stealing $200 from the municipal treasury. In protest, the Indians stormed the municipal palace.

The police paid the Indians the $200 but arrested some of their group. Later, 100 armed Mayans attacked 30 cops guarding the palace and freed the prisoners.

Wary of a full-scale revolt, more than 200 heavily armed soldiers under the command of Mexico's Defense Secretary Felix Galvan Lopez, were rushed in to do battle with the Mayans in the palace.

After a bullet-ridden tear-gas fight that lasted almost 24 hours, the Mexican troops arrested 150 of the Mayans in a house-to-house search.

Poppy Pilots Perish in Sierra Madre

More than two dozen Mexican dope-war pilots have plunged to fiery deaths over the last two years in what Mexican officials are calling "accidents." The U.S.-trained pilots are part of the poppy eradication program that has brought virtual warfare to many parts of the once serene countryside.

Irate farmers frequently take potshots at the heavily armed Bell helicopters piloted by the dope-war soldiers. Though pilots and choppers are covered with bulletproof gear, sharpshooters have discovered that a hit in the highly vulnerable hydraulic tubes located in the rotor housing will bring the big birds crashing earthward. Farmers angry over their year's work going up in spray have also stretched steel cables between canyon walls to trap the incoming choppers.

On a good day, a single eradication copter can spray 200-300 plantations. The copters work in pairs, one loaded with herbicides and flying low to spray, the other hovering on guard high above and carrying armed federal troops and agents to counter anti-aircraft fire.



Dirck Halstead

Mexican troops board the plane that will take them into the combat zone.



Dirck Halstead

Mexican soldiers and narcs check eradication maps of the Sinaloa area.

Sinaloa Explodes

By Arthur Hallerman

CULIACÁN—The once subdued violence between Mexican troops and the marijuana and poppy growers of the Sierra Madre has erupted into a full-scale war with the 5,000-man Sinaloa regional garrison being reinforced by at least 2,000 additional troops. The $80 million attempt to eradicate poppies and pot has mushroomed into all-out battles with sophisticated automatic weapons.

Nightly skirmishes in and around Culiacán have become so bloody that residents of this once favored resort town have holed up in their houses in fear for their lives, according to unofficial sources. There have been at least 100 "war deaths" in the Culiacán area in the past six months.

The Culiacán "mafiosi" who control much of the trade have staked out their own territories in town, where they also control gambling and prostitution. Local police enforcement has been augmented by full-scale military intervention that has so far included thousands of troops at forward bases deep in the Sierra Madre. The troops are equipped with long-term supplies and have access to 19 transport planes, some 30 U.S.-supplied Bell helicopters, 226 Mexican narcs and their DEA advisers and 98 mechanics.

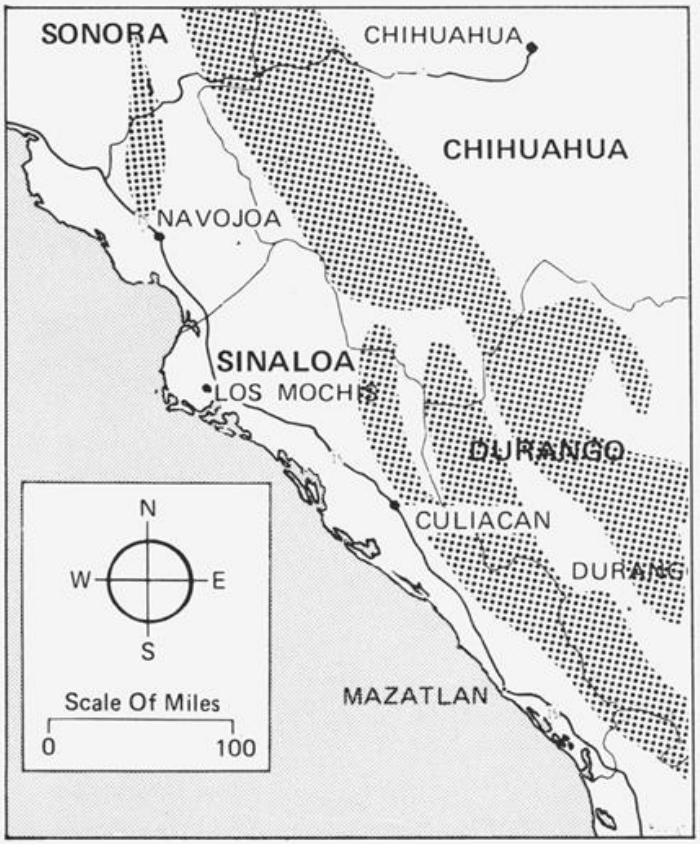
The Mexican government has budgeted over $6 million for herbicides, with the U.S. Congress kicking in an extra $40 million for equipment, training and supplies.

Military headquarters, located in the outskirts of Culiacán, resembles a World War II battlefield command post, with terrain maps, troop deployment assessments, ground-to-air radio networks and pot-poppy location grids posted on bulletin boards.

Three forward bases are situated north and east of Culiacán in San José, Choix and Topia. Each is staffed with 40 soldiers, 6 narcs, 8 choppers and crew and mechanics.

During the last two years, more than 1,000 people—80 of them American—have been arrested in the war-torn area. Forty Marijuana Air Force planes have been confiscated for use by the international narc force that has come to dominate the landscape.

Busts in the past six months have netted 79 tons of pot, 123 pounds of hash, 44 pounds of opium, 31 pounds of heroin, 40 pounds of cocaine, 45 pounds of poppy seed and 1,232 pounds of marijuana seed.



The three-state war zone. Shaded area denotes marijuana-growing acreage.

Narc, Smuggler Dead in Border Battle

"He was blown out of the saddle, but we can't find the body," explained weary U.S. Customs agent Charles Conroy. "A load of buckshot hit him at close range and tore him into small pieces."

The battle erupted over 3,000 pounds of marijuana on the banks of the Rio Grande west of the Mexican village of Boquillas and east of Big Bend National Forest, where five U.S. undercover agents had arranged a midnight rendezvous with 20 mounted and armed Mexicans and their two pickup trucks loaded with 75 sugar sacks of grass. Half a mile away, 22-year-old Customs agent Charles Phlenger and another group of agents discussed price with two gun-toting Mexicans.

Shooting broke out when the group at the riverbank got wise to the setup. Hearing gunfire, the negotiating group began pumping lead and quickly retreated to their side of the border. When the dust settled, pieces of Phlenger's and a smuggler's bodies were found scattered in the sand. The narcs confiscated the grass, which was later burned.

Mexico Upset by Image in U.S.

Mexican President José Lopez Portillo believes Mexico is receiving a "negative and unfair" image in the United States that is seriously damaging its tourist industry. "American television and newspapers have created the beginnings of a psychosis toward Mexico," laments Tourism Minister Guillermo Rossell de la Lama.

Mexico's booming marijuana export industry, which brings in millions of dollars each year, remains a sore spot in the country's image abroad, according to Rossell, the minister who recently inaugurated a network of 25 tourist assistance trucks called Green Angels in the Mazatlán and Sinaloa growing areas. Rossell claims that the problem is in fact America's—that "the demand for [marijuana] is from American youth, it is American mafias that are financing the traffic, even the illegal weapons are coming in from the United States."

Tension between the two countries has been amplified by a number of other factors, including the treatment of American prisoners being held in Mexican jails, the devaluation of the peso, Mexico's support for a U.N. resolution equating Zionism with racism (resulting in a two-month tourist boycott that left resentment even after the government reversed its position) and reports that 90 percent of the heroin consumed in the United States comes from Mexico. Also, the ever-increasing violence in the Mexican "dope war" has alienated many people.

"Frankly, I'm so fed up with hearing American complaints that I almost wish we could put an end to our joint antidrug campaign," complained one senior Mexican official close to the president.

Colombian Flake King Evades Capture

By Andrew Demas

BOGOTA—A major Colombian cocaine exporter known here as Culzat is trying to outrun the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the narcotics detail of Colombia's dreaded F-2 police after a bloody escape from Lima, Peru, where he was being held on charges of cocaine trafficking.

Culzat was busted in January 1977 while loading a twin-engine plane with Peruvian coca paste to fly to his lab in Colombia. After capture he gained court permission to telephone his family in Colombia and was accompanied to his attorney's office by a prison guard to make the call.

When the pair entered the office building in the heart of downtown Lima, a gang of Culzat's heavily armed colleagues shot and seriously wounded the guard before running with their boss to a waiting car outside.

The cocaine organization, believed to be made up of Colombian, Peruvian and U.S. citizens, reportedly paid $250,000 for the escape arrangements. Both of Culzat's attorneys have been jailed for their alleged participation in the daring break, which has further magnified the myth of the "unstoppable Culzat."

The Colombian exporter, who allegedly blew away two associates in a Bogotá drinking house he owned in 1973 and left their riddled bodies in sacks in an abandoned car, has struck a chord of terror in F-2 operatives investigating Colombia's flourishing cocaine refinery and cocaine export business.

According to a former F-2 cop now living in Bogotá, F-2 narcs receive money from the DEA as an incentive not to accept bribes from cocaine exporters. However, associates of Culzat have revealed that the master has managed to evade his pursuers by threats and payoffs far greater than any provided by America's Latin narc network.

Informants in Colombia can receive up to $10,000 for assisting in busts that net 10 to 40 kilos of toot. Most of Colombia's coke labs are capable of producing at least 20 pounds a week, but with stepped-up enforcement local street prices have skyrocketed to $15 a gram.



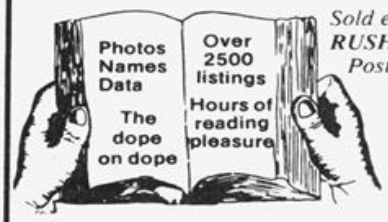
Peter Pryor

Foyer of Edificio Ugi. *Although floors 18 through 20 appear vacant on the building directory, they are the unmarked offices of Bogotá's DEA bureau.*

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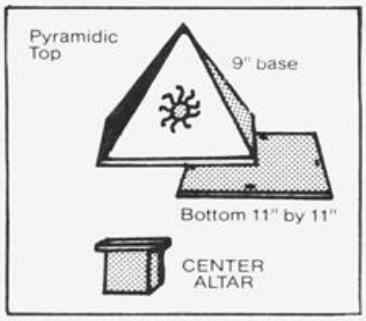
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Coke Cook Sought, Exporter Dead, Chemist on Lam

By Andrew Demas

Ecuadorean narcs have launched a nationwide dragnet for the legendary Scarlet Pimpernel Coke Cooker, a crack coke chemist believed involved in the production of large amounts of top-quality toot.

Wilson Dieb Chedruai, famed to the United States DEA and to various South American narcs, has been sought since late 1976, when Ecuadorean officials busted a group that was running coke out of the southern port of Salinas. Chedruai escaped, leaving behind only cooking equipment, traces of cocaine hydrochloride, a mother-daughter kitchen team and a legend that refused to die. Since then the elusive Pimpernel has not been found.

Not so fortunate, on the other hand, was El Grillo (The Cricket), one of Colombia's most prominent cocaine refiners since the mid-Sixties. Also known as Jaime Caidedo Caicedo, the 38-year-old pioneer of the Latin cocaine industry was blown away with five rounds fired by Colombian plainclothes cop Nelson Carvajal Hernandez while drinking in a Cali bar.

According to the official report, the narc trailed The Cricket into the El Patio bar in the south side of Cali, a town high in the Colombian Andes. Feeling the heat, Caidedo pulled a gun on Carvajal, but the narc was quicker. The Cricket was admitted to the hospital D.O.A.

Caidedo had been arrested briefly in May 1976 with several keys of coke he claimed were "for personal use." He spent two weeks in Cali's notorious Villanueva prison before arrangements were made with the judge. This time, no arrangements are possible.

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U.S. Interpol Told to Clean Up Act

A congressional study has strongly recommended that the U.S. bureau of Interpol, the 125-member international police organization based in Paris, tighten up its rules of supplying information on U.S. citizens to other countries.

A General Accounting Office (GAO) study found insufficient data in nearly half the requests for information from abroad pertaining to American citizens. Most of the requests examined were connected with alleged narcotics violations, but accompanying descriptions of crimes were vague and made it difficult to judge the seriousness of the offenses. A spot check showed that more than half the queries involved U.S. citizens with no prior criminal record.

The GAO study was made at the request of California Congressman John Moss, who said the report results "raise very significant questions" as to U.S. participation in the private international police agency.

The report, entitled "U.S. Participation in Interpol—The International Criminal Police Organization," also shed light on the desire of former President Nixon's Cabinet Committee on Narcotics to financially support and broaden Interpol's drug intelligence branch outside standard operating procedures.

The Treasury Department, which serves as U.S. representative to Interpol, maintains that it has never had authority to make any payments to Interpol beyond the annual U.S. membership dues of $80,000. However, reports indicate that in December 1974 the federal government laundered $135,000 for Interpol drug intelligence through the Agency for International Development (AID) by labeling it "foreign assistance funds."

The money was to be used by Interpol to recruit liaison officers in South America and Southeast Asia "for the purpose of promoting the exchange of international narcotics control intelligence," according to the GAO.



Wide World

Interpol's U.S. Operations Chief Louis Sims.

Yanks Vanish in Farm Jaunt

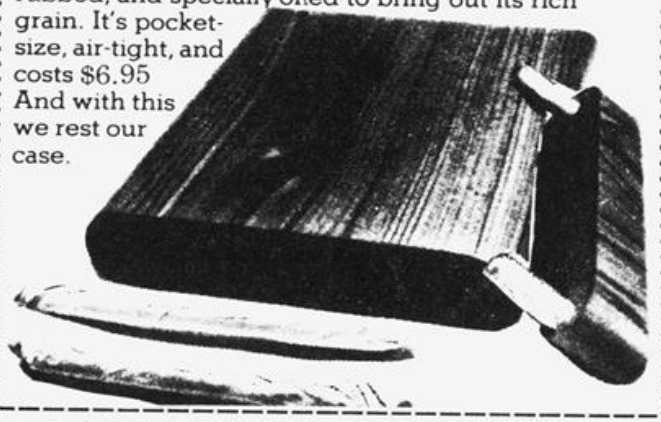
QUITO—Travelers to Ecuador are being warned against accepting invitations from local landowner Marcelo Carrion to sample mushrooms and ayahuasca on his farms in the Cuenca region, according to the foreign grapevine here.

Stephen Boyd, a 25-year-old from Oregon, known to his friends to be strongly into exotic dope, accepted such an invitation last year and died there. Also rumored to have disappeared after visiting the farm in May of 1976 were Delilah Yoder and James Herschberger.

In the year since, two more Americans have mysteriously disappeared: Jane Bissell, who vanished from her hotel in Baños, and Richard Drieseszun, who vanished shortly after December 6, 1976, when he wrote his father that he was going out to the jungle. Other mysterious disappearances are also rumored from the areas of Cuenca, Macas and along the Napo River.

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Bounty on DEA Agents Alleged

A major Mexican dope exporter has offered a $10,000 bounty for every U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agent killed while operating in Mexico, according to a reliable source close to Operation Cactus, a major gambit to remove Pedro Aviles-Perez from exporting marijuana, cocaine and heroin to the United States. Says a Phoenix, Arizona, DEA agent, "We're taking this threat seriously."

The 37-year-old millionaire rancher, who lives in Culiacán, Sinaloa, is believed to be the "number-one man" behind what the DEA claims is "one of the biggest marijuana, cocaine and heroin smuggling operations of all time." Aviles-Perez has been subject to arrest in the U.S. as a fugitive since 1969, when DEA agents corraled one of his carriers with ten pounds of cocaine and ten of heroin.

Since the bust, Aviles-Perez has centered his operation in Culiacán, from which he conducts his activities in three Mexican states and most of the southwestern U.S. border area.

The "Mexican Duke's" activities continued unhampered until 1973, when a combined U.S.-Mexican narc team nabbed 60 tons of grass, 12 pounds of heroin and 9 pounds of toot from alleged Aviles-Perez outlaws near Culiacán.

"He took a real beating during the Cactus operation," claimed a source close to the case. "The man is only now beginning to recoup his losses."

Aviles-Perez's problems with the DEA are compounded by efforts of the U.S. Justice Department to speed up Mexico's prosecution of him under a U.S.-Mexican scheme known as Operation Janus. The two countries have agreed to assist each other in the apprehension and prosecution of drug smugglers, regardless of the type of dope being smuggled.

Golden Triangle Poppy Harvest Underway

By Granville Watts

CHIANG MAI, THAILAND—The Golden Triangle poppy-producing countries have launched a "full military operation" against poppy-growing peasants in the midst of the annual harvest. The military actions have been coupled with a "resettlement" program in hopes of convincing the Meo tribes, for whom the poppy crop has been the lifeblood for centuries, to grow coffee and kidney beans.

According to official figures, 760 pounds of heroin were seized in the ten months from January to October 1976, while only 230 pounds were confiscated for the comparable period in 1975. Agents seized 9.6 metric tons of raw opium in 1976, as compared with 3.4 metric tons in 1975. As the Dope War continues to escalate, 22 DEA agents are on hand to stop the poppy flow from getting through.

The DEA recently presented Thailand with five choppers for use in what is known abroad as the Opium War. "It's like a full military operation. First the men are dropped by rope from the copters, and then a clearing is cut for more troop-carrying choppers to land," said a source in Chiang Mai.

Thai narcs and DEA agents intercept opium smugglers in the hills and police carry out spot checks on southward-bound vehicles. In addition, D-men, Thai narcs and the paramilitary Thai border patrol attack heavily armed refineries in the jungle valleys with hundreds of men and helicopter gunships.

Meanwhile, the United Nations, in a joint operation with Thailand's King Bhumidol Adulyadej, is teaching Meo hill tribesman to grow new crops. Richard Mann, director of the U.N. program, said the crop distribution was now being introduced in 30 of the 700 villages that produce opium in Thailand.

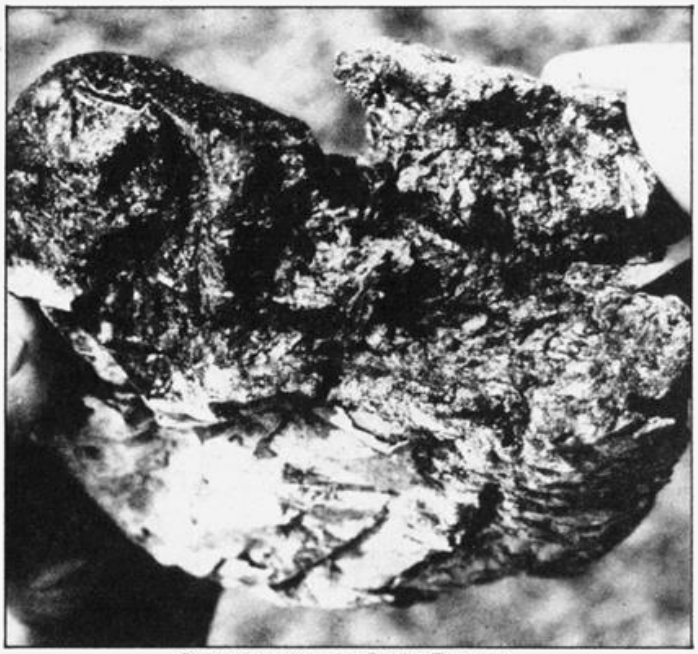
Natives Loyal to Opium

After three years, the Meo hill villagers are selling their first coffee and kidney beans. However, opium is still a way of life with them; they smoke it, eat it, even use it to cure stomach ailments, and they are amazed that everybody else does not.

A kilo of opium can fetch $150, but the hill people seem to have no conception of how much their crop is really worth. Van Pow Syang, a Meo elder, said that even if he did substitute another crop for his poppies, he would still grow opium for his own consumption. "It makes me feel good."



A United Nations adviser explains cabbage harvesting to Meo tribespeople of northern Thailand.



Raw opium from the Golden Triangle.

Syang turned up his nose when asked if he smoked the marijuana that grows a few paces from his hut. "No, I only take opium," he said, producing a small bottle of brown powder from the pocket of his blue jacket. He said he took it three times a day. The brown powder was fairly pure opium, boiled, reboiled and dried.

The Burma Connection

The Thai government, urged on by the U.S., is getting gradually tougher in its actions against opium but is reluctant to alienate the hill people, most of whom are armed. It prefers to direct them gradually to other crops. Narcs, too, are reluctant to blame the natives, claiming that the real villains are the middlemen and the big buyers who run private armies to protect the opium on its way out of the country.

Only ten percent of the annual opium output from the Triangle comes from Thailand. Another ten percent comes from Laos, and the remaining 80 percent originates in Burma and comes into Thailand by mule convoy from the Shan states in upper Burma.

The opium caravans have to pass through the territory of the Shan state rebels, who charge a safe-passage fee of $10 for each kilo. The rebels use their opium money to buy arms and supplies for their fight against the Rangoon government of General Ne Win.

Two units made up of the old Chinese Nationalist Army, the Kuomintang, which fled to Burma after Mao's takeover, provide the main protection for the opium caravans with sophisticated weapons—M16 rifles, mortars and heavy machine guns.

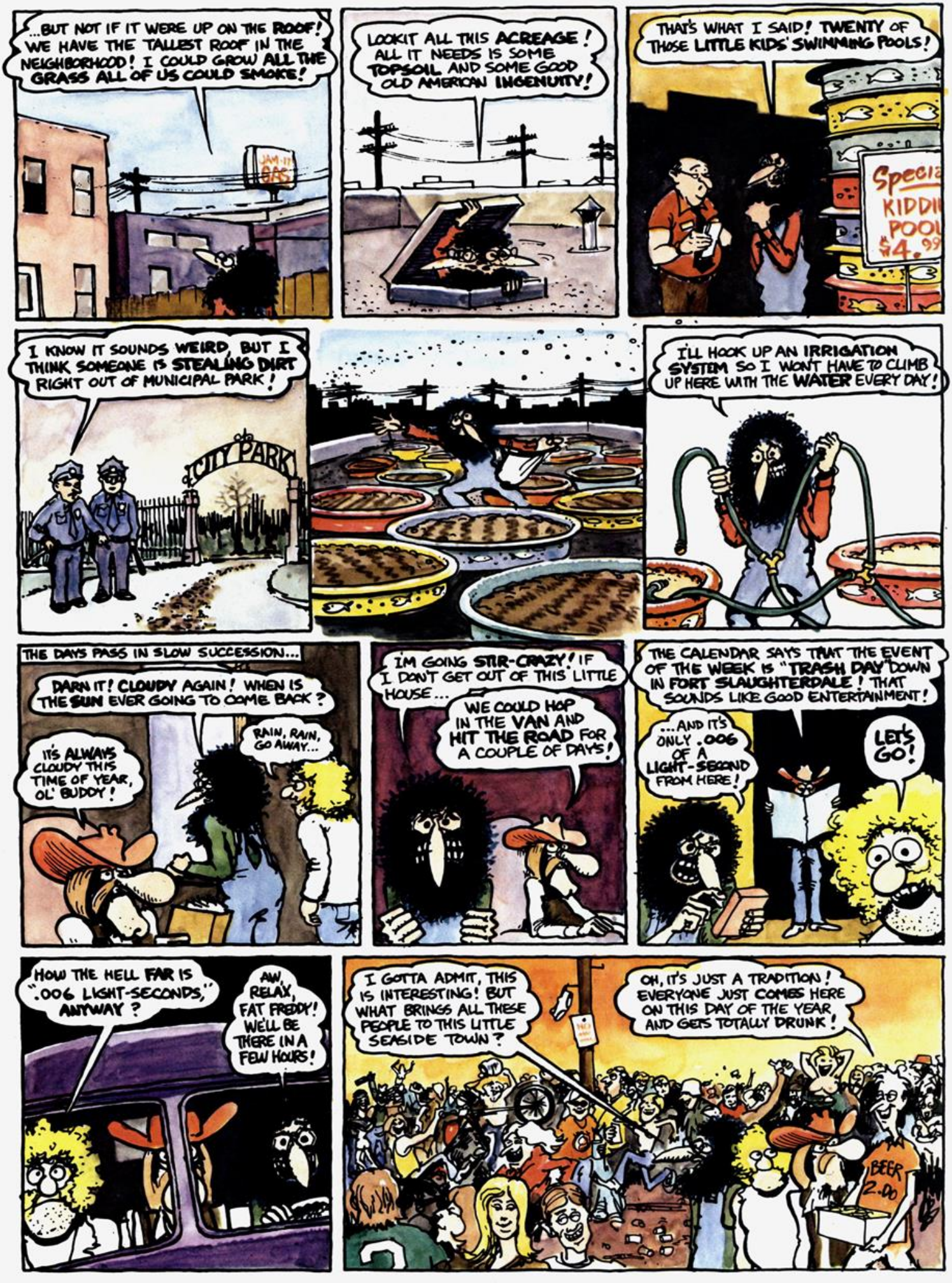
The Kuomintang get the caravans safely to the Thai border, where the opium is refined into morphine and heroin at crude refineries surrounded by guards.

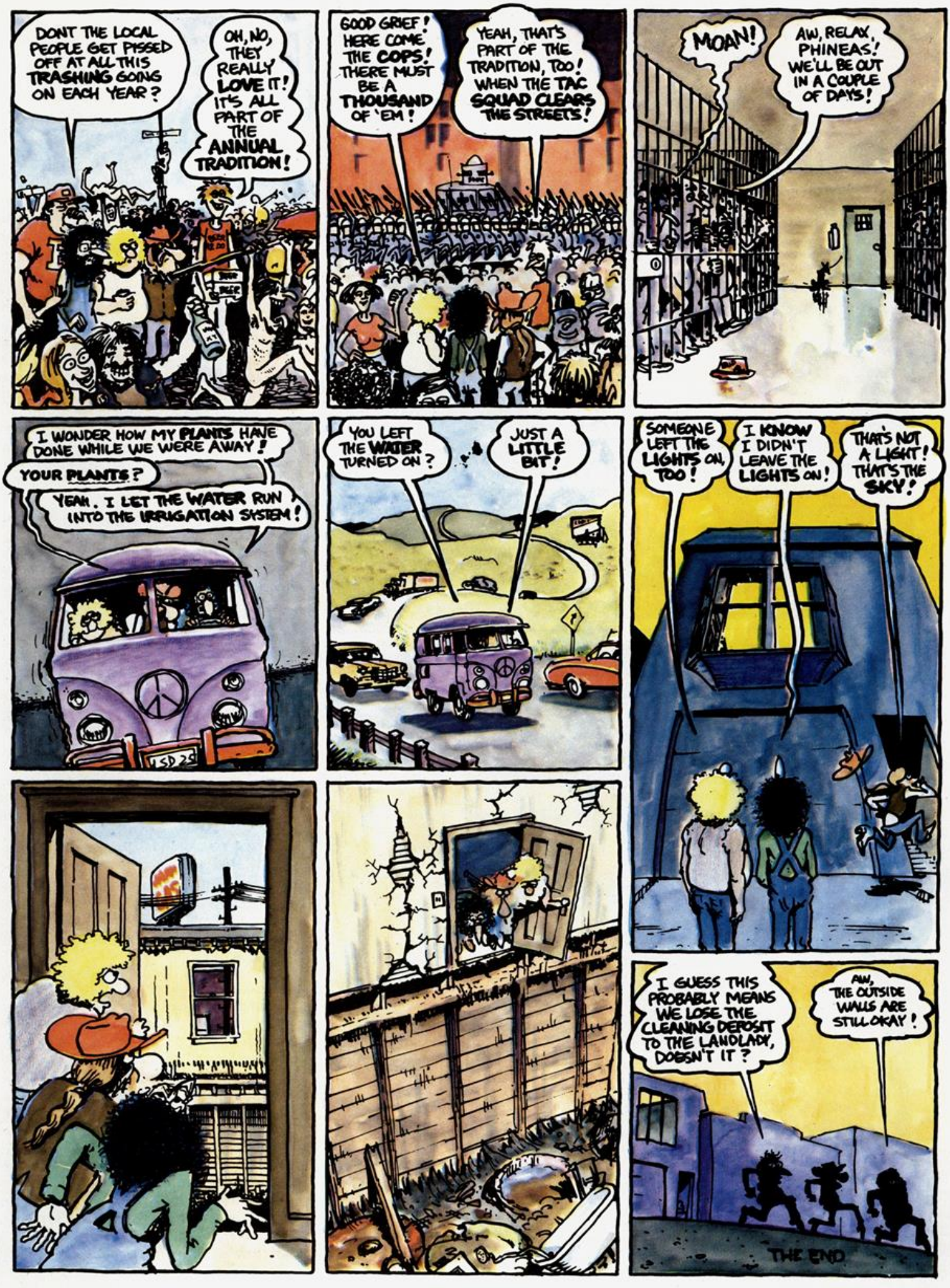
Here the big buyers from Chiang Mai and Bangkok are waiting to hand over money and supplies to the caravans, which return to the hills loaded with transistor radios, clothes and other goods.

Now begins the elaborate process of smuggling the dope by bus, car and sometimes oil ship with false tanks down to Chiang Mai, onward to Bangkok and finally to Hong Kong or Singapore.

An irony of the Opium War finds the commander of the Kuomintang units living in a mansion on a quiet residential street in Chiang Mai, a few yards down the street from the head of the Chiang Mai DEA bureau.


JAM-IT GAS
THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
BY SHELTON & SHERIDAN
20¢ LAUND
CLUMPITY CLUMPITY CLUMPITY CLUMPITY CLUMP!
YOU GUYS GO HIDE IN THE CLOSET, WILL YOU?
WHO IS IT?
IT'S THE LANDLADY! I TOLD HER THAT I WAS THE ONLY ONE LIVING HERE! IF SHE THINKS YOU GUYS LIVE HERE TOO SHE'LL WANT TO CHARGE MORE RENT!
GO HIDE NOW!
WELL! HELLO THERE, MRS. GRUNCHWATER! HOW ARE YOU THIS FINE DAY?
I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE BEAUTIFUL PLANTS IN THE FRONT WINDOW, MR. MARX...
AH, YES, THE PHILODENDR...
YOU KNOW I DON'T ALLOW LIVING PLANTS IN MY HOUSES, JUST AS I DON'T ALLOW PET ANIMALS! THEY ALL CAUSE DIRT TO GET ON THE FLOOR!
I'M JUST ADVISING YOU! YOU WANT TO GET YOUR $300 CLEANING DEPOSIT BACK, DON'T YOU?
YES, MA'M! THANK YOU! I'LL PUT THE PLANT OUTSIDE.
CLUMPITY CLUMPITY CLUMPITY CLUMPITY
IS SHE GONE?
YEAH, BUT YOU GOTTA GET RID OF THAT PLANT! SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE ANY PLANTS INSIDE!
C'MON! WE GOTTA KEEP A LOW PROFILE!
NO PLANTS INSIDE??!! JEEZ, THAT LADY IS NUTS! BUT NOW WHERE CAN I PLANT THIS YEAR'S HOMEGROWN?
IF I PLANT IT IN THE BACK YARD, THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS WILL COME IN AND HARVEST EVERY BIT OF THE STUFF!


...BUT NOT IF IT WERE UP ON THE ROOF! WE HAVE THE TALLEST ROOF IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! I COULD GROW ALL THE GRASS ALL OF US COULD SMOKE!
JAM-IT GAS
LOOKIT ALL THIS ACREAGE! ALL IT NEEDS IS SOME TOPSOIL AND SOME GOOD OLD AMERICAN INGENUITY!
THAT'S WHAT I SAID! TWENTY OF THOSE LITTLE KIDS' SWIMMING POOLS!
Specia
KIDDI
POOL
$4.99
I KNOW IT SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT I THINK SOMEONE IS STEALING DIRT RIGHT OUT OF MUNICIPAL PARK!
CITY PARK
I'LL HOOK UP AN IRRIGATION SYSTEM SO I WON'T HAVE TO CLIMB UP HERE WITH THE WATER EVERY DAY!
THE DAYS PASS IN SLOW SUCCESSION...
DARN IT! CLOUDY AGAIN! WHEN IS THE SUN EVER GOING TO COME BACK?
IT'S ALWAYS CLOUDY THIS TIME OF YEAR, OL' BUDDY!
RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY...
I'M GOING STIR-CRAZY! IF I DON'T GET OUT OF THIS LITTLE HOUSE...
WE COULD HOP IN THE VAN AND HIT THE ROAD FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS!
THE CALENDAR SAYS THAT THE EVENT OF THE WEEK IS "TRASH DAY" DOWN IN FORT SLAUGHTERDALE! THAT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD ENTERTAINMENT!
...AND IT'S ONLY .006 OF A LIGHT-SECOND FROM HERE!
LET'S GO!
HOW THE HELL FAR IS ".006 LIGHT-SECONDS," ANYWAY?
AW, RELAX, FAT FREDDY! WE'LL BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS!
I GOTTA ADMIT, THIS IS INTERESTING! BUT WHAT BRINGS ALL THESE PEOPLE TO THIS LITTLE SEASIDE TOWN?
OH, IT'S JUST A TRADITION! EVERYONE JUST COMES HERE ON THIS DAY OF THE YEAR AND GETS TOTALLY DRUNK!
BEER 2.00


DONT THE LOCAL PEOPLE GET PISSED OFF AT ALL THIS TRASHING GOING ON EACH YEAR?
OH, NO, THEY REALLY LOVE IT! IT'S ALL PART OF THE ANNUAL TRADITION!
GOOD GRIEF! HERE COME THE COPS! THERE MUST BE A THOUSAND OF 'EM!
YEAH, THAT'S PART OF THE TRADITION, TOO! WHEN THE TAC SQUAD CLEARS THE STREETS!
MOAN!
AW, RELAX, PHINEAS! WE'LL BE OUT IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!
I WONDER HOW MY PLANTS HAVE DONE WHILE WE WERE AWAY!
YOUR PLANTS?
YEAH. I LET THE WATER RUN INTO THE IRRIGATION SYSTEM!
YOU LEFT THE WATER TURNED ON?
JUST A LITTLE BIT!
SOMEONE LEFT THE LIGHTS ON, TOO!
I KNOW I DIDN'T LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON!
THAT'S NOT A LIGHT! THAT'S THE SKY!
I GUESS THIS PROBABLY MEANS WE LOSE THE CLEANING DEPOSIT TO THE LANDLADY, DOESN'T IT?
AW, THE OUTSIDE WALLS ARE STILL OKAY!
THE END

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Interview

(continued from page 29)

year of vicious rapes and assaults and that sort of thing, but they've never been able to take steps to deal with it, even though they were almost in a viable position to achieve victory back when I was in power.

High Times: Do you think Mexico will ever stop the flow of marijuana?

Anslinger: They have a problem there which they have been unable to solve because it's so prevalent.

High Times: Do you feel there'll be any change in other countries?

Anslinger: I don't notice any marked change except in countries like, well, Egypt, the cradle of civilization. Egypt particularly, and some other countries in Africa where it flares up and down, just like here. But the idea of legalization is absolutely out of the question. You're not going to get this government to denounce a treaty to which 108 countries are parties, particularly since it covers all forms of narcotics—opium and its derivatives, heroin, morphine and cocaine, which is a very dangerous drug.

High Times: Will cocaine ever be legalized here?

Anslinger: I notice they haven't tried to legalize that, because there would be some awful things in this country with cocaine users.

High Times: Is there any chance of the Single Convention being changed to allow for new evidence that pot is harmless?

Anslinger: Now, with 108 nations parties to the treaty, 108 nations would have to amend it or denounce it, but this country, Canada and the United Kingdom are the only countries where legalization is being promoted.

High Times: What chance of success do you think there might be for the United States to withdraw from the Single Convention?

Anslinger: Well, this is purely academic, because there's already a Supreme Court decision on it, and there are these fellows who are talking through their hats. They don't do their night work. If they studied the Supreme Court decision in that case, they'd realize it can't be done.

High Times: Can't the decision be reversed?

Anslinger: Oh, you can change the law, you can reduce the penalties, as they have been doing, but these three nations—Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States—are the only countries where legalization is being promoted.

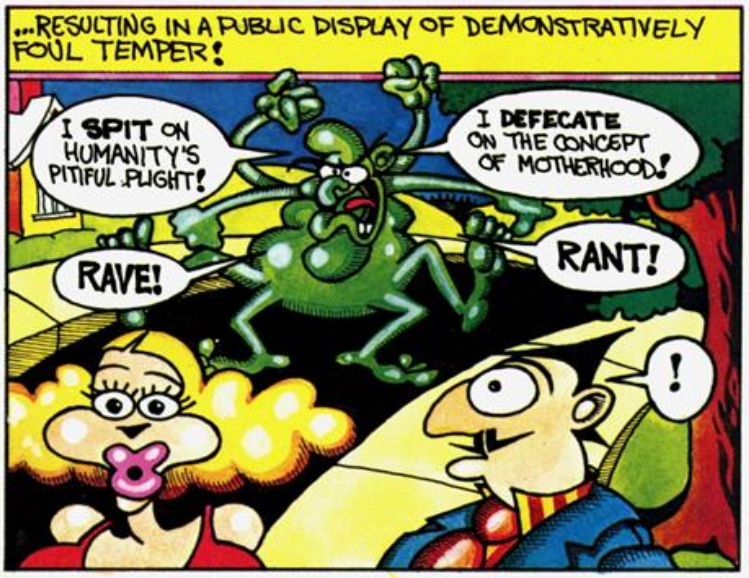
High Times: Is there any possibility of the Single Convention being altered or abandoned?

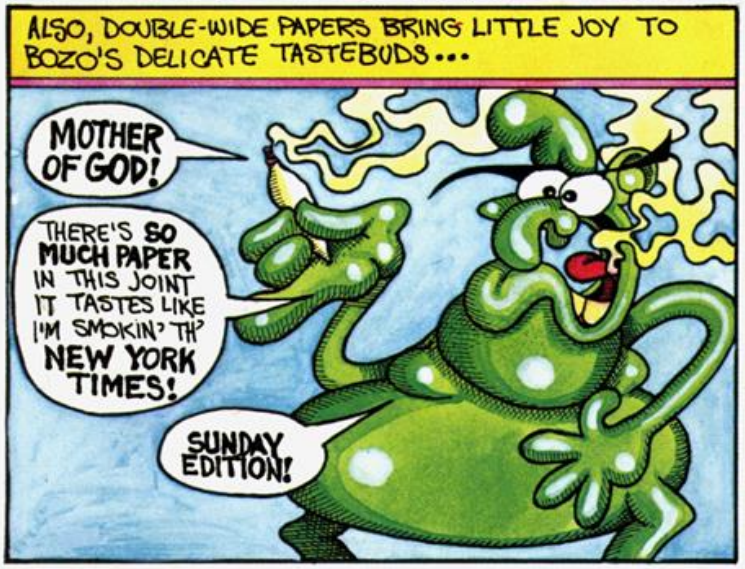
Anslinger: You'd have to denounce the treaty.

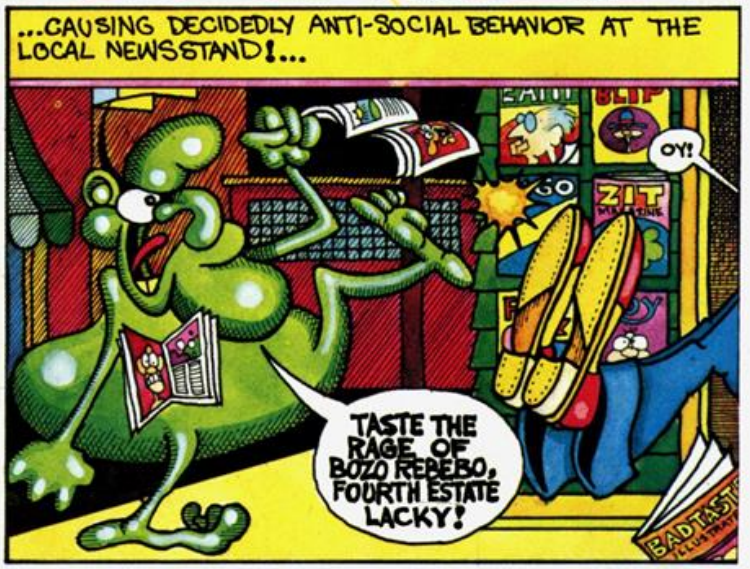
High Times: Do you think you've got things locked up now so the Supreme Court won't do that?

Anslinger: You can be sure of that. ◘

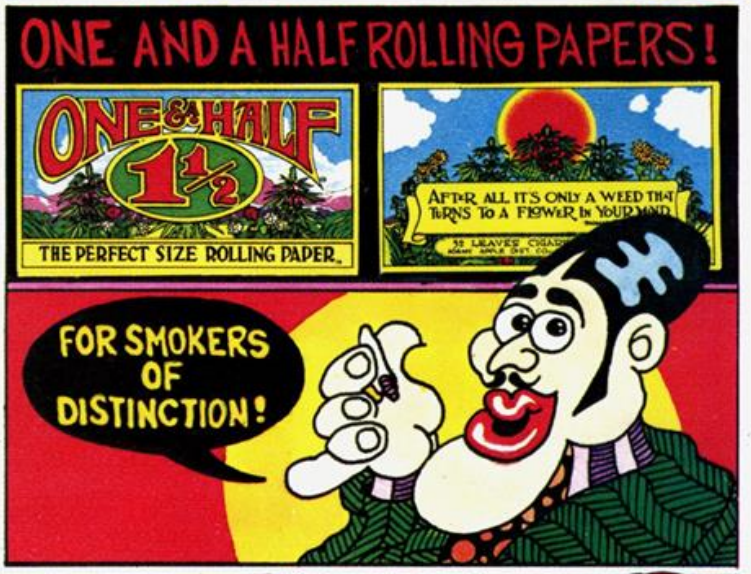














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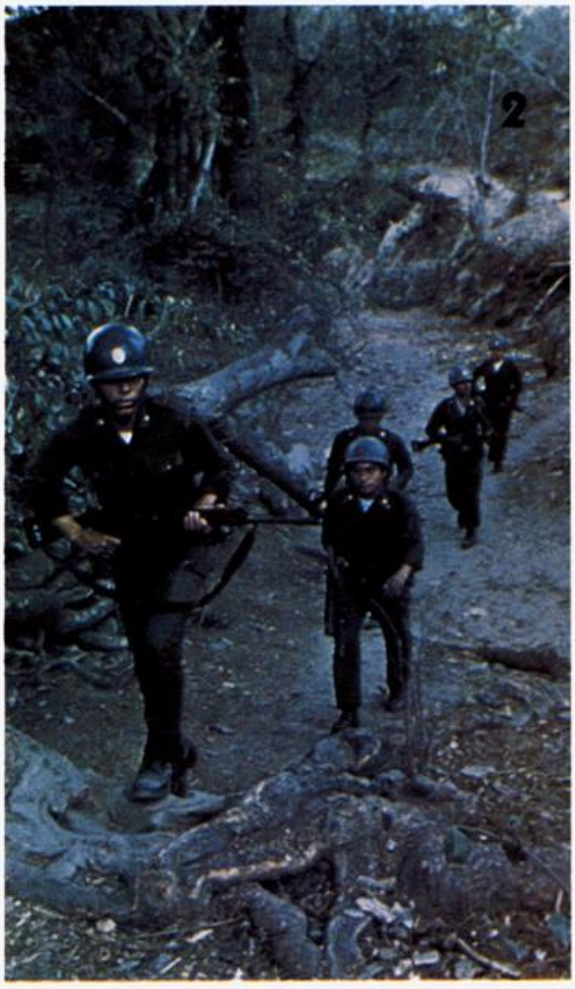


DOPE WAR CRIMES IN MEXICO

Mexico 1977: Children playing, dogs barking, peasants working and loving in the warm mountain air. An airplane circles lazily in the clear blue, so distant it is almost invisible. Probably a smuggler awaiting clearance, or one of our own glorious Air Mexico pilots lost again, chuckle the elders. Only a soft metallic whine mars the perfect day at the height of the harvest season. It is a good crop, and though it will pay for the provisions the hilltop people need to survive another bitter winter, all are too warm and contented now to heed the coming of the cold.

Slowly the whine grows louder. It is the roar of an engine, now many engines. Suddenly the sky is blackened with great metal birds of prey, their helicopter blades slicing the air like knives.

Out of the jungle pour thousands of heavily armed *federales*, ably advised by the elite corps of U.S. narcs. Disdaining to carry arms themselves (they say), the DEA Grasstapo are hurling thousands of Mexican army regulars against the mountaintops in a furious doomsday assault on the last remaining refuges of marijuana.



(1) *Mexican trooper with a Belgian FAL rifle and a full combat-load of ammo carrying an armload of fresh marijuana.* (2) *Mexican soldiers on dope patrol in the High Sierra.*

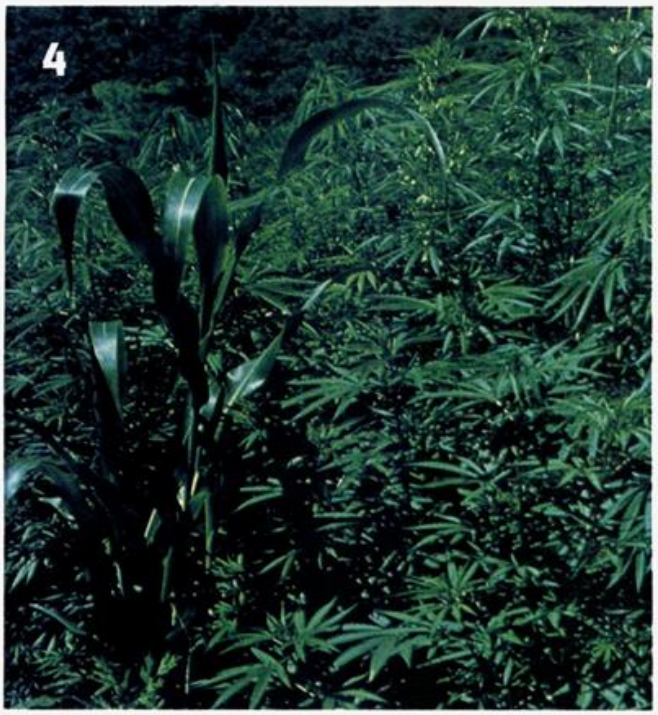
While the elite corps rounds up the illiterate men, women and children for "interrogation" in the fortress-prisons of Mexico City, the native "soldier ants" cordon off the marijuana fields and don their gas masks. The first wave of U.S. Bell helicopters fly in low and drop their lethal cargo of Defoliant 2,4,5-T—better known as Agent Orange, the herbicide that Lyndon Johnson banned from chemical warfare in Vietnam after it was proved to cause birth defects. A second wave of spray planes spits green clouds of paraquat (Gramoxone), a nonselective contact poison that destroys any plant it touches, over the pot fields and surrounding terrain. Finally, the *federales* move in with fire torches to finish the tortured plants and leave the soil charred to barren waste.

This is a true story of the

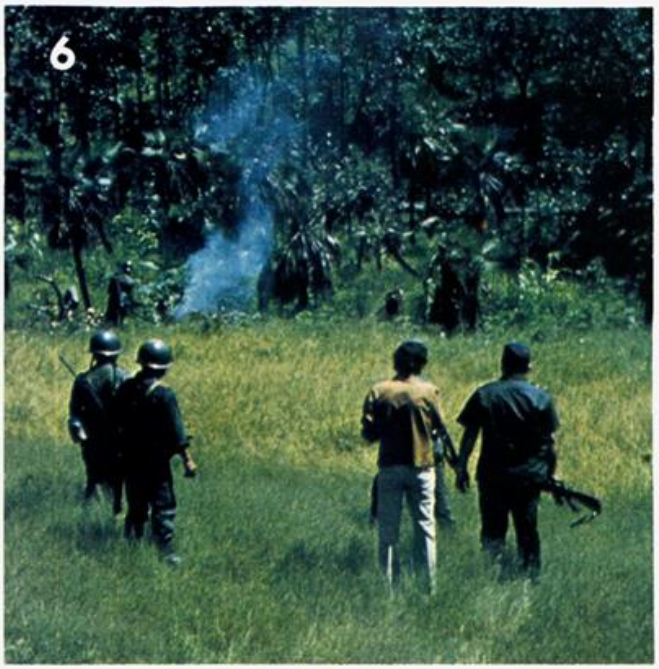
"We didn't know anything... we were only giving orders"

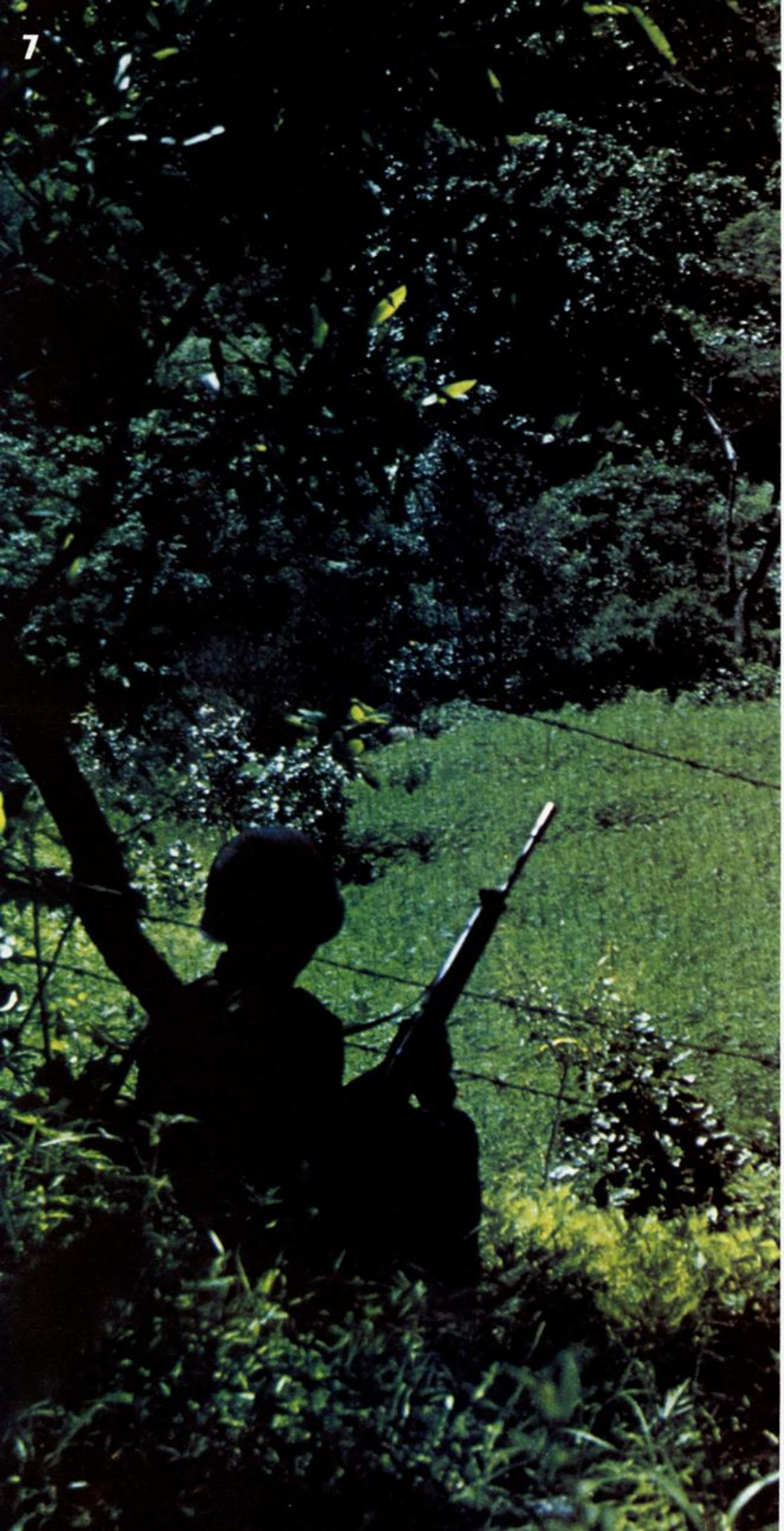
by Darby Craig


3


4


5


6



"It was a lucky raid: no strafing was necessary today..."

war being waged against marijuana—and Mexicans—by the United States today. It is based on scenes actually witnessed—and photographed—by our correspondents stationed at the front.

The government doesn't call it a war—they say it's a "police" action against heroin dealers. But it is really an illegal, undeclared military campaign with full air support and biochemical weapons trained against a few million defenseless peasants and some fields of flowers.

This much is known: The United States is involved in its largest direct intervention in a foreign country since the Vietnam War. The enemies this time are Mexican *campesinos* and marijuana exporters working high in the Sierra Madre that overlooks the Pacific Ocean.

Mexico is considered by the DEA to be crucial to the Domino Theory of the Dope War. If the U.S. cannot cut off the marijuana pipeline, the DEA claims, then all of Latin America will become another Golden Triangle.

Three million, eight hundred thousand Mexicans are poverty-stricken peasants, without food, without land, without hope. While the Mexican "establishment" prospers on its international trade, mainly with the United States, the peasants face only despair.

In former times, the U.S. reaction to this type of situation was to send in the Marines to stop communism and

(3) *Mexican trooper setting torch to harvested weed.* (4) *Food crops such as corn are often used by farmers to conceal marijuana from aerial reconnaissance.* (5) *An American-supplied Bell helicopter with its contingent of armed soldiers deployed in the Sierra Madre on a dope raid.* (6) *Mexican troops and a narcotics agent watch as a crop of pot is burned.* (7) *Mexican soldier standing guard over a* plantito. *Spotted from the air, a platoon of troops swarmed over the area within an hour.*

When the defoliations are over, more than a fifth of Mexico will be poisoned wasteland.

save freedom. After Vietnam, that's hard for Americans to swallow. Now, instead of sending in the Marines, Washington sends in the narcs.

The Dope War, son of the Cold War, is raging today in Jamaica, Colombia, Thailand and throughout South America. To Mexico alone, the Drug Enforcement Administration has sent 42 elite "advisers" to oversee the efforts of over 10,000 armed *federales*, at least 100 military aircraft—including 28 Huey-type Bell helicopters, used in Vietnam—and millions of dollars in cash and equipment.

610 U.S. citizens held prisoner in Mexican prison camps—without trial, without bail, without adequate food, water, heat or medical care and subject to brutal interrogations.

Countless Mexicans of all ages and sexes also being held in squalid protective custody.

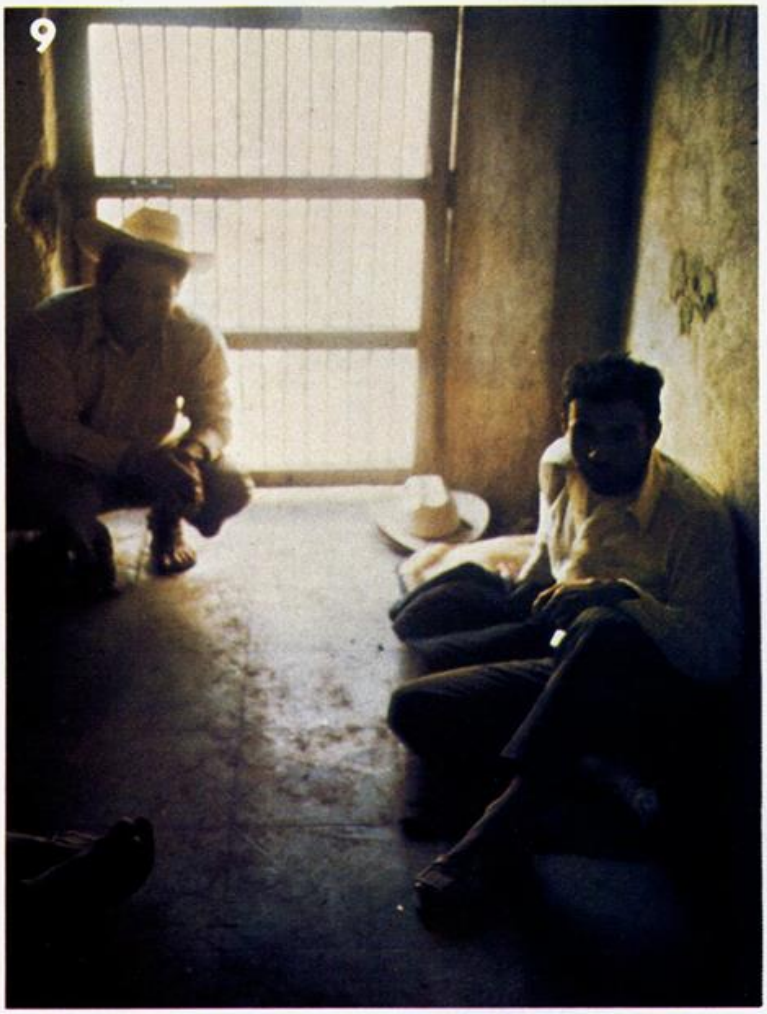
Indiscriminate use of defoliants *proven to cause birth defects*, disease and wanton destruction of plant life throughout the countryside. By the time the Dope War grinds to a halt, nearly a fifth of Mexico's soil will be a poisoned wasteland where nothing will grow.

Thousands of acres of marijuana and poppy plants gassed and burned on orders of the DEA.

100 or more dead.

Above all, 3.8 million peasants condemned permanently to live in below-subsistence poverty. ◘



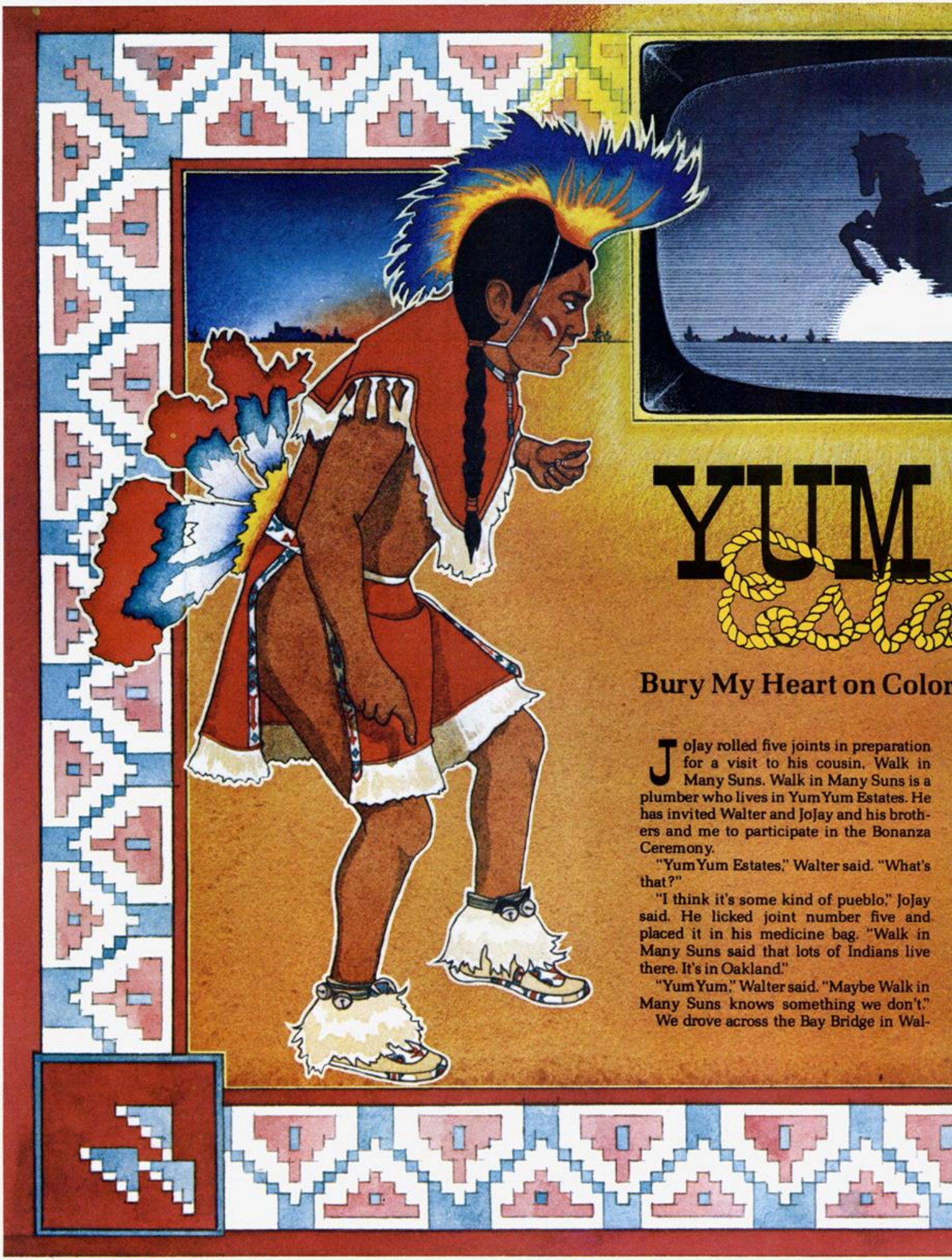




(8) *Army patrols stop and question any* campesinos *they encounter.* (9) *Two* campesinos *in a rural jail after being caught on a* plantito *by Mexican soldiers.* (10) *Mature pot plants almost hide one Mexican narc on the raid.* (11) *Mexican soldier with bundle of boo destined for the flame.*







YUM

Bury My Heart on Color

JoJay rolled five joints in preparation for a visit to his cousin, Walk in Many Suns. Walk in Many Suns is a plumber who lives in Yum Yum Estates. He has invited Walter and JoJay and his brothers and me to participate in the Bonanza Ceremony.

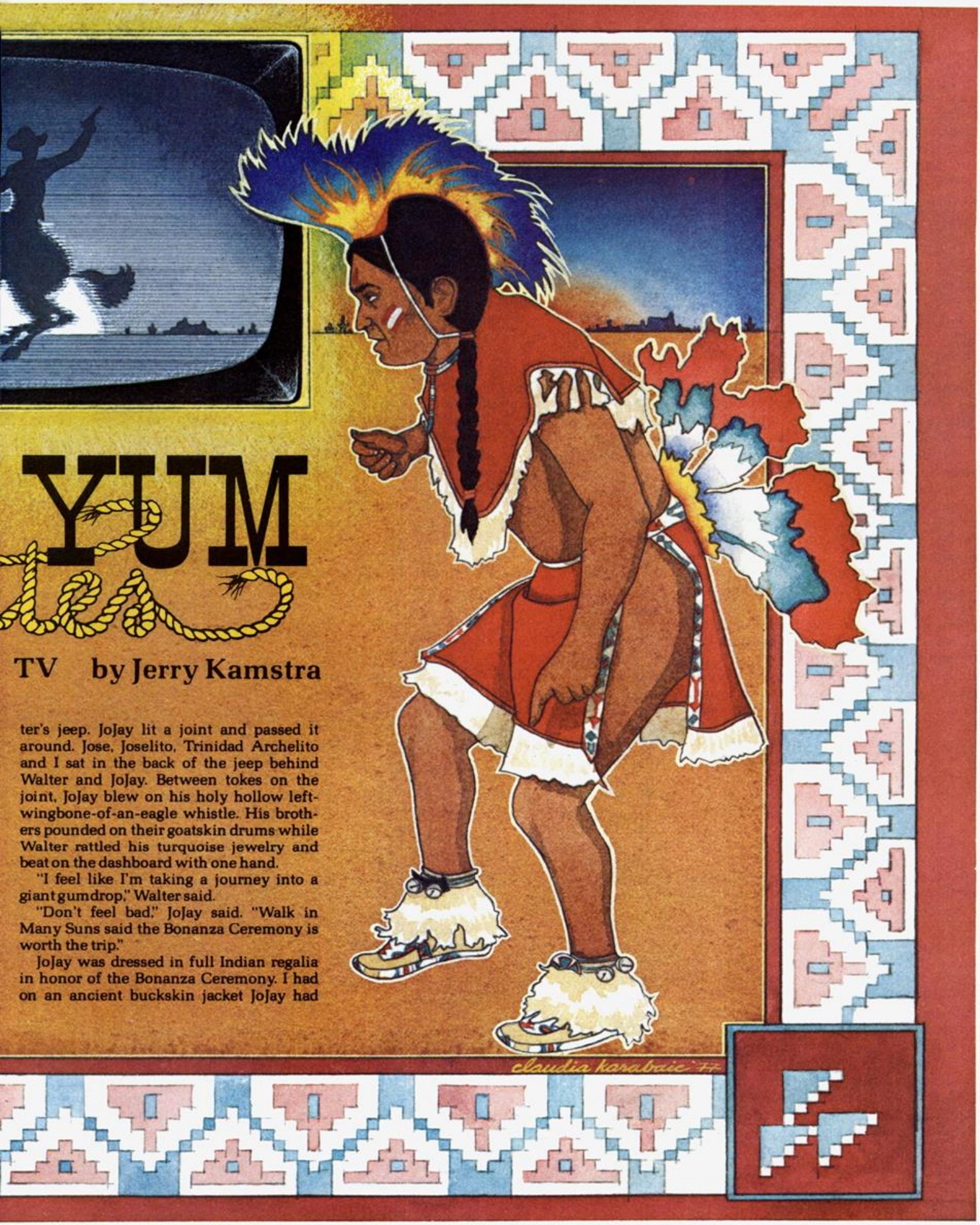
"Yum Yum Estates," Walter said. "What's that?"

"I think it's some kind of pueblo," JoJay said. He licked joint number five and placed it in his medicine bag. "Walk in Many Suns said that lots of Indians live there. It's in Oakland."

"Yum Yum," Walter said. "Maybe Walk in Many Suns knows something we don't."

We drove across the Bay Bridge in Wal-

From the book *The Frisco Kid*. Copyright © 1975 by Jerry



TV by Jerry Kamstra

ter's jeep. JoJay lit a joint and passed it around. Jose, Joselito, Trinidad Archelito and I sat in the back of the jeep behind Walter and JoJay. Between tokes on the joint, JoJay blew on his holy hollow left-wingbone-of-an-eagle whistle. His brothers pounded on their goatskin drums while Walter rattled his turquoise jewelry and beat on the dashboard with one hand.

"I feel like I'm taking a journey into a giant gumdrop," Walter said.

"Don't feel bad," JoJay said. "Walk in Many Suns said the Bonanza Ceremony is worth the trip."

JoJay was dressed in full Indian regalia in honor of the Bonanza Ceremony. I had on an ancient buckskin jacket JoJay had

Kamstra. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.

given me the day before. I was standing in JoJay's tepee admiring the coat when he told me to try it on. I tried it on. The coat was handmade, sewn with beautiful beads and porcupine-quill scrollwork, with fringes around the edges. On each breast were small blue and yellow feathers, woven in between the beads and porcupine quills. The coat was beautiful. "It's yours," JoJay said. "For a white man with an Indian's soul." I sat up in the back of the jeep in my new ancient buckskin jacket, proud to be a white man with an Indian's soul.

"This Bonanza Ceremony is a big thing," JoJay said. "Walk in Many Suns said it's the high point of the week. It's some kind of city Indian celebration."

"As long as Walk in Many Suns serves some of that wild rice and pickled moose-nose soup you told me about," Walter said. "I'll celebrate anything for some of that."

"Don't worry," JoJay said. "Walk in Many Suns said the Bonanza Ceremony wouldn't be the Bonanza Ceremony without the wild rice and pickled moose-nose soup."

We sailed across the Bay Bridge. JoJay's feathered headdress flapped and furled in the jeep's windstream. Passing drivers gawked and rapidly cleared a path for Walter's jeep. JoJay shrieked on his holy whistle and Walter sailed through the tollbooth.

"Uh. . .Walter . . . I think you're supposed to stop and pay a quarter at the tollbooth," I said.

JoJay screeched louder on his whistle and Walter pounded his open hand on the dashboard in time with the music and drums. The jeep was really swinging. I looked behind us and saw the black and white patrol car coming with red light flashing.

I tapped JoJay on the shoulder and nodded toward the patrol car. "Maybe we better swallow those joints, JoJay," I said.

By the time the highway patrol caught up with us, all the joints were swallowed except half of one which was lodged somewhere near JoJay's esophagus. It's hard swallowing four marijuana cigarettes on the spur of the moment. It's something that can be done with a bit of reflection, but on the spur of the moment it's very difficult. To be democratic, each of us should have swallowed three-fourths of a marijuana cigarette, but JoJay was holding, so he swallowed three and a half joints and was busy working on the last half of the fourth joint. The rest of us watched solemnly as JoJay's jaws worked overtime. The highway patrolman stopped his car behind us and walked around to the driver's side of the jeep. It seemed to me that JoJay's jaws were working in slow motion, but that was because JoJay was choking on the dry marijuana and was slowly asphyxiating in front of our eyes. It tends to make you slightly paranoid seeing an Indian in full ceremonial regalia slowly asphyxiating in front of your eyes while a highway patrolman is walking up behind you. It's hard to describe the exact feeling. It's like reaching for the husk of a dead sparrow and picking up 15-pound bird.

The highway patrolman was very polite. He told Walter it was customary to stop at the bridge tollbooth and pay 25 cents.

"It's been the custom for a long time," he said. "People have been doing it for years."

While the highway patrolman was talking to Walter, JoJay was slowy turning blue. He was wheezing carefully somewhere down in his lower tract. It's disconcerting to see a redman turning blue right in front of your eyes.

"What's wrong with that purple Indian?" the highway patrolman said.

"He took some Indian medicine to prepare for the Bonanza Ceremony and he's slowly asphyxiating," Walter said. "That's why I didn't stop at the tollbooth. We have to find some water."

"Why didn't you say so?" the highway patrolman said. "I'll get my thermos."

The highway patrolman ran back to his car and returned with a thermos of coffee. By this time JoJay was turning a colorful shade of mauve. JoJay took the thermos from the highway patrolman and drank some of the coffee. It might have been his last act. Instead, the coffee washed down the last half of the fourth joint and saved JoJay's life.

"That's why I always respect the law," JoJay said later. "You never know when the law's going to wash down half a marijuana cigarette."

JoJay thanked the highway patrolman for saving his life and Walter backed up to the tollbooth and paid a quarter and then we continued on. YumYum Estates is in the hills of Oakland, but it is not a pueblo. Yum Yum Estates is a housing tract that is surrounded by Boca Raton Estates, Dawn Vision Estates and Sherwood Forest Estates.

"I wish I'd brought my longbow," JoJay said as we entered the development. "You never know who you're going to meet in Sherwood Forest."

Walter circled identical streets for half an hour before finding Walk in Many Suns' house. When we drove up in front of his house, Walk in Many Suns was standing in the driveway wearing a pair of hundred-pocketed Can't-Bust-'Em bib overalls and no undershirt. He looked like a Cherokee plumber. He raised his hand in the traditional "hou" sign as Walter stopped the jeep.

"Hou, cousin!" JoJay answered.

As we were getting out of the jeep, Neck Like a Swan, Walk in Many Suns' wife, and her five children came out of the house. Neck Like a Swan was shaped like a soft ball-bearing. She was wearing a beaded buckskin dress, and her five children hid behind her. There was not enough buckskin dress to hide five children, however, so some of them spilled out.

After he and his brother had made the traditional hand-upraised sign, JoJay introduced Walter and me to Walk in Many Suns and Neck Like a Swan.

"These friends are not trading-post whites," JoJay said. "They are not cowshit white men."

Walk in Many Suns made the hand-upraised sign. "Welcome to my house," he said.

Inside the house were many Indians. Walk in Many Suns introduced us, and from each Indian we received the traditional handshake and sign. Jose and Joselito and Trinidad Archelito brought in their drums from the jeep and set them up in the powwow room. The powwow room was the den. Neck Like a Swan brought us beer and we sat down on the floor. The floor was covered with thick sheepskin rugs and colorful handwoven blankets. When I asked about them, Neck Like a Swan blushed and said she wove them.

At the far end of the powwow room was a giant television set, sitting in the place of honor. Against the walls were hundreds of old bottles, bones, rusty locks and pieces of metal and artifacts Walk in Many Suns had dug up while working as a plumber. Walk in Many Suns, it seems, was an amateur archeologist.

"I am glad you could come to our Bonanza Ceremony," Walk in Many Suns said. "It starts in half an hour."

"I never knew Indians had a Bonanza Ceremony," Walter said. "I have never heard of a Bonanza Ceremony in Taos."

"This is a private ceremony," Walk in Many Suns said. "I invented it myself. It's catching on fast, though."

More Indians arrived. We were introduced and Jose and his brothers started tapping softly on their drums. The Indians squatted on the floor and drank beer and nodded as Jose and Trinidad warmed up. Neck Like a Swan brought in large bowls of mutton and rice and a huge kettle of pickeled moose-nose soup. Each of us ladled some of the soup into a cup and drank it. Plates were brought out by one of the daughters and we ate mutton and wild rice. The food was delicious.

"This is good food," an Indian named Face Longer Than a Stick said. "It is a long way from the mountains, and this food reminds me of the mountains."

"It's good mountain food," JoJay said. "Hey, Walter, what you say?"

"Hoya hoya!" Walter cried. The Indians laughed.

After the men finished eating, Neck Like a Swan and her daughters cleaned away the dishes. Walk in Many Suns brought out his pipe. While he was filling the pipe, JoJay told what happened at the bridge. Everybody laughed. Walk in Many Suns lit the pipe and passed it around the room. Each Indian took one long toke and passed the pipe on. There were 20 Indians in the powwow room. When the pipe reached me, Walk in Many Suns reached over and turned the television set on.

"Now the Bonanza Ceremony," he said.

(continued on page 88)

HONEY

Gift of the Bee, Ambrosia of the Gods, Tonic of the Sages or Hippie Stickum?

by Lynn Geller and Bill Madden



There comes a time in every man's life when charity, gallantry, noblesse oblige, if you will, overcome his natural sloth and bestir him out of bed: mission—to brew a cup of tea for his lady fair. Normally, you let her fix her own damn tea, but tonight, say, it's her birthday or something, you're elected. Our true gentleman hops out of bed without further ado and looks for something to boil water in. The kettle bubbling, water is poured into a ceramic vessel and tea added, a bag or two, unless the female has progressed to that advanced state of addiction requiring

Michael Kaneron

fresh, exotic leaves to be cooked in a hemispheric contraption known as "the works," which must be washed anew for every cup. Eventually, the tea is brewed and stewed and ready to serve. There remains only the honey to be spooned in for that extra added ambrosial tang of flavor and goodness it alone can supply.

Now, the spoon, though an imperfect instrument for the task, is plainly the only thing that will do. Fightin' tools like the knife and fork are helpless against "the blob," and so are the eminently civilized sugar tongs. No, only the spoon, the oldest eating implement known to history, will do to shovel out the sweet, sticky, mucilaginous mess of amniotic bee vomit that woman in her madness craves. And, inevitably, a spidery line of treacle will spin itself between this loving spoonful as it flies through the air and the jar from which it comes, hanging between the lesser and greater lakes of honey like a paper thin bridge of ice above an arctic crevasse or a stalactite of drool from a baby's chin.

Unlike spaghetti, the honey will not drip away until an end appears and falls to earth, for this line has no beginning and no end. It is infinite, linked ultimately to all the honey in the world. It reproduces itself like a worm if severed or truncated. Soon it is on your fingers, then the spoon, then the cup, then the sheets, and soon your whole apartment is anointed with slimy, slippery, slithery killer bee coonze. The only way out of the swamp is to grease your chute the second the slime hits your palm and let your queen bee deep-throat it before her tea gets cold. Even then, you'll be left with the kind of sticky fingers that drove Lady Macbeth to drink.

Well, lads, it's for your own good. As your lady knows best, a right diet of the right kind of honey is the very thing for long life and hard cock, among other benefits. Never mind that the queen of the health food hive, Adelle Davis, had a walloping dollop every day and died of bone cancer; forget about the Hun of Honey, Bernarr MacFadden, screaming out his last days in a padded cell; skip the Dick Cavett rerun from the night millionaire natural cookbook publisher J. I. Rodale keeled over dead—live on tape—in the middle of a filibuster against white sugar. Forget about all that and take a tip from the holy Hebrew Talmud, where 'tis written, "honey is one sixtieth of Manna." The apic aphrodisiac soothes tired bones, pinks the cheeks, puts the lead back in the old pencil and moves bowels made of stone. It cures snakebite. Yes, my friends, it cures snakebite ... now, who'll be the first to buy a bottle?

Not only will honey make you a better person, it even gets you high, under certain uninsurable circumstances. Jamaica's so-called "ganja honey," excreted by Rastafarian bees who do their thing in the island's fabled fields of honey, are warranted to do the work of a dozen spliffs. This commodity, alas, is as hard to come by these days as Jamaican dope itself, and the prospects for domestic marihoney are no brighter: researchers at the University of Mississippi's government-funded grass farm, which produces weed for scientific use, have been grazing bees in their fields for two years without coughing up a decent ounce of high-octane honey (on the other hand, the little fuckers have noticeably lost their urge to sting and often wind up as dazed pets who indiscriminately nuzzle up to the officials).

Easier to obtain, if you know your way around the Chinatowns of New York and San Francisco, is opium honey, an after-hive blend, distilled and imported by Hong Kong tongs and a few freelance connoisseurs with their eyes on the booming doper health-food market. Honey is money, always has been and always will be. Whatever the psychoactive content of the jizz, however, honey makes a fine packing-grease for psychedelic mushrooms and leaves a tasty resin when they are unloaded.

Honey will even get you *drunk*. The world's oldest cocktail, mead, is in fact the one and only tried-and-true honey high. Ancient Greek priests "raved in holy frenzy" when they got a few gourds of fermented honey aboard, and mead was the true brew of the Middle Ages from His Majesty on down. Chaucer and Shakespeare used to swill it like water, and Vikings looked forward to guzzling lakes of it come Valhalla. Medieval mead distillers, called beemasters, were members of royal courts, and they guarded their recipes like Garbo's phone number.

It is on your fingers, then the spoon, then the cup, then the sheets, and soon your whole apartment is anointed with slimy killer-bee coonze.

As a result, most of the mead secrets have disappeared, but the basic formula—leaving out the full moon shining over your shoulder and other alchemical approaches—involved boiling raisins in a honey-and-water solution, with maybe a nice piece of beer-soaked bread thrown in. An ounce of brandy, an ounce of salt of tartar and spices completed the brew, which was then left to ferment in a warm cellar or in the sun. After two months, the barrel was sealed for several years, the span of time varying according to individual taste. Eventually it was opened and a good time was had by all.

Mead recipes varied from nation to nation, and there seem to be infinite variations on the basic recipe. An ancient Greek formula called for 36 ingredients. Pliny recommended five-year-old rainwater. Some beemasters used spring water or mulberry juice; others added egg whites to the froth. Spices ranged from nutmeg to thyme and fruits were various as well. In later days, whiskey was added to hasten fermentation.

According to Charles Butler's *The History of the Bees (1623)*, even Good Queen Bess was not above a snort of the beeswax. The mead recipe below is, according to Butler, "that which our renowned Queen Elizabeth of happy memory did so well like":

> First gather a bushel of sweetbriar leaves, and a bushel of thyme, half a bushel of rosemary and a peck of bay leaves. Seethe all these (being well washed) in a furnace (not less than 120 gallons) of fair water; let them boil the space of half an hour or better; and then pour out all the water and herbs into a vat, and let it stand until it be but milk warm: then strain the water from the herbs, and take to every six gallons of water one gallon of the finest honey, and put it into the boorne, and labor it together half an hour: then let it stand two days, stirring it well twice or thrice each day. Then take the liquor and boil it anew: and when it doeth seeth, skim it as long as there remaineth any dross. When it is clear, put it into the vat as before, and there let it be cooled. You must then have in readiness a kive of new ale or beer, which as soon as you have emptied, suddenly whelm it upside down, and set it up again, and presently put in the mead, and let it stand three days a-working. And then turn it up in barrels, tying at every taphole (by a pack thread) a little bag of beaten cloves and mace, to the value of an ounce. It must stand half a year before it is drunk.

Another good thing about honey, once you acquire the knack of it, is that it tastes immeasurably better than the white sugar that is used to season just about all our food and most of our coffee and tea. Honey, you see, is a compound natural sugar, breaking down in the taste test-tube to three simple sugars: levulose, or fruit sugar; dextrose, or grape sugar; and sucrose, or cane sugar. Sucrose is the hardest sugar to metabolize, and dextrose runs a close second. Levulose is paradoxically both the sweetest of all and the least dangerous. The renowned Tupelo honey has the highest levulose content and the lowest dextrose and is therefore highly touted in some quarters as a practical sweetener for stabilized diabetics. The reasoning behind this is that less honey is needed to sweeten (a justification for honey use in general as well).

The dreaded white sugar, on the other hand, is 99.95 sucrose and death not only to diabetics, but, over a period of years of use, to just about anybody. White sugar robs the body of B vitamins, disrupts calcium metabolism and has a deleterious effect on the human nervous system. It also makes you fat as a pig and rots hell out of your teeth.

Now, honey does not have a high mineral or vitamin content, but taken daily as a substitute for sugar, it can have a distinct positive effect. The darker honeys, par-

ticularly Scottish Heather honey, are higher in minerals. Because bacteria does not grow in it, honey has long been used as dressing for open sores and wounds. It is hygroscopic, taking up moisture and retaining it readily, helping to break up congestion. Hence the old honey and lemon treatment for common colds.

That's not all! Honey is a sovereign remedy for:

Lushes: honey is a diuretic, can help detoxify drunkenness.

Tight assholes: honey has a mild laxative effect and is easier on the stomach than sugar.

Meth freaks: warmed with milk, honey has a soporific effect.

Limp dicks: honey is an aphrodisiac. You've got to eat heaps, natch.

Cadavers: King Edward I of England, buried in 1307, was rinsed in a thin layer of honey and wax, which kept his handsome face and hands intact until he was exhumed in 1774.

Humans have had a honey bee in their bonnets since the dawn of civilization. Honey received excellent reviews from the Koran, the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Yellow Emperor of China's Classic of Internal Medicine, the I Ching, the Code of Manu and, as mentioned, the Talmud. Honey was a household item before there were households. A cave painting in Valencia, Spain, depicts a caveman stealing honey from a wild bee nest. Ancient Grecian references to "fossilized bee jam" have been found.

King Tut was sweet on honey centuries before Christ, the Crusades or Columbus were a twinkle in the mind of Ra. Egyptians used honey in every aspect of life, including death. It was eaten, drunk, accepted as payment of taxes and bartered for the bride as part of the wedding contract. References to bees and a booming Egyptian honey industry appear in hieroglyphic carvings, on obelisks and sarcophagi, in the royal tombs and even on the Rosetta stone. One of the papyri in the Louvre Egyptian collection seems to be the lunch menu from an Alexandrian restaurant. The dessert special was honey.

Convinced that a honey-drenched corpse couldn't fail to reincarnate, the pharaoh's embalming team used honey for dressing mummies and usually sent some away with the dead, laughing at the notion that you can't take it with you. You can, and it lasts, as two important archaeological discoveries confirmed. The American explorer T. M. Davis found a jar of still-liquid honey in an Egyptian tomb. Davis ascertained that the honey pot had been hermetically sealed and stashed for 3,300 years. Eerier still was the discovery of a small child preserved in another jug of honey, and looking good, all things considered. Hi, kid.

Early Egyptian traveling salesmen on the Nile began the tradition of the "wandering beekeeper barge," which has survived to this day. Honey merchants can still be seen navigating the river in search of fresh flowers for their swarms to suck.

While the Egyptians hunted flowers, Greek philosophers feverishly pursued eternal youth, which, then, as now, involved a diet or potion, and most Greek recipes called for "the magic elixir"—honey.

The Greek gods and goddesses enjoyed sipping a cool nectar over a helping of ambrosia, both made with honey. Nectar and ambrosia were said to secure immortality, as well as prevent corruption and decay. Zeus himself was raised on honey, fed to him by a little nymph named Mellita (Greek for bee), and old Greek coins feature Zeus heads and bee's tails. The young Zeus used a hypnotic honey draught not unlike today's Quaalude to zonk his father to dreamland before snuffing the old man.

Your mortal Greeks followed the lead of the gods. They considered honey "the crowning dish of all feasts" and threw it in eats, drinks and snacks. Homer called honey "the food of kings," and legend has it that his wet nurse had breasts of honey. To the Greek in the street, honey was money, used for trade in place of coins. Athletes at the original Olympics drank it as a quick refresher between hurls of the discus.

Honey is a sovereign remedy for limp dicks: honey is an aphrodisiac. You've got to eat heaps, natch.

Greek physicians prescribed honey medicines for stomach problems, respiratory troubles, urinary infections, skin diseases, as a cleanser for the eyes (it was held that honey enhanced vision and begat prophecy) and as an antiseptic in surgery. Hippocrates himself recommended honey for any number of ailments, but advised his patients to use it sparingly because it induced excessive urination. Greek doctors also believed that menstruating women turned honey sour and urged that intercourse be shunned when honey alcohol was fermenting.

Typically enough, the Romans stole apiculture—the art of large-scale beekeeping—from the Greeks. Romans used honey in much the same manner as the Greeks and Egyptians, but added a few new tricks. Roman newlyweds were fed a bedtime snack of honey, milk and poppy. Apparently it did the trick.

Latin writers were big honey fans. Vergil, the poet laureate of bees, glorified honey in the fourth book of his *Georgics:* "I sing of honey, the heavenly ethereal gift." And in *The Aeneid* Vergil praises "sweet-scented honey, fragrant with thyme." Pliny, the Roman historian and author of the 37-volume *History of Nature*, devoted many chapters to honey, "which the bees collect from the sweet juices of flowers, so beneficial to health." He studied longevity and concluded that a honey habit was prerequisite. Centuries ahead of his time, Pliny held that proper diet is the proper treatment for mental illness and touted hydromel (a honey and water combo) as the solution for assorted insanities.

Roman doctors favored burned bees mixed with honey as a cure-all. Such offbeat concoctions were popular medicine. Consider that as late as the seventeenth century apothecaries sold a curative powder made from pulverized mummies. The powder's popularity at one point caused a run on royal corpses in Cairo. Tombs were plundered to keep up with the craze. Arabs, by the way, still use it to prevent gangrene, but then they also use camel shit for cooking.

Muhammad is on record as very pro-honey. When he reached the seventh heaven he looked up at Christ, who ordered the Archangel Gabriel to offer Muhammad a cup of honey. "Honey is a remedy for all diseases," proclaimed the prophet; he even commanded his followers to eat it because it brought good luck. The faithful of Islam looked upon honey as a talisman and a medicine. The sixteenth chapter of the Koran is entitled "The Bee" and informs us that "There proceedeth from their bellies a liquor of various colour, wherein is medicine for men." Mohammedans, forbidden to touch alcohol, took water with a honey chaser, a custom their spiritual brothers in Africa still practice.

Honey was popular with the divine set everywhere. Down Bombay way, the bee symbolized the god Krishna, whose nickname, Madhava, means "born in honey." The Hindu Cupid rides a bee and carries a bow strung with a chain of bees, symbolizing the sweet sting of love. In Hindu weddings, the forehead, mouth, eyelids, ears and honey pie of the bride are anointed with honey. The Hindu moon is called Madhukara, "honey-giver." The term *honeymoon* refers to the fact that the sweetness of marriage lasts one lunar cycle. An ancient custom dictated that the bride and groom take only honey and honey drinks during the first four weeks of married life.

Meanwhile, in Merrie Olde England, honey was as common as Druids. The Saxons and the Celts were big beekeepers long before Caesar's legions arrived carrying their own beehives, just in case Britain was dry. Tickner Edwards, author of *The Lore of the Honey Bee*, tells us that "among the Anglo-Saxons, the beehives supplied the whole nation, from the king to the poorest serf, not only with an important part of their food but with drink and light as well."

The early Druid bards called Britain "The Isle of Honey" or "The Honey Isle of Beli." Welsh and Celtic legends runneth

(continued on page 94)

ROO



It takes more than soil and water and sunshine for seeds to grow into happy, healthy flowering leaves. It takes roots. Long, green, porous, icky roots that *grrrrrrrr-ip!* the earth like Firestone tires. On these two pages are six kinds of marijuana, each with its own distinct flavor and parapsychological effect (ranging from trance-inducing to telepathic), each so different in so many ways from the others that, really, all they have in common is, or are, their roots. The roots of that dappled gold Colombian are, as you might suppose, in Colombia; the roots of the Thai sticks in the picture over yonder reside in Thailand; and you don't have to be a thirty-third degree Mason to figure out that the Mexican's roots are in Mexico.



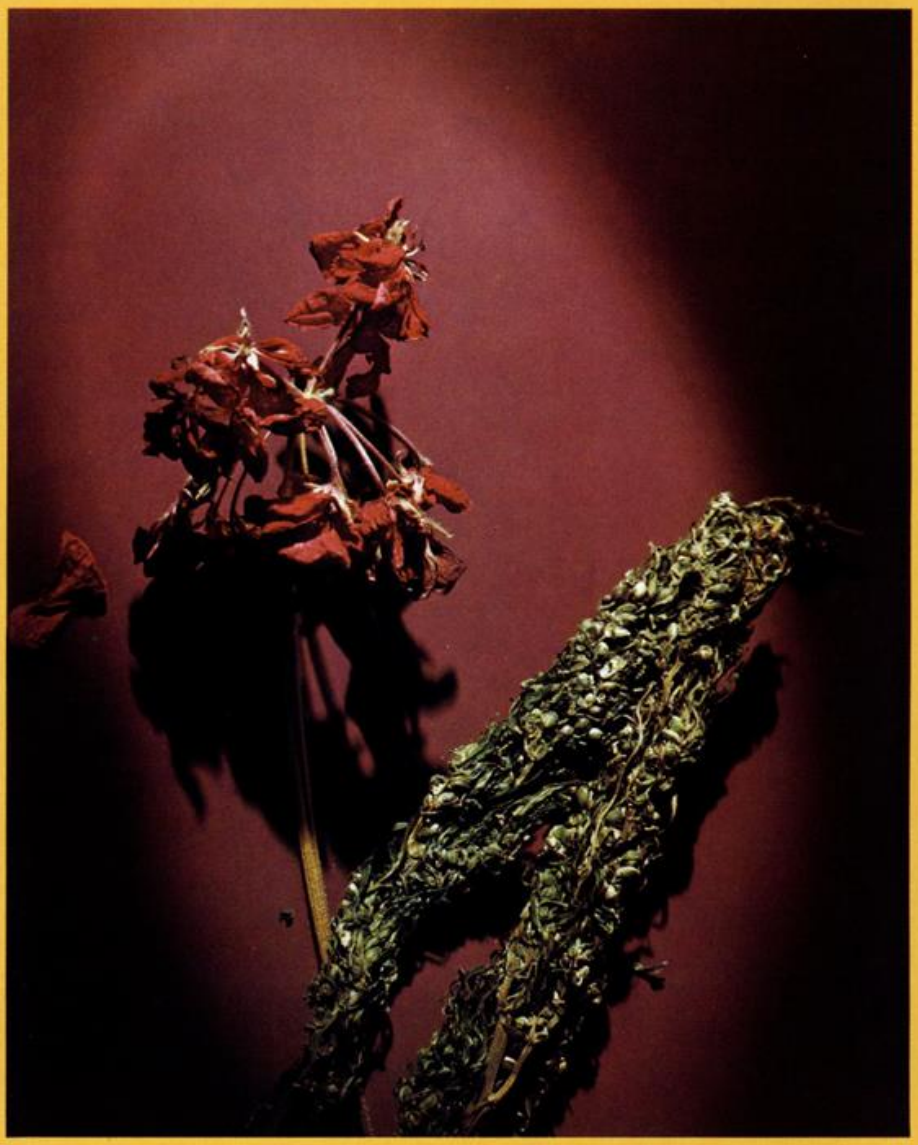
Clockwise from top : Stickless Thai — Buddha Sticks (Soskin/Belletti) ; close-up of Buddha Sticks (Soskin/Belletti) ; Colombian Gold (Valois), Sinsemilla (Valois).





DTS

Leaving their roots behind in the fertile, picturesque farmlands of their youth, these leaves have come to America, land of the free, home of the brave, to lead the life of ease, some as highly paid models for top national magazines (rates on request), some as personal assistants for tired executives and congressional bagpersons, some as waitresses, switchboard operators and other low but promising rungs on the ladder of success. Yet, again, the old eternal seasons turn to spring, and thoughts of planting bloom again in their souls, the hope of reproducing themselves ever anew buds in their, ah, bosom, or bosoms. Yes, it's time again to put down...roots. ◘



Top: Oaxacan (Soskin/Belletti). Copyright © 1977 Soskin Belletti.
Bottom: Sinsemilla.



Stickless Thai (Ang Visions). Copyright©1977 Ang Visions.



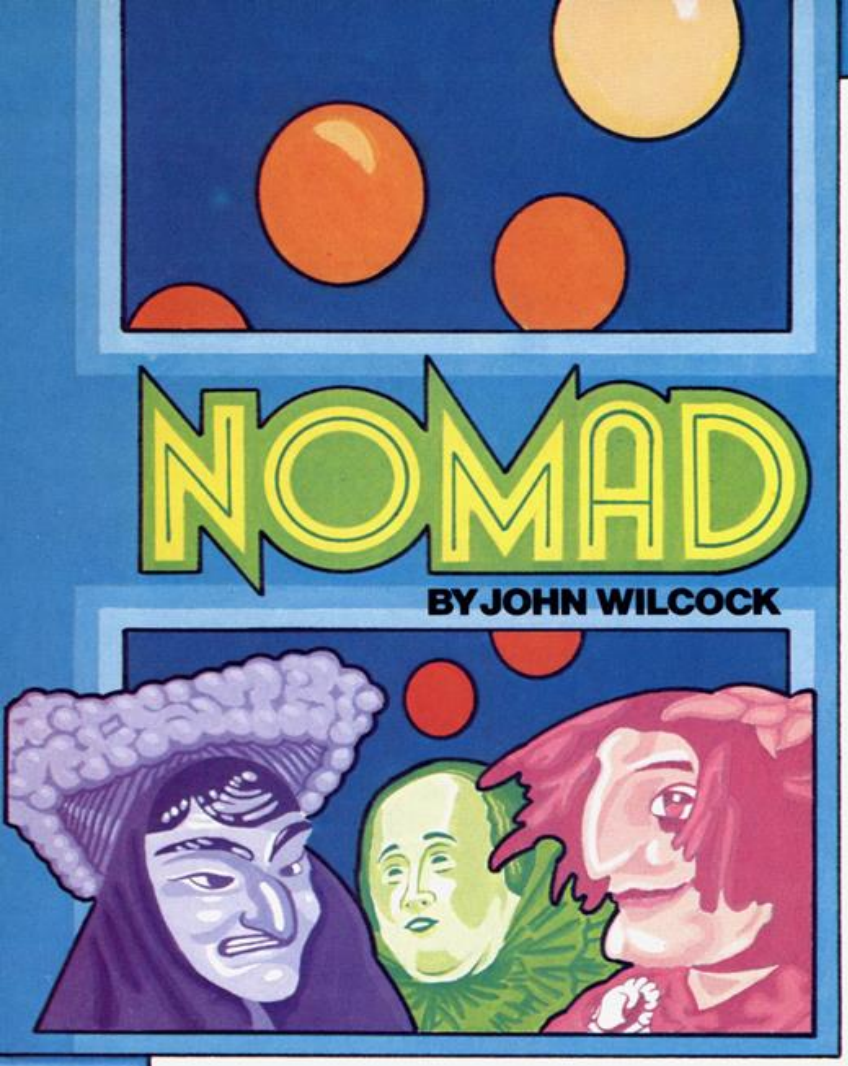




ROOTS

Yes, from purple mountains' majesty to golden waves of grass, America the beautiful has grown rich in potent domestic weed. This month's floral tribute to the tillers of our soil salutes immigrant parents. From Colombia, Mexico, Jamaica and the South Seas they came, illegal aliens. Seeds, as a matter of fact.

From their homes beyond the seas and civilizations older than living memory, they brought their traditions, customs, ideas, sexual positions. They took root in the heartland of Kansas, breadbasket of the nation, lunchroom of countless cows. They made a new home in the fertile soil of a growing land, land you can walk on, land you can fly over. Sometimes harsh and bitter, sometimes light and mellow, always crisp with potent promise, they sprang forth in profusion. Side by side they grew together, fusing their races, creeds and colors into the high-yield, high-profit, protein and vitamin-enriched minimum adult daily dose of democratic domestic. And still the message of hopes is heard around the world: "Give us your seeds, your poor, your humble...." There's a place for them in the Melting Pot. ◘



lance miyamoto

STREET FOOD

Sometimes the most expensive part of traveling is eating, and experienced travelers know that devoting a corner of their bag to "iron rations" is good insurance. In some parts of the world—Japan is a good example—arriving in a small town late at night is a guarantee that no restaurants will be open; and not everybody cares for the local fare (which, in the case of a small *ryokan*, is likely to be raw eggs, raw fish and seaweed).

Packets of nuts and raisins are handy to carry. Foil-wrapped rye or pumpernickel bread and those round boxes of individually wrapped process cheese segments are always useful as well as durable. The local supermarket, in whatever country, is good for picnic ingredients, and there are few gourmet treats greater than sitting beside some stream with a cheap bottle of wine, fresh bread and a selection of meats and cheeses.

Of course, you can't always be bothered to feed yourself, and that's when it's time to explore the concept of street food—those little local specialties that cost less than the local equivalent of one dollar and that were the ethnic equivalent of hot dogs and hamburgers until the recent eruption of McDonald's franchises all over the world.

Even Japan has its chain of McDonald's, but they have hardly superseded the vast range of other cheap specialties that can be partaken of quickly and cheaply on the run. Noodle shops are everywhere, and it is standard practice to stand just long enough to slurp down a bowlfull before continuing along the sidewalk to round it off with, say, some broiled *umagi* (eel in soy sauce) or a stick of chicken *yakitori*.

Almost the last sound the Japanese apartment-dweller hears at night is the melodious whistle of the *oden* seller touring the streets with his cart of fish stew composed of dumplings, octopus and a vast range of oddments possibly better left unidentified.

Coming across to the Americas we find plenty of regional variations on traditional stand-bys. In Texas and the Southwest, for example, "corn dogs," fried cornmeal-coated hot dogs on a stick, are popular, and aficionados of soft Philadelphia pretzels swear they are superior to the harder, overcooked type available elsewhere in the East.

California tacos are a street gourmet's favorite. They are available in many of those drive-in chains that add so colorfully to West Coast decor—and they are highly superior in both taste and hygiene to those available on street corners south of the border. In general, the less said about Mexican street food the better; nothing wrong with the taste, admittedly, but the aftereffects can so often be disastrous. This doesn't include coconuts, chopped open with a machete on the spot.

Throughout the Caribbean and most of Central and South America, the deep-fried, spicy meat pie is commonplace. The empanada is the prototype. In Panama empanadas are supplemented by various forms of meat-on-a-stick, usually three or four



pieces of skewered lamb or beef, broiled before being packed into baskets and sold by old ladies on street corners. In many other parts of the world, especially around the Mediterranean, this is known as shish kebab, which is cooked on a grill and is usually accompanied by a chunk of dry bread.

Greece and most Mid-



eastern countries offer souvlaki on almost every corner: thin slices carved from enormous roasts that revolve all day over the open grill, accompanied by a dollop of sour cream, hot sauce, onions and tomatoes. It's all stuffed into a hollow piece of *pita* (so-called Syrian bread) and wrapped with a paper napkin to catch dripping juice.

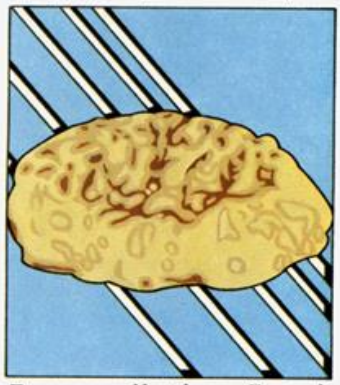
Cheese pies *(tyropetes)* are found all over Greece in two varieties—regular or flaky pastry, although the filling is always the same chunk of melted feta cheese. To eat a freshly cooked cheese pie, steaming hot from the oven, along with a glass of icy water is to know bliss at breakfast.

In Tunisia and other countries along the North African coast, the *casse croute* is popular, this usually consisting of hollowed-out French bread stuffed with eggs, potato, peppers, olives and harrisa sauce, made from oil and hot peppers. A variation, *briques*, is a deep-fried piece of dough with some of the same ingredients or sardines and raw eggs. France's famous salade Nicoise (tuna fish, olives, green beans, tomatoes, anchovies) has become a sandwich along the French Riviera.

Some of the tastiest sandwiches available are served at stalls and shops in Amsterdam—soft rolls with fillings such as piquant little shrimp or pickled herrings. Sweden, like Germany, offers lots of types of sausage, and in Stockholm the stalls that sell them late at night are virtually the only places a late-night reveler can eat once the restaurants have closed. In Belgium the sandwich bars offer fillings ranging from smoked salmon,

pickled herrings and paté to what's known as *filet Americaine* (minced beefsteak with garlic, oil, parsley and raw egg). Even more crowded are the sidewalk counters offering *frites*. Comparing *frites* with the commonplace "chips" is like pretending there is no difference between lox and a bagel. *Frites* are not stale, reheated or cold; nor are they overly fat, with black "eyes" marring their golden brown surface.

French food is so delicious, by and large, that it seems almost obscene to eat on the run at all. But wafer-thin crepes, covered with preserves or liqueurs, and the ubiquitous *frites* (nobody in



France calls them *French* fries) are found everywhere here, as are the occasional street-corner stalls selling periwinkles or other shellfish eaten with the aid of a pin.

Street-corner stalls were once commonplace in England, but they eventually gave way to the popular fish-and-chip shops (the secret lies in the batter in which the fish is deep fried). These in turn are branching out more and more in fried chicken, hot pies, cooked pork sausage and Chinese snacks, such as egg rolls. It is still possible to buy a hot dog or hamburger from a man with a barrow on most London streets, but of all the food sold in civilized countries, this is the most likely to give the unwary buyer ptomaine poisoning. English hamburgers have always been unworthy of the name. Britain may well be the only country apart from Japan where the introduction of the MacDonald's chain actually marks an upgrading of the product.

WORKING THE CARNIES
BY ED BURYN

"Copping a joint" on the carnival circuit in America does not mean getting loaded, at least not in the usual sense. A joint is a carnival game, and with a little luck any nomad or vagabond can get a job in a traveling carnival or circus as a joint man, or agent. The joint man gets a percentage of the gross, so he's got to be a good pitchman, rap artist, jiver to keep the rubes spending shekels at his joint. Depending on the pitchman's luck and skill, the job can pay up to $400 per week and thus is in great demand on the midway. There is also carnival work as a ride man (ride operator), cook-house worker or miscellaneous laborer/jack-of-all-action.

How does one find work in a carnival? First find the carnival. A magazine called Amusement Business, put out by Billboard, gives schedules and dates of all major carnivals in America . . . and it's sold at carnivals. Generally speaking, the carnie season runs from March through November. Carnivals start in the south, go north in midsummer, head south again in the winter. There are also winter dates in such places as



southern California and Florida.

Carnies almost always have some openings, because job turnover is high. Many casual workers stay only a few days, or a few dates in different towns, and then move on. There are no qualifications other than looking reasonably tidy—washed, shaved, not loaded. Bill and Jean Hollingshead, good friends of mine who owned a monster show and toured with carnies for years, said they'd hire anyone who looked like he hadn't just fallen out of a railroad car. Long hair is generally O.K. these days, though formerly a no-no, because most ride owners are southern rednecks who've never dug hippies. However, most game owners are New York-type businessmen . . . so carnie employers



are a mixed bag. And whether they're straight or not in lifestyle, everyone smokes dope.

To get a job, just stroll onto the lot and ask anyone about work possibilities, or find the trailer where the carnie boss hangs out. If you get a job, expect to work hard: often it's 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week. The pay is $75 to $100 per week for a ride man, strictly cash and carry, with little or no concern for such niceties as social security numbers, real names, etc.

Transportation from place to place is provided (one way or another). You usually sleep on the ground next to a ride, in a truck, whatever—bring your sleeping bag. No food is provided, but most carnies have a cook shack that serves cheap meals to employees. You generally get a daily draw on your weekly salary (typically five dollars or so per day) for this purpose. Employers usually hold back at least ten dollars per week from your pay as an inducement for you to hang around and work some more, and as a handy humanitarian stake to get you going once you go.

What's it like? It's a great adventure, populated with independent, unusual people of every description, a modern gypsy existence that is very strange, very free. It's a conduit of life in the raw, an encounter with high-energy existentialism. For more information . . . go do it.

CASH AND CARRY

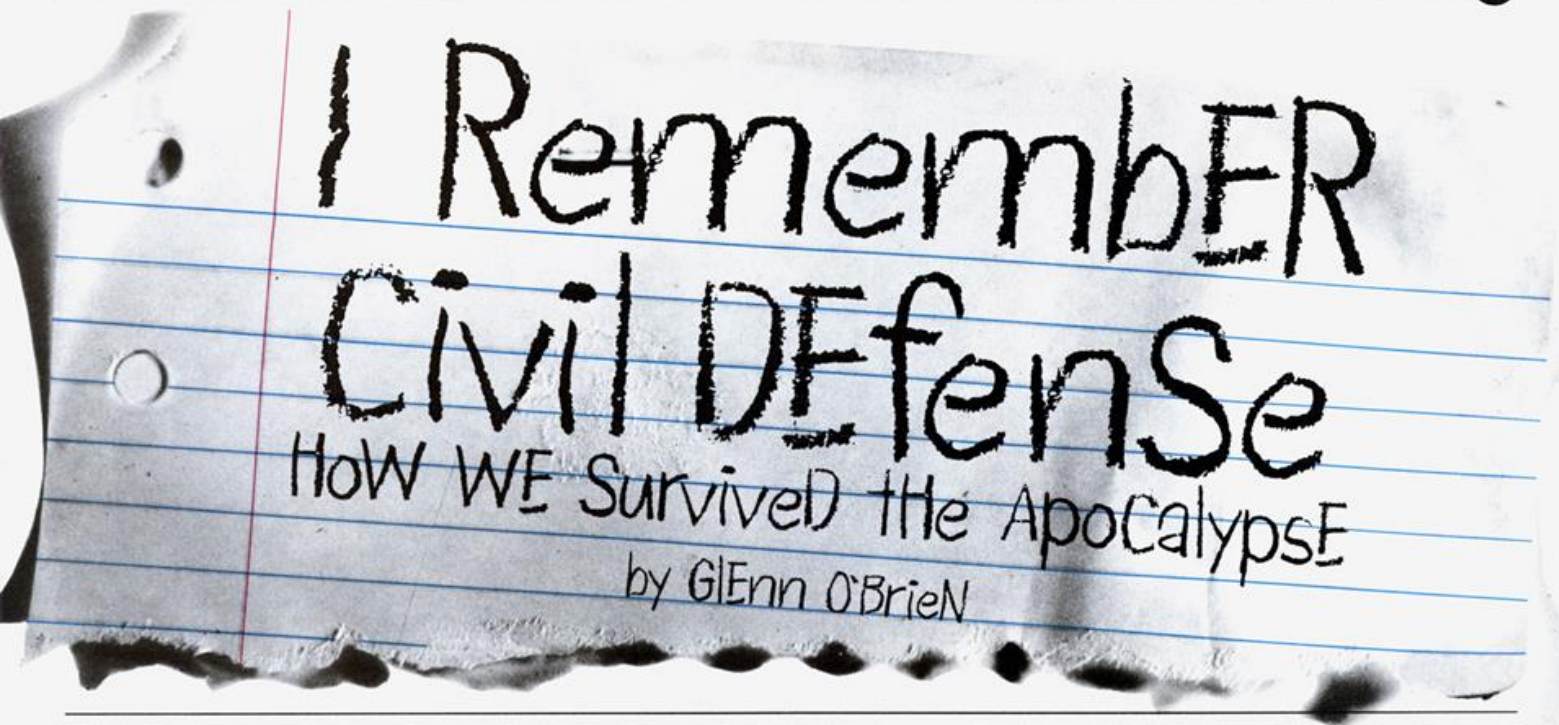
Making a living on the road has been a mainstay for nomads, gypsies and other peripatetic wanderers ever since the first hitchhiker bummed a ride on a passing camel. It can be as simple as filling the bottom of your bag with packets of cigarette papers to sell abroad or as elaborate as setting up your VW bus as a mobile soup kitchen.

Obviously it's best to specialize, not only in offering the goods or services that come easily to you, but in suiting the product to the country or place where your talents are most in demand. If you're good at cooking, photography, hair styling, jewelry making, teaching languages or any other skill, you can almost always find a spot to do your act and can confine your travel to public transport.

If your skills depend on a raft of equipment, you might be better advised to stow it away aboard your own wheels—a VW bus is the all-purpose nomads' vehicle—and take to the road. Transporting local specialties, such as beads, handcrafts, rugs, from one country to another is often lucrative (and safer than drugs), but it's much less hassle to hone your own skills so you can carry your work in your pocket. One bearded wanderer, usually to be found hanging out at beachside bars in the Mediterranean, carries a small tin containing horseshoe nails, wire, leather thongs and pliers. He can fashion a five-dollar necklace while he shares a beer with you, and a couple of necklaces a day pretty much pay his expenses.

So before you drop that wistful plan to take a year off "wandering around Europe or South America," take stock of what you might be able to do on the road. You might find you can live better than you do at home!


My mother let me stay Home from school
in 1955 so I Could Watch them
Set off THE A-BOMB
live on TV.
FALLOUT SHELTER
Plumadore



"Do you recall what Clemenceau once said about war? He said war was too important to be left to the generals. When he said that, fifty years ago, he might have been right. But today war is too important to be left to the politicians. They have neither the time, the training nor the inclination for strategic thought. I can no longer sit back and allow communist infiltration, communist indoctrination, communist subversion and the international communist conspiracy to sap and impurify all our precious bodily fluids."
—*General Jack D. Ripper,* Dr. Strangelove

I remember Civil Defense. When I reported for kindergarten at St. Rose's School in Cleveland in 1953 the teacher gave me a dog tag. It had my name punched on it and my address and my blood type. Mine was O, which was pretty good, because that was the only thing Civil Defense stored, since everybody likes it.

We used to drill lining up and going down in the basement. I didn't like the discipline much. I didn't really understand the principles of cadre organization, but after a while I got used to it. I remember we didn't think anything of hiding under our desks or sitting in lines in the hall with our faces "buried in our arms" or our heads between our knees.

I remember when the headlines in the paper were real scary I used to put on my grandmother's Zenith radio and turn the dial to the Conelrad triangle and wait for instructions. They never came. And I remember my mother let me stay home from school one day in 1955 so I could watch them set off the A-bomb live on TV from Yucca Flats. While they were counting down they strapped on a pair of dark goggles just like the observers wore over the TV camera—but still the light was so bright it looked like the TV was going to break. But it didn't.

When I got older I remember sitting up on my friend Seymour's roof and watching for Russian bombers with binoculars and a Civil Air Patrol spotter's book. We never saw any Russian planes, but sometimes we heard what we thought were Russian engines. We were a little too young to join the Civil Air Patrol, but we did our bit. I remember Lee Harvey Oswald got his start in the Civil Air Patrol.

I also remember a lot of Civil Defense handbooks about how to build a home shelter. We never built one, although I used to nag about it all the time. For a while my mother had distilled water, candles and canned food in the basement. But we lived pretty close to the city, and I remember that every time they published a map in the paper, we were in the crater. My friend Fran's parents wouldn't build a shelter, either. She used to hide cans of tuna fish up in the attic crawl space. But my Uncle John in Louisville had a shelter. It was always stocked with cases of vodka, and he preferred it to the living room.

Yeah, I remember Civil Defense. It was the best part of the atom bomb.

> It will be a hard thing to put this across to the military mind.—Albert Einstein to Eugene Wigner and Leo Szilard, July 30,1939

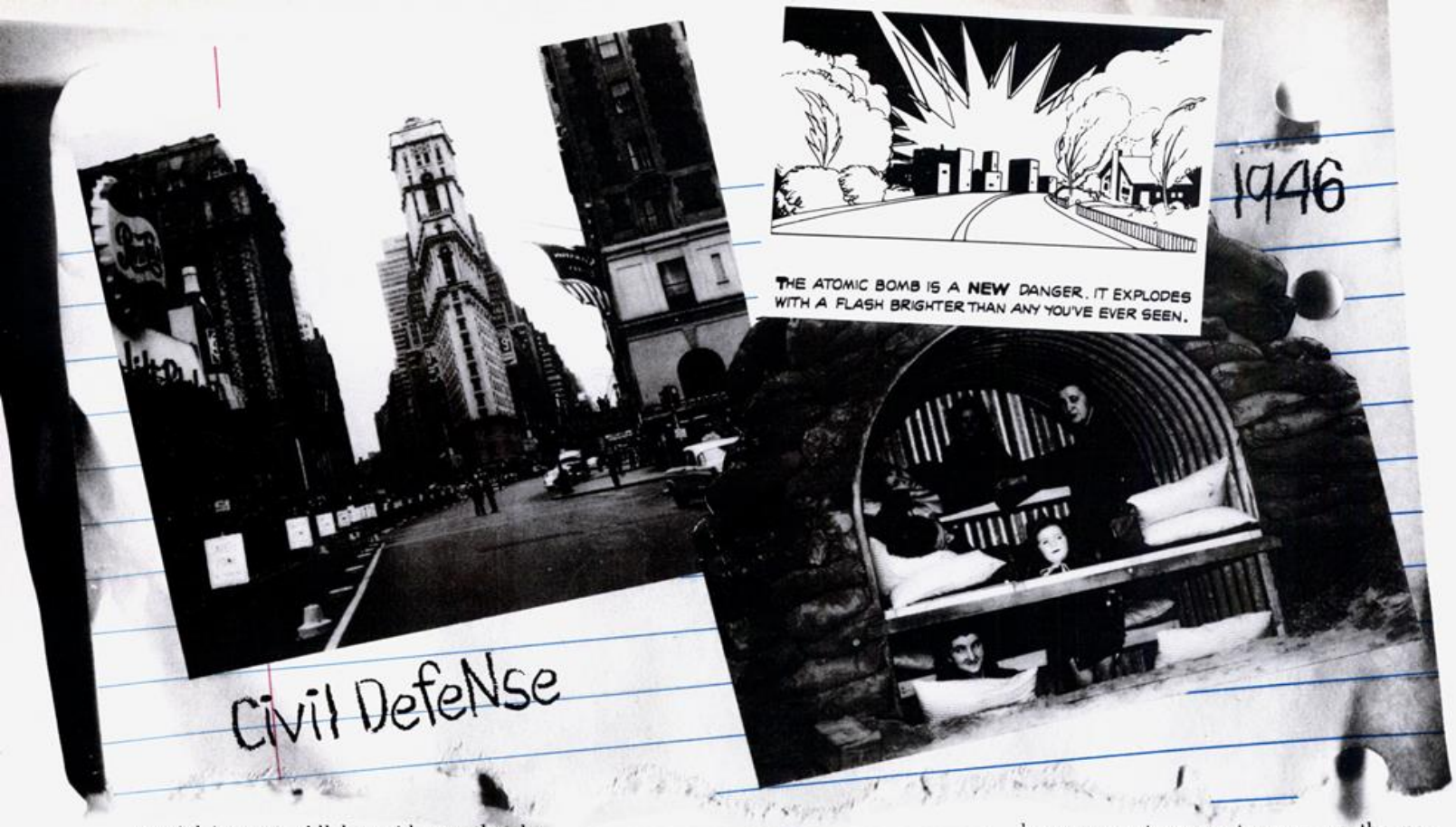
The atom was first split by man in 1934, a feat accomplished unwittingly by Enrico Fermi and Emilio Segre in the Eternal City of Rome, and deliberately by wily Germans in 1939. Suddenly there was a bomb gap where there had never been one before. But few knew.

And few knew how much the Russkies knew, for deep in their snowbound laboratories, atoms smashed in the night under the gun of Europe's first cyclotron.

Physicists Edward Teller, Leo Szilard and Eugene Wigner managed to persuade Einstein, a scientist some politicians might have heard of, to write to Roosevelt about the possibility of the atom bomb. FDR read Einstein's note on October 11, 1939. On December 2, 1942, a team of physicists led by Enrico Fermi created the first nuclear chain reaction under the old football stadium at the University of Chicago. Once the fission reaction started, the scientists didn't know if they could stop it from splitting every atom on earth, but they thought they could. They were right.

In April of '45 it was all over for the Nazis as a nuclear power. A clever commando raid had crippled the Nazi heavy-water plant in Norway. When Roosevelt died on April 12 they decided to tell Harry Truman about the bomb. The Manhattan Project had missed the Krauts but hoped to have it finished in time for Japan. This fact distressed many of the scientists who had worked on the project as a deterrent against Hitler. Admiral Leahy, the chief of staff, told Truman that the bomb wouldn't work.

Truman wrote in his memoirs: "On July 24 I casually mentioned to Stalin that we had a new weapon of unusually destructive force. The Russian premier showed no



special interest. All he said was that he was glad to hear it and hoped we would make good use of it against the Japanese."

On July 16, 1945, President Truman arrived at Potsdam, Germany, for a conference on how the Big Three would carve up the postwar world. The same day, the bomb was to be tested in New Mexico. Truman remarked to an aide, "If it explodes, as I think it will, I'll certainly have a hammer on those boys."

That morning at 5:30 A.M. the bomb did indeed explode—a mile-wide fireball visible 250 miles away. The scientific director of the Manhattan Project, Robert Oppenheimer, quoted a line from the Aryan Good Book, the *Bhagavad-Gita:* "Now I am become Death, destroyer of worlds."

On July 26 Japan was given the ultimatum: "Surrender or be destroyed." Meanwhile, 60 of the scientists who had worked on the bomb signed a petition that the bomb should not be used against Japan without warning. General Groves suppressed the petition on grounds of national security.

On August 6, 1945, an atomic bomb nicknamed "Little Boy" was dropped on Hiroshima, killing 70,000 people. President Truman, returning from Potsdam on the cruiser *Augusta*, told the ship's crew, "This is the greatest thing in history."

On August 9, a second bomb, "Fat Man," was dropped on Nagasaki, killing 40,000. Japan surrendered.

The decision to use the atomic bomb has been hotly debated since. Bomb advocates say it saved a million lives by eliminating the invasion of Japan scheduled for September. In fact, for months the Japanese had been making desperate peace overtures. Bomb critics have suggested that it was used so that Harry Truman would "have a hammer on those boys."

Few knew how much the Russkies knew, for deep in their snowbound laboratories, atoms smashed in the night under the gun of Europe's first cyclotron.

Manhattan Project Director Groves himself, who suspected dissenting atomic scientists of being anti-Nazi yet pro-Soviet, put it bluntly: "I think it important to state that there was never, from about two weeks from the time I took charge of the project, an illusion on my part that Russia was the enemy and the project was conducted on that basis. I didn't go along with the attitude of the country as a whole that Russia was a gallant ally. I always had suspicions, and the project was conducted on that basis."

The War Department knew the Russians would soon come up with a bomb, and when they did, the generals believed, the cruel, inhuman Tartar war masters of Eurasia would soon head over the pole—first softening us up by nuking our big cities and industry and then dropping lean, hungry paratroopers to mop up the pathetic resistance of our demobilized bourgeois communities.

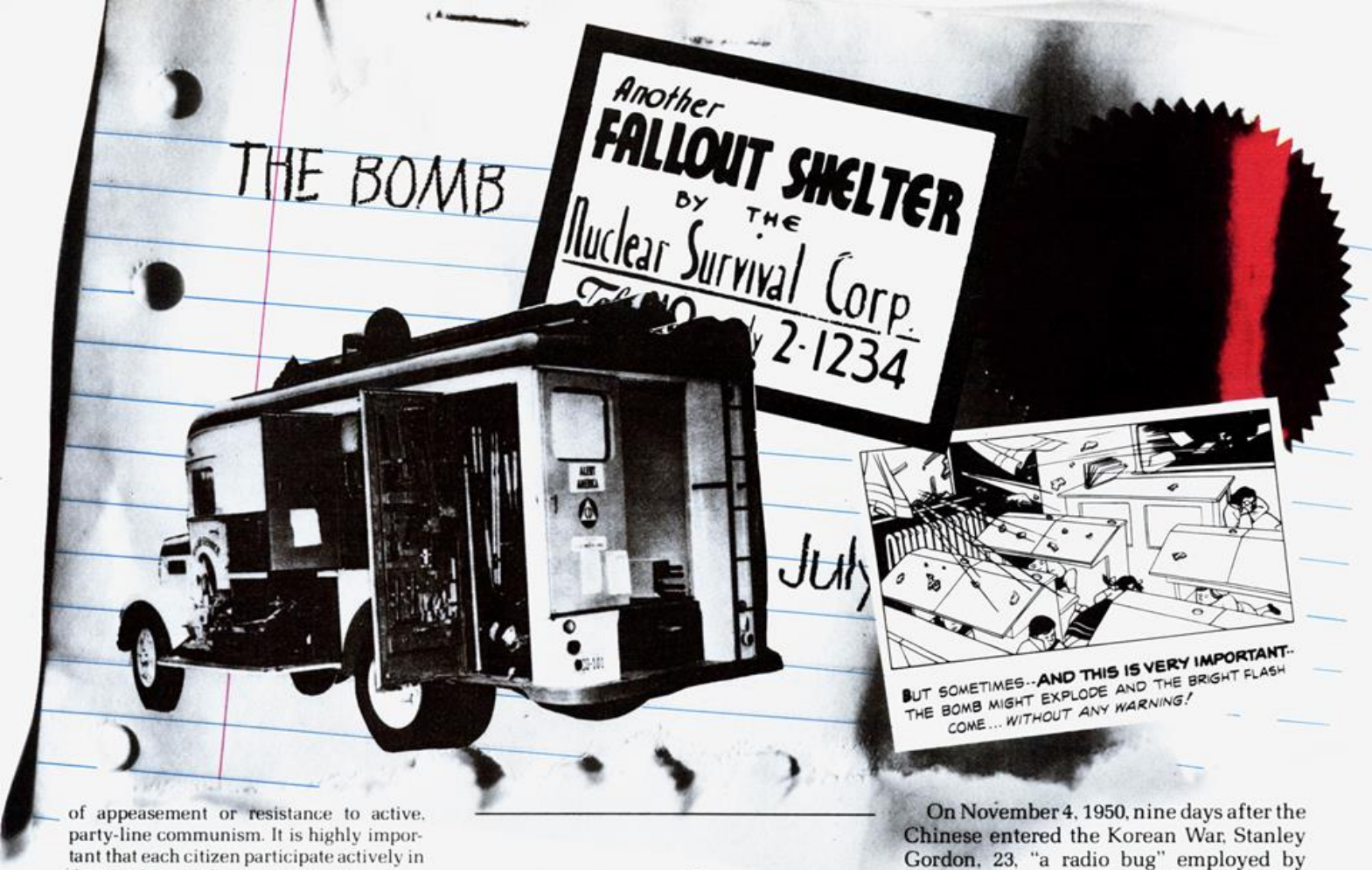
And so it was that we began to prepare for the holocaust. The best estimates of the Department of War gave the U.S. until 1952 before Russia could threaten nuclear attack.

In December 1946, Robert Patterson, Secretary of War, named five generals to study the Army's part in protecting the civilian population in an atomic war—including underground shelters, industrial dispersal and other tactics. The director, General Harold R. Bull, called it "a study that may in time have to extend to all activities of twentieth-century life."

Acting on the Bull Report, Secretary of Defense Forrestal established the Office of Civil Defense Planning in March 1947. It was suggested that the core of CD workers should come from existing organizations, such as police and fire departments. The report also recommended that CD workers be required to take a loyalty oath, swearing to support and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

Soon the loyalty oath became a standard CD-worker requirement. New York City adopted the oath and asked all city employees to swear to it. The first to do so were the loyal workers of the Welfare Department. But not only did the oath reveal hidden Reds in our midst, it was also a useful tool in community organizing. As Nutley, New Jersey's, CD manual put it:

> At present, the Civilian Defense Organization is the most obvious and most opportune instrument for recording each individual's committed stand on the question



of appeasement or resistance to active, party-line communism. It is highly important that each citizen participate actively in the Civilian Defense Organization, now. Every loyal, true American should stand at the side of his neighbor wearing an arm band of the Civilian Defense Corps, pledged to support and to uphold the Constitution and the principles upon which our defense rests.

On September 23, 1949, the Soviet Union tested its first atomic bomb. The blast was three years before the experts' earliest estimated expectations of Soviet nuclear power.

General Groves said, "I wouldn't lose any sleep over it. We are certainly in the lead.... The question is how good that one is, and how many they have and can they catch up with us."

But the Russians' bomb, despite many reassurances by American leaders, began to work profound changes in the American consciousness. Within a week, Civil Defense had become a scandal. For all Americans knew the hideous Euro-Mongols could deliver Hiroshima force to New York or Chicago almost immediately—yet America's total CD effort consisted of two full-time workers and ten part-timers, all with no authority whatsoever.

The leader in voicing public outrage was none other than freshman Representative John F. Kennedy, who on October 10, 1949, warned that the United States was asking for "an atomic Pearl Harbor." Kennedy called for the creation of a strong, independent CD agency. The 31-year-old congressman could not have made a smarter move, for support flooded in from all over the country.

In Massachusetts, the CD director resigned because of harsh criticism of his plan for a Christmas alert. What better day for Godless communists to stage a sneak attack?

General Eisenhower tried to calm the nation, declaring, "This country unified can whip the world." Fortunately the country was torn by controversy and the world escaped a whipping, but the controversy continued to mount. Indeed, it was largely this nuclear war hysteria that would fuel the paranoid fires of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and particularly Senator Joseph McCarthy's trumped-up anticommunist crusade, which commenced a few months after the explosion of Russia's bomb.

And suddenly New York City was security-conscious. A bomb could come from anywhere—and so the Port Authority began to "frisk" vessels of Iron Curtain registry as possible "Trojan horses." The first ship to be frisked, a Polish freighter, arrived at the dock with its band playing "Stars and Stripes Forever." No bombs were found, but plenty of wicker baskets and hams were.

On November 4, 1950, nine days after the Chinese entered the Korean War, Stanley Gordon, 23, "a radio bug" employed by RCA Communications, pulled an Orson Welles on a large part of the Bronx by announcing a red alert on his homemade AM radio transmitter. It went something like this: "This is an Office of Civil Defense sound truck. Unidentified airplanes approaching New York City. All residents black out. Prepare for atomic attack." Stan followed this up with a terrific feedback noise. Then every minute or two he went on. "Enemy planes are now 40 miles away. ... Enemy planes are now 30 miles away.... Enemy planes are now 20 miles away.... Enemy planes are now 10 miles away." And the punch line was, "All enemy planes have been encountered and have been destroyed."

Arrested for disorderly conduct, Stanley explained that he had been reading war news and atomic articles in the newspapers. "I didn't expect the broadcast would cause so much trouble," he said after receiving 30 days in the workhouse. "Well, it serves him right," his father told news reporters.

In San Francisco dog tags were issued to all schoolchildren. In Pittsburgh the National Guard practiced defending the city. In Chicago the Civil Defense authorities ordered dog tags, suggested the fingerprinting of all citizens and urged the adoption of a mass program of tattooing blood types on the arms of all Chicagoans.

In Allentown, Pennsylvania, the Amvets got into the act—distributing radiation-measuring tags to the citizenry. And in Massachusetts the CD director resigned because of harsh criticism of his plan for a

The day the A-bomb was to be tested in New Mexico, Truman remarked, "If it explodes, I'll certainly have a hammer on those boys."

Christmas alert. What better day for Godless communists to stage a sneak attack?

In California, James Roosevelt, the son of FDR, pulled out all the stops in his campaign to unseat Governor Earl Warren, who, he charged, had left the state helpless in the face of atomic attack. Roosevelt urged the erection of "shadow cities" in the California deserts that might accommodate four million refugees from San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego in "mammoth communal barracks."

With Korea heating up public paranoia and Congress railing about preparedness, Truman had to do something, so on January 12, 1951, CD responsibility was vested in a new independent agency, the Federal Civil Defense Administration. It issued a 32-page booklet for civilians entitled "Survival under Atomic Attack." Basically, the advice it contained came down to six "rules for survival": (1) Try to get shielded. (2) Drop flat on the ground or floor. (3) Bury your face in your arms. (4) Don't rush outside right after a bombing. (5) Don't take chances with food or water in open containers and (6) Don't start rumors.

For state governments, expected to bear the brunt of CD costs and responsibilities, the FCDA issued a governors' "Bluebook" suggesting models for CD organizing and model laws the various states might enact, including one empowering state governments "to seize, take and coordinate the property for the protection of the public." Included among the properties suggested for seizure were all means of transportation and communications. Not a few newspapers were unhappy when they learned "this means you!"

Millard J. Caldwell, the new CD administrator, was a colorful character, as most ex-governors of Florida are. On his fourth day in office he made the cheery announcement that $3 billion spent on bomb shelters wouldn't protect one percent of Americans and called for the training of 20 million Americans for civil defense. But when pressed as to how CD would work, Caldwell was usually less than optimistic. In March of 1951, reporters asked Caldwell if it were true that officials would give the populace only a five-minute warning, even if they themselves had half an hour, in order to prevent mass traffic jams and panic. Caldwell replied that Americans would be "lucky if they got a five-minute warning."

Meanwhile, the FCDA continued to formulate master plans for redesigning the country for the atomic age. To determine just how America should be redesigned to live with nuclear war for the next 100 to 500 years, Caldwell commissioned Project East River to study civil defense for cities.

Since the U.S., even with NATO backing, could scarcely hope to compete with Russia in terms of conventional forces without adopting the same spartan economic measures, our world strategy was based on the threat of massive nuclear retaliation for aggressive moves—not only against the U.S., but against any of the allies of the U.S. Thus, a conventional military attack on West Germany would have been considered an attack on the U.S. and been met with all-out nuclear retaliation against Russia's cities.

The principal targets of a nuclear attack on the U.S. were assumed to be the centers of population and industry. As a result, the greatest impact of East River was in the area of city planning, where two principal alternatives were offered. The more sweeping plan actually suggested that our 220 largest cities were "an investment that would have to be written off," broken up and dispersed throughout the countryside in units of no more than 50,000 people, surrounded by large belts of farms and parks. This incredible plan was based on the argument that what made the bomb economical was population density: a community of 50,000 or less would simply not be worth the cost of a nuclear device.

Considering the ultimate futility of civil defense and the failures that plagued it throughout its short, expensive history, the East River Plan may be seen as a remarkably long-lasting, insidiously conceived development plan that shaped the course of the United States for almost 20 years. It provided a logical model and incentive for the vast expansion of industry, as well as population and money, into the suburbs—deliberately precipitating the decline of the cities, where the population was not only dense enough to destroy economically, but also unmanageable for the discipline required by civil defense. Can you imagine the cadre system in Manhattan?

Of course the East River Project didn't work. But business executives who had been hammered away at for years to disperse or go underground didn't terribly mind dispersing to the fabulous new industrial parks out between the suburbs and the sticks, an even easier commute than to the city. Slum clearance, which provides an excellent fire break, as well as reductions in population density (of the right elements, too), is also big business. And everybody likes those interstate highways.

On October 31, 1951, the United States exploded its first thermonuclear bomb at Eniwetok atoll in the Pacific. A 14-megaton blast, or the equivalent of 14 million tons of TNT, the hydrogen bomb was roughly 60 times as powerful as the bombs that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Three days later Dwight Eisenhower was elected president, and Richard Nixon, vice president.

A few days after Truman left office, he made a remarkable statement to the press, which has never been adequately explained. Harry, who was from Missouri, told reporters, "I am not convinced Russia has the bomb. I am not convinced the Russians have achieved the know-how to put the complicated mechanism together to make an A-bomb work."

In February 1953 the FCDA announced the creation of the Conelrad radio network. Conelrad stood for Control of Electromagnetic Radiation—and for ten years it would brand all American radios with little CD triangles at 640 and 1240 on their AM dials. The idea of Conelrad was this: in case of emergency, all TV and FM radio stations would go off the air, announcing that citizens should turn to 640 or 1240 AM for CD instructions. This was not to allow all but a skeleton of stations to turn off and take cover—in fact, all AM stations would stay on the air but switch to 640 or 1240 for the broadcast of the same emergency program. Thus any enemy bombers homing in on a particular station would be met with the same signals coming from all directions.

But the Conelrad system had a few bugs to be worked out. For one thing, it took most stations about half an hour to switch to its frequencies. When we entered the ICBM Age in 1957, this represented the total traveling time of a missile from the USSR to the U.S.

And even if the system were to be engaged in time, no one knew what to say, or whether anyone would stick around to say it. As Willard Bascom of the National Academy of Sciences testified before a House Committee, "There is no prepared script and there may not be anyone present who can give sensible directions to the public. Since no provisions have been made for sheltering either the people who will operate the radio stations or the announcer in the CD headquarters, the people required for the operation of Conelrad must be regarded as expendable."

On March 7, 1953, Civil Defense participated in its first meaningful nuclear test. Staged at Yucca Flats, Nevada, a Hiroshima-sized blast was used as a test of shelters, construction materials, various artifacts, animals, dummies and real, live people. Two frame houses were erected on the site. Seventy-five hundred feet from ground zero was the intersection of "Elm and Maple streets," where a neat white frame house, fully furnished, was inhabited by a family of dummies. Cars sat around the house. Shelters were located

(continued on page 75)


VAMP
Fantasy and Humor By Women
Premier Issue
FUTURE SEX
Government
Subsidized
Surrogates
Is Death
Just Another
Sitcom?
PLASTIC
LOVER
Virility
In Vinyl
The Case of the
Hard-boiled Dick
EXCLUSIVE!
Absolutely Nothing About
CHER IN THIS ISSUE
7-PAGE BONUS



What's The Big Idea?

At this very moment millions of American women are forming liasons in laundromats, tittering at Tupperware parties, laughing at their ex-lovers, leaving their husbands, getting fitted for diaphragms, deciding whether they had a vaginal orgasm or a clitoral orgasm, wondering if they should seduce the boss tonight or wait till next week, and examining their bodies themselves.

Certainly the possibility for making jokes about these activities is endless. Yet many of our sisters who are in ideological agreement with women spreading their legs and staring into the vaginal abyss via speculums and mirrors in search of self discovery will fly into a rage at the suggestion that this might be a source of humor. These women find it downright scandalous that women themselves should attack the dignity and austerity of womanhood.

The subject of women's humor can be equally volatile where men are concerned. Creatures of vanity that they are, men can be counted on to assume that women are laughing at *them* . . . or their sexual inadequacies. Sometimes they're right. For those men who take their lust seriously, there is nothing funny about teenie peenie jokes.

I really don't understand this attitude. A very close friend once confided to me that she found her lover's little phallus positively cute — a pink rubber toy that she enjoyed playing with for hours! At least she thought the little man could be let out of the kitchen every once in a while, which is more than I can say for some of my more Machiavellian-minded sisters. Another friend plies her man with cheap trinkets so his mind won't stray to more important issues, like whether to go back to school and get that English degree. Of course, she gets a lot of flack from so-called liberals who question whether this is a fair way to treat a man or any other human being.

It's nothing new that men have been objectifying women for centuries. Despite claims to the contrary, they continue to do it. "Sexual liberation," has coupled with the hard-core beaver business, producing a free-for-all that has left nothing to the imagination short of turning a vagina inside out. So let's be fair: isn't it time that pillar of male potency, the erect penis, be equally exposed? (And I'm not talking about any of that semi-turgid quasi-fantasy crapola you see in some of the alleged women's magazines).

Suddenly, everyone's interested in women's fantasies. We've always had them, but like orgasms, we just didn't know what they were. Let's face it, until the last decade the majority of women had been viewing themselves from the missionary position. If we're to believe the current media hype, we are disgruntled housewives and secretaries with telephone repairpersons struggling to get out. Isn't it about time that women fantasize, laugh at, and simply be whatever the hell they choose?

But seriously, folks. Sit back and enjoy the peep show. *Vamp* is about to take a look at what really turns us on. We are about to expose our most private private parts — our fantasies.

Terry Richards

Terry Richards, Editor

VAMP

Publisher: **Trans-High Corp.** Editor: **Terry Richards** Art Director: **Becky Wilson**

Contributing Artists: **Michele Brand, Lee Marrs, Margery Peters** (cover), **Terry Richards, Trina Robbins, Shelby Sampson, Becky Wilson**

Contributing Writers: **Sharon Rudahl, Deanne Stillman**

A GUIDE TO SUMMER BOOKS

Essential Surfside Selections

BY DEANNE STILLMAN

Looking for Mr. Tootsie Roll *by Judith Crossner*

Haunting reconstruction of the last week in the life of a woman who astral-projects into the bedroom of The Four Tops. Trouble ensues when they wake up and force her to learn the steps to "I Can't Help Myself." "A searing indictment of the male-female relationship, and life in general." — *Library Journal.*

How To Be Your Own Marriage Partner *by Drs. Mildred Smerkowitz and Alex Discomfort*

An important manual for the lonely, this book discusses such delicate problems as "How to Surprise Yourself by Going to Third Base," "What to Do on the First Date: Your Place or Yours?," and "The Fine Art of Playing Hard To Get — Solo."

Bivalve *by Peter Stenchley*

A fast-paced novel in which three men are set adrift on a two-by-four and become entangled in the sprawling clump of raw sewage off Coney Island. Soon to be a major motion picture starring Ryan O'Neal, Tatum O'Neal (in her first role as a man), and Ron Nessen.

Model! *by Earl Wilson*

The exciting life stories of the new wave of super fashion models conceived over bottles of wine and grand-fathered by famous writers. Includes Margaux Hemingway, Ripple Steinbeck, Manischewitz Dos Passos, and others. Many pix!

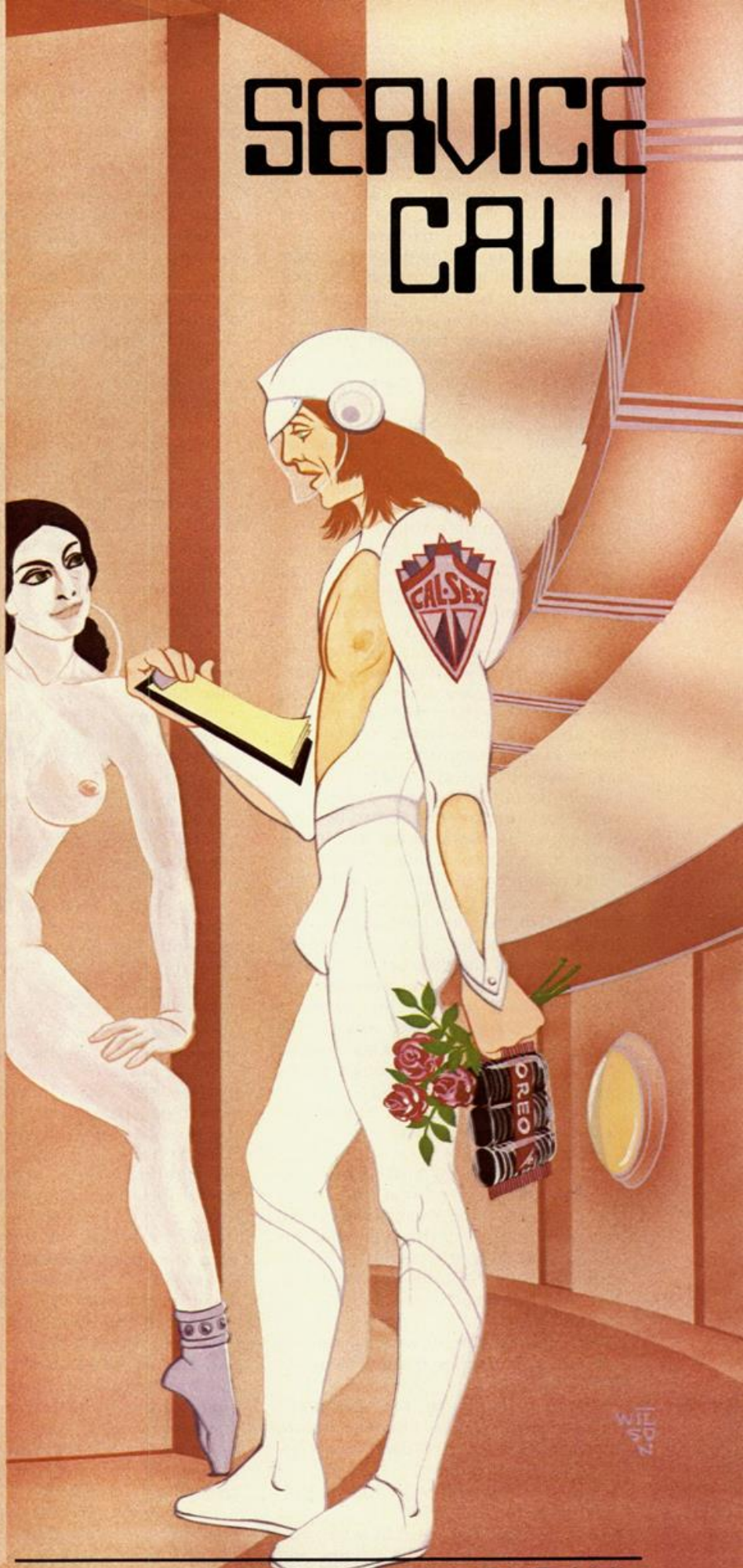
The Illustrated History of Drug Use *compiled by Dr. T. H. C. Florescu*

Who invented the bong? How was dope "smoked" before man discovered fire? Did the ancient Egyptians use a primitive form of "speed" to build the pyramids? Why wasn't Rome built in a day? Is there really a giant stone septum in the jungles of Colombia? This beautifully illustrated book answers these and other silly questions.

Our Bodies . . . Yecch!

After years of exploration and discussion, a Pittsburgh women's collective comes to the realization that their bodies are repulsive. Diagrams and charts detail exactly how repulsive. "Not for the squeamish." — *Publisher's Weekly.*

SERVICE CALL



FICTION BY SHARON RUDAHL

"California Sexual Services, may I help you?" An impeccably uniformed blonde receptionist appeared on my vidscreen. Behind her sleek head, a pair of pink android cherubs trumpeted the company jingle, "Satisfaction Is Our Most Important Product."

"My best friend in the entire universe just died of a fatal blood disease. I need immediate consolation!"

"I'm sorry to hear that," the receptionist replied with well-practiced concern. "Your mate?"

"My cat."

"Oh, I see." She transferred the image on my screen to show a mug file of winking and leering faces of all ages and genders. "If you would care to select one . . . or perhaps be more specific about your surrogate's attributes and tastes?"

"Attractive, considerate, gentle, humane. I'm particularly fond of redheads. But just pick one that's sensitive, that's the most important thing. Kind to animals."

"Yes, give me your cubicle location again, Ms. Colberg. And shall I charge this to Spacer's Club or BankAmericard?"

"Oh, no. I have MediFed!"

Her voice turned glacial and her visage grim.

"Just a moment, please. I'll transfer your call to the Indigent's Bureau."

Waves of interference swept over the screen and our connection dissolved. I kicked the vidphone and punched the number again. After four tries, I was connected with a broken-down codger who had an Old New York accent.

"Yeah, so what's the idea, lady? Your corner Robotamatic ain't good enough no more?"

"Listen, my only friend in the entire universe just died. I don't want a machine, I need human sympathy. This is serious — call my T-group, call my therapist. Dr. Alvin Stanley, T-Group 4928GU582. He'll tell you!" The C.S.S. worker smiled benignly at the shrill note of desperation rising in my voice. But after a brief blackout, the cherubs played again and the Hitler Youth maiden receptionist re-emerged.

"Ms. Colberg, your therapist confirms that the dead Siamese cat was the primal emotional contact in your life. So MediFed *does* cover Sexual Services during the period of personality readjustment."

"I know." By this time I was no longer entirely in the mood. "Send someone by in a couple of hours. And make sure he's sensitive."

Meanshile I padded about my cubicle, filling its new emptiness with music and dope smoke. I turned Mozart's Requiem Synthascored for Reggae twenty decibels above

building code and blew a week's water ration on a bath.

Dozing and feeling my muscles relax in the hot tub, I thought of the limp body of my dead cat. I had long ago learned to distrust all human emotion, but the love of a good pet had slipped past all my defenses. Oh, I knew plenty of men who would have been willing to console me. One or two anyhow. But to accept their aid now would mean they could demand the same from me later. To show weakness might prove a fatal flaw in the psychic bargaining of relationships.

I dressed casually but provocatively in a Mylar snood, noting that the body in my mirror seemed none the worse for its more than quarter century of imaginative self-abuse. I was just applying nipple rouge when the wall buzzer went off. I checked the surrogate's California Sexual Services I.D. card through the peephole and then cranked back the door to a sharp scent of fuel oil and musk.

Before me stood a red-headed beauty, perhaps eighteen years of age, in a cream-colored uniform textured like linen, with a chauffeur's visored cap low above his long-lashed eyes. C.S.S. had evidently commandeered my fantasy graphs from T-group, and for such a rush job they had put together a swell presentation. In one had he held a bouquet of plastic roses and in the other a package of real Oreos. His fluffy copper hair clashed with the deep rose of his cheeks and full lips. His tight-belted uniform flared out over a firm perfect ass. His manner was courteous and discreet as he handed me the flowers and checked my MediFed card against his forms. I could see by his shining mag-tipped boots he was just another starry-eyed kid working his way through space technician's school.

"Ms. Colberg, I believe? You've just suffered a grievous loss."

"Call me Odette."

"I'm here to do my best to help you through this time of trial. Please let me know anything I can do to make you feel better . . ." (he glanced at his pocketchron) "any time up to or including 8:30 A.M. tomorrow morning. But first I'm afraid I need a little information."

I turned Mozart down and refilled the THC pump while the kid filled out forms in triplicate.

"Source of income, Ms. Colberg?"

"Odette. I was a librarian before the last Paper War. Now I'm a Certified Unemployable."

His hazel eyes grew a little bigger. "Wow. I guess it used to be a lot easier to make the list. But when you have a good job like I do and prospects for advancement, it's an honor to look forward to a long life of contributing to the state. I go to school in the mornings, you know," he added modestly.

"I can tell," I replied. "But let's talk about my problems."

Abashed, the red-headed surrogate began gently stroking my belly and thighs. I don't know what method they use to train these guys, but I sure wish they would spread it around. Within a few moments I was feeling utterly peaceful and content. Like a little child I curled sleepily against his soothing body, passively receiving each long-drawn caress. Muscle by muscle he drew out the tension from my flesh, delicate long fingers massaging my scalp, my back, my ass. "My, you really are sensitive, aren't you?" I gurgled delightedly.

The kid pulled off his rough textured jacket and tunic and began to unlace his glistening boots. "No, leave them on," I requested simply as he bent to let me chew his soft lips and strawberry curls. I luxuriated in his taut, resilient young body, obedient to my every whisper and whim. Savoring the pleasure of control, I pushed his silky head down against my belly.

"No, higher. One inch to the left. Now over a little to the right. There, just like that. Slower now. Ohhh. Bite me, hard."

He arose grinning and dripping with sweat after my third orgasm, looking like he expected to be patted on the head. Exertion had brought a brighter blush to his redhead's too-fine skin.

"Let's just stretch out here and rest and be sympathetic to me for a few moments. Some of us are no longer teenagers, you know."

"Oh, yeah," the kid said ruefully. "They warned me about that at training school. How about a nice acupuncture point massage?"

While Mozart repeated on the omniscope and THC smoke drifted past viewscreens on the dimmed-out city, the surrogate's clever, insistent fingers reawakened my exhausted senses. Whimpering, I finally reached out my arms to embrace him and draw him towards me. Kissing my cheek, my throat, my breast, the kid lowered his hard slim body between my thighs.

Dozens of variations later, I turned away from him bruised and gasping.

"Enough! At least till morning."

The kid reached over, tore open the package of Oreos and nonchalantly offered me one. I must say he did everything with style. He stroked me soothingly with one hand while delaminating Oreos with the other, licking off the icing and nibbling the cookie part slowly.

"You know my cat was the only creature I've trusted in years," I informed him suddenly. The surrogate pulled me against his chest and rocked me slowly while a few sobs escaped. "I guess that must have been quite a cat," he said gently, pulling the sleepcloth over my shoulders and rearranging his arms around me. "He never did any harm to anything," I protested sleepily, as exhaustion and sexual satisfaction thickened to a warm haze inside my mind. "The good die young," the surrogate reassured me.

I woke from a dream of vague, submerged towers and floating fish heads. The colorless flat light from the viewscreens could not dull the vibrant red gold of the surrogate's damp tangled curls nor stifle the rosy flush of his cheeks. Softly I kissed his pink lips and nestled against the length of his hot smooth body. He stirred, muttering. His golden eyelashes fluttered open, then, suddenly alert, he ferreted among the cast-off bedclothes for his pocketchron.

"Galaxies, I'm nearly late for astrogation class." He patted me apologetically while throwing on his cream-colored tunic and breeches. Jacket still hanging open, unbuttoned, the kid struggled with his thigh-high boots.

"I just want you to know, Odette . . . (getting the laces untangled). It's been really great. I'm just . . . (discovering he had to relace the entire left boot) I'm just sorry I can't stay longer."

He stood up, wonderfully slender and erect, the chauffeur-like uniform clinging tight at his waist and thighs. Somewhat stunned, I draped the sleepcloth around my shoulders and showed him to the door.

"We don't get elevator service on Tuesdays or Thursdays. I'll walk you down to the twentieth floor." Shrugging, the kid tilted his cap to one side and pulled me out into the hall.

As we jogged downstairs, I felt carefree and lighthearted, younger and more full of life than in years. I took the kid's hand and pressed it to my lips, then clung tight to him a moment before we parted at the walkramp.

"Hey, you really do a first-rate service job. If you ever want to get together after hours just for fun, for a smoke, for a backrub . . .You know where to get in touch with me."

The kid looked disgusted and pulled away.

"Don't spoil a perfectly lovely encounter, Odette. It's against department policy, I could get kicked out of the union, and anyway a professional can't afford to give away his services. Why don't you get another cat or maybe some tropical fish? They're easier to replace."

And with a tip of his visored cap, the red-headed rocketry student strolled off into another grey and muggy day. END

come along and be my PARTY DOLL

STARRING ATILLA the TOILER



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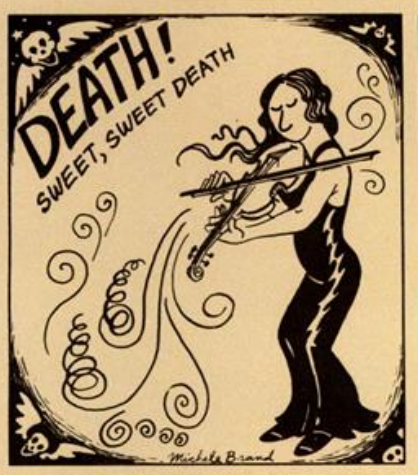
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I RemembER Civil DEfenSe

(continued from page 66)

outside and in the basement. A similarly equipped house was located 5,500 feet from ground zero. Two miles from ground zero were trenches filled with 850 troops and 600 observers, including CD personnel and press. When the blast lit up the sky 70 miles from Vegas the inner frame house was instantly ignited. Two seconds later it was obliterated by the shock wave. The other house remained standing, more or less, but was wrecked throughout the interior. Several days later, after radiation had diminished to "safe" levels the dummies inside were found riddled with flying glass or hideously bludgeoned with cans of pork and beans, lying "dead" in grotesque positions under the crushed and splintered furniture. Some of the dummies in the shelters survived. And some of the cars, among the $200,000-worth of products donated for testing by industry, fared well under the blast, particularly those with their windows open.

On October 4, 1953, the Office of Defense Management announced that the Russians had the H-bomb. Then, on March 1, 1954, the United States exploded its second H-bomb at Bikini atoll in the Pacific. It would be months before the scientists and politicians had any idea—and years before the people realized —but this single 15-megaton blast changed civil defense, war and history itself even more than the Hiroshima bomb.

Some of the physicists were a little worried about setting the ocean on fire or, at worst, turning the globe into a mini-sun. It didn't happen (although physicists are still open to the possibility of more than one super H-bomb—say a few 100-megaton babies—setting off such a process).

But what really made the Bikini test a turning point was the unexpected: fallout. The fallout from conventional fission devices had been a relatively minor consideration. The enormous, deadly fallout of the H-bomb took everybody by surprise.

The *Lucky Dragon* was a Japanese tuna boat. Nobody told the *Lucky Dragon* the area around Bikini was off limits—at any rate, they were 90 miles away, well ouside the area prohibited by the U.S. Navy. Three hours after the blast, the *Lucky Dragon*'s crew noticed it was raining white dust. By the time the *Lucky Dragon* returned to port on March 14, the entire crew was suffering from radiation sickness, including severe burns, fever and swelling.

Lewis Straus of the Atomic Energy Commission allowed that the blast had turned out to be twice as powerful as expected, but he suggested that the *Lucky Dragon* must have slipped through the test area blockade and offered that the crew had been burned by chemical rather than radioactive fallout. In fact, the blast had sickened at least 300 others, including over 200 Marshall Islanders and some of our own boys, too. At least 130 tons of radioactive fish were detected in Japan, and who knows how much "hot" sushi went undetected down the pipes of unsuspecting Nipponese?

After considerable investigation, bravely led by the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, the public eventually learned that the Bikini blast had in fact contaminated 7,000 square miles of the Pacific with radiation. One bomb had made Civil Defense obsolete. But few knew it. Although the Bikini test had doubled background radiation in the United States, and thyroids of beef cattle slaughtered throughout America showed plenty of radioactive iodine, and strontium 90 began to fall throughout the world, impersonating calcium and sneaking into our milk. Few knew. But when they found out, it was the beginning of the end of Civil Defense.

The H-bomb blast at Bikini atoll changed war and history itself even more than the Hiroshima bomb. The deadly fallout took everybody by surprise. One bomb had made Civil Defense obsolete.

Then again, something like surviving the apocalypse dies hard. But on February 11, 1955, Ralph Lapp, of the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, published a report on the Bikini blast that indicated that H-bombs of the 15-megaton size could be expected to severely pollute at least 4,000 square miles, an area the size of the state of Maryland. Lapp charged that fallout drastically altered the requirements of civil defense, and that although evacuation was still a valuable tool within 15 to 20 miles of ground zero, the principal emphasis should be placed on fallout shelters. "Fifty superbombs," noted Lapp, "could blanket the entire northeastern United States in a serious-to-lethal radioactive fog."

A few days later, the FCDA announced that it was changing its air-raid siren signals because of the fallout hazard. From now on, there would be no "all clear."

On March 13, 1955, Dr. Ray Lanier, head of radiology at the University of Colorado, and Dr. Theodore Puck, head of biophysics there, announced at a press conference that fallout from recent tests at the Nevada Proving Grounds had reached a critical level, and they called for a halt of the tests. Both of Nevada's senators countered that the public was in no danger from the tests, the mayor of Denver questioned the doc's patriotism and Governor Johnson suggested that the pair be arrested.

In June 1954 the FCDA staged its first Operation Alert nationwide World War III drill. Fifty-four cities were theoretically raided, and 12 million imaginary dead were racked up, including 2,175,000 New Yorkers. Gotham's ground zero this time was Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh, the heart of the diamond district. In D.C., one blast theoretically snuffed 287,000—but not Ike, who took shelter in the underground War Room bunker.

Meanwhile, FCDA director Peterson, whose motto had become "Dig, Die or Disperse," issued a report on the agency's recent accomplishments. In 1954, he stated, 86 percent of all new factories costing $1 million or more were built in dispersed areas. And on the home front evacuation plans were moving along well. In a test in Spokane, 16,000 had been evacuated in eight and a half minutes. Of course they had only traveled eight blocks, but that was a start.

Of course if you couldn't get out, the next best thing was a shelter, and although the impact of the danger of fallout was yet to hit the public, in April of '55 the FHA instituted a program of loans up to $2,500 for shelters.

On May 5, 1955, a bomb twice as powerful as the Hiroshima model was exploded over "a model American town." Real live troops were also a part of the test, with 450 soldiers in 57 tanks and 24 armored personnel carriers less than two miles from ground zero. Ten brave army instructors were in trenches only a mile and a half from the blast, and 500 CD workers were also present, though well back from the "town," which was inhabited by mice, rats, rabbits and dogs. The test animals were, for the most part, secure in shelters. Only one dog died—a Dalmatian. The rest were "released unharmed and happy." The blast was the first to be telecast nationwide.

The same day, the National Air Defense Command went on "yellow alert" when a flight of American B-47s was mistaken for "bogies." Interceptors were scrambled and an alert went out from CD headquarters in San Francisco. Los Angeles radio stations went off the air, as did some San Francisco stations. But the only civilians to actually take cover were 55,000 schoolchildren in Oakland. In Berkeley, where the alert was sounded, no one took cover.

In the meantime the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy conducted two weeks of hearings on radiation from bomb tests, spurred by outrage over Bikini, the subsequent cover-up and the Colorado radiation flap. Five thousand pages of testimony were taken from witnesses from the scientific community, the Atomic Energy Commission and the FCDA. "Prophylactic" medicines for radiation were discussed—pills had been developed that could double the radiation tolerance of rats, mice and monkeys but they just

couldn't get them to work on a dog or his master (a fact they'd found out using terminal cancer patients). The transplanting of bone marrow was another suggestion. And a process for removing all of the natural calcium from milk and replacing it with pharmaceutical calcium was raised as the solution to strontium 90.

At one point during the Radiation Subcommittee hearings, the AEC began using the term "sunshine units" to describe increments of "safe" radiation. Rep. Holifield wondered aloud "if we were allowing—let us say—propaganda to creep into our scientific terminology." (And this was before the SAC began referring to fallout deaths as "bonus kills" and chalking them up in their apocalypse games as megadeaths.)

But propaganda and the military aside, the experts themselves were exceedingly divided on the questions raised by fallout. Dr. Willard Libby, a scientist and member of the AEC, stated, "There is no single provable case of any person being injured or seriously affected by any of the slightly extra radiation created in the United States by the tests."

Dr. Libby also put forth the "Denver Argument," which Dr. Teller later extended into the "Tibet Argument" as world radiation levels rose. The Denver Argument was based on the fact that the normal background radiation at sea level is about 0.110 roentgen per year, and the normal background radiation in Denver, 5,000 feet closer to the cosmic rays, is about 0.023. Statistics showed Libby that New Orleans and San Francisco actually had higher rates of bone cancer and leukemia, diseases sometimes caused by radiation, than Denver. Dr. Teller suggested that the average radium-dial wrist watch subjected the wearer to about 0.030 roentgen per year, or ten times Teller's figure for fallout, concluding "The worldwide fallout is as dangerous to human health as being one ounce overweight." Dr. Teller's Life magazine article on the safety of testing was illustrated by a photo of five air-force officers standing directly underneath an atomic blast 19,000 feet in the air. Teller reported that the men felt only warmth, heard no loud noise and were subjected to no significant radioactivity. Then again, as Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling pointed out, the bomb was no doubt a small device in the one kiloton range—the type developed for small, anti-aircraft type warheads—the equivalent of .00006 H-bombs.

It was Dr. Linus Pauling who led the fight against H-testing, arguing that it could have disastrous medical and genetic effects. It was an unpopular stance. Dr. Pauling soon found himself without a passport, classified a security risk.

On October 4, the Soviet Union whipped the U.S. for the early space-race lead by launching Sputnik, the world's first artificial satellite. This event also created the missile gap since it proved the Russkies had rockets superior to ours.

But the great fallout shelter shuck was just beginning and its greatest champion was yet waiting in the wings. But not for long. In 1956 the Rockefeller brothers, concerned about the long-range future of the U.S. and the Western way of life, had gathered together many bigshot experts to study the basic strategic problems facing the country. The project, which drew such names as Teller, Dean Rusk, Henry Luce, Arthur Byrnes, John Gardner and David Sarnoff, was directed by brother Nelson A. The best-known section of the report was "International Security: the Military Aspect," authored by 33-year-old Henry Kissinger. The report found that "... unless present trends are reversed, the world balance of power will shift in favor of the Soviet bloc. If that should happen, we are not likely to be given another chance."

The report, which hit the best-seller list, recommended that CD become a part of our strategic posture, especially warning systems and fallout shelters. Committee member Henry Luce called for $2 to $3 billion a year for fallout shelters, and Rocky declared that Civil Defense might be "the deciding factor" in the next war.

New York City's CD director called for 600-foot-deep, waterproof blast shelters. General Heubner announced that in five years, when ICBMs were on the line, most Americans would be living in fallout shelters. But Eisenhower did not bite on the billions for shelters, a move which he saw as "turning to a fortress America concept."

In November of '58 a telephone company cross-up caused an accidental attack alert in Washington, D.C. An estimated 5 percent of the people tried to take cover. In the same month Nelson Rockefeller was elected governor of New York, and in early 1959 he became head of the Governor's Conference CD Committee, which unanimously approved his plan for mass fallout shelters. Back in New York State the Rock formed a Special Task Force on Protection from Radioactive Fallout, which urged, on July 7, 1959, that legislation be passed requiring fallout shelters in all public buildings and private homes.

In September of 1959, when the Chicago White Sox won the pennant, the city, in an unplanned gesture, sounded all air-raid sirens for five minutes. A few citizens panicked, but a newspaper survey showed that only 2 percent of all Chicagoans thought "it might be something bad." And late in '59 the film *On the Beach* made its debut on American screens. The story of the end of the world by fallout, the all-star shocker provoked widespread antibomb,

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"peacenik" feelings throughout the country and was blasted as subversive trash by CD authorities, atomic energy authorities and just plain authorities.

Or as Governor Rockefeller said, "Now . . . a basic objective of any military operation [is] to break the people's will to resist. I don't know how many of you have seen the movie *On the Beach*. I know some of my kids saw it, and I want to tell you, that is a great way to destroy people's will to resist, because they come out of that movie saying, 'There is nothing we can do.'"

But it was Professor E. U. Condon, a distinguished physicist from the University of Washington, who came up with the best method of dealing with the problem of public panic in the H-age. Dr. Condon, writing in the Nation, suggested that the National Institute of Health develop "a suitable terminating agent, to be used in the way our government intended for Francis Gary Powers [our captured U-2 pilot who declined to swallow his cyanide capsule]." Such a pill, suggested Dr. Condon, would contain three layers: the outer layer would consist of a powerful mood elevator; the next layer, a strong sleeping pill; and the core, potassium cyanide. Condon suggested the pill be marketed under the name "Dilaffin."

To help the public's sense of frustration, the OCDM attempted to attack one of its causes, embarrassment, by suggesting that owners disguise their shelters as closets, and plans were issued for an aboveground shelter that might be used as a guest bedroom. The OCDM also reported that it had stockpiled 10,000 Jewish prayer books.

And an amusing little scandal began to unfold when it turned out that the speaker of the assembly was a director of Lancer Survival Corporation—an outfit that could have been big, if only Rocky's mandatory shelter plan had gone through.

During the short term of President Kennedy, the Civil Defense movement reached its zenith, and even before Kennedy's death it began its rapid plunge into oblivion. When Kennedy took office, CD, nuclear testing and disarmament had become intensely polarizing issues. On one side cultural leaders and humanitarians vehemently argued for banning the bomb; on the other, political and military leaders were attempting to take an even harder line with the communists by attempting to reform our nuclear warfare planning—hoping that strategic flexibility, combined with our new emphasis on coup d'état, assassination, etc., might begin to reverse the gains of international communism.

The former group was popularly known as the "better Red than dead movement," with Bertrand Russell as its honorary ideological leader, mainly on the basis of his comment: "I maintain that a communist victory would not be so great a disaster as the extinction of human life."

As for the nuke establishment, many experts expounded under the spiritual leadership of Governor Rockefeller, but perhaps none was so eloquent as Herman Kahn, of the RAND Corporation and the Hudson Institute, whose book *On Thermonuclear War* opined that "for at least the next decade or so, any picture of total world annihilation appears to be wrong. . . ."

In fact Kahn believed that recovery was possible, even from the most disastrous nuclear conflict, if a hardy nucleus of bold survivors was prepared to face the hostile postwar environment. If 10 million died, Kahn estimated recovery time at 5 years; for 40 megadeaths, 20 years; for 80 megadeaths, 50 years. Even if 90 percent of the population were wiped out, Kahn saw recovery within a mere 100 years.

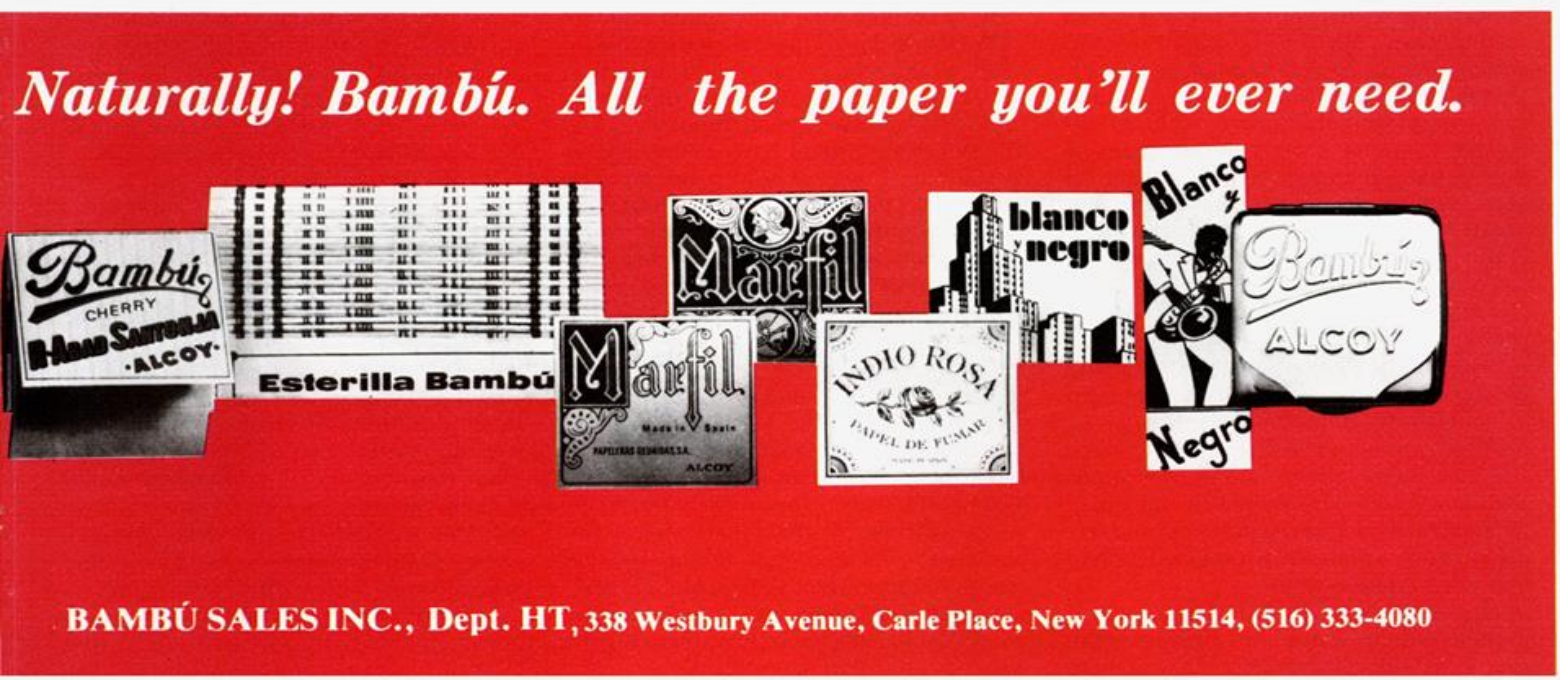
Rocky put it well in an address to CD workers: "If now we as a people just throw up our hands in horror and say that it is too horrible to think about a nuclear attack, then we probably won't have a nuclear attack, because the enemy would then be able to chip off the free world, piece by piece, because they know we haven't got the ability or the will to stand. . . And let us note right here that nuclear weapons are our security as a nation. Therefore we can't say we can't use nuclear weapons and can't think about it. Because that is our strategy as a nation; that is our policy."

It was into this intellectual climate that John Kennedy entered the fray as commander in chief. And during his short reign the United States would experience more World War III scares than before or since his "Camelot."

In January 1961, Kennedy, the original agitator to make political hay out of civil defense, immediately asked for $312 million to build fallout shelters.

In July 1961, at disarmament talks, Khrushchev informed Kennedy aide John J. McCloy that Russia was testing a 100-megaton bomb capable of missile delivery, a bomb 250 times the power of the one that leveled Hiroshima. A few days later the wall went up in Berlin.

On October 15, 1961, U-2 photographs of Cuba revealed the presence of Soviet missiles and bombers capable of launching a nuclear attack on the United States. Never had the world been so close to the brink of nuclear war. On October 22 Kennedy announced a U.S. blockade of Cuba until the strategic weapons were removed. Six days later Khruschchev yielded and ordered the missiles removed. But then Khrushchev played his card, and on October 31 the Soviet Union exploded a 58-megaton ther-



monuclear bomb—approximately four times more powerful than any H-bomb yet exploded and approximately 2,500 times more powerful than the bomb that obliterated Hiroshima.

Perhaps because of Kennedy's "charisma," perhaps because in less than a year as president he had led the country though three crises that might have provoked Armageddon, Congress approved the $207 million Kennedy requested for shelters. Rockefeller called the program inadequate.

In November 1961, hard after the Cuban missile crisis and the Berlin crisis, a double-page ad appeared in the New York Times for Hammacher-Schlemmer—a store famed for its escargot holders and cheese knives—offering "Shelters for Living." Custom-made for underground or aboveground installation, the shelter came equipped with toilet, kitchen and bath, foldaway bed, TV, hi-fi, air filter, a tin of "multipurpose food" and a plastic container of water guaranteed to remain fresh for 15 years. "A beautiful addition to any family's plan for pleasant living," and custom crafted "to reflect the interests and desires, the hobbies or the work of the individual, be it formal or casual living," the single, partly paneled, radiation-proof room started at $14,000, and escalated rapidly as additional rooms were added for the large or luxury-minded family.

The Washington Star carried an ad for a seven-ton underground concrete dome for only $995, no money down, three years to pay. "Your Entire Family Could Be Wiped Out Tomorrow!" screamed the ad in big block letters. Yes folks, you could have this shelter, installed in 24 hours, unless of course there was a rush, say, Mr. Khrushchev banging his shoe in the U.N.

Industry was definitely in on the act. Twenty-three companies were involved in making CD rations. And so many companies popped up to hawk shelters and the more than 200 shelter-stuffing items that the Federal Trade Commission was called into action. The FTC also enacted guidelines against sensationalism in shelter ads. Quoth the FTC: "Scare tactics such as the employment of horror pictures calculated to arouse unduly the emotions of prospective shelter buyers shall not be used." And because of increased international tensions many shelter companies began making deliveries in unmarked or disguised trucks.

You see, the shelter craze had its own peculiar sort of philosophical fallout. In case of red alert, it was assumed that many private shelter owners would be besieged by desperate neighbors. Father L. C. McHugh, an editor of the Jesuit magazine America, opined: "If you are secure in your shelter and others try to break in, they may be treated as unjust aggressors and repelled with whatever means will effectively deter their assault."

The city of Beaumont, California, is located 70 miles west of Los Angeles at the pass in the San Bernardino Mountains to the Imperial Valley. In August 1961, the Civil Defense Coordinator of Riverside County addressed the citizens of Beaumont on how to prepare for a nuclear attack. He did not warn them of blast or fallout. He warned them to arm themselves as if for war, because that's what they could expect when the hundreds of thousands of Los Angeleans headed for the hills. In September the Kern County director told the city council of Bakersfield, 70 miles north of L.A., that the refugee hordes would be halted outside of the city limits and forced into the desert by armed police. J. Carlton Adair, CD director for Las Vegas, was equally unprepared to entertain the city of Los Angeles. "We'll need a heavily armed militia of at least 5,000 men.... They could come in like a swarm of human locusts and pick the valley clean of food, medical supplies and other goods."

But in many other communities evacuation plans were just plain silly. In 1960

Several days later, after radiation had diminished to "safe" levels, the dummies were found riddled with flying glass or hideously bludgeoned with cans of pork and beans, lying "dead" in grotesque positions under the crushed and splintered furniture.

Senator Steven Young of Ohio reported that the Civil Defense office in Cleveland suggested evacuation west toward Lorrain, while the Lorrain office suggested evacuation east toward Cleveland.

By emphasizing community shelters the Kennedy administration hoped to solve the moral problem of elitism in survival. Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense Pittman announced that all Americans would have shelter spaces by 1967 at a cost of 5 to 6 billion. The Defense Department program hoped to shelter everyone for this low price (about 10 percent of one year's defense budget) by locating most community shelters in existing buildings. To this end the OCDM hired 1,000 architects and engineers to find one million shelters.

The studies continued to roll in. One commissioned by the U.S. Air Force and conducted by Human Sciences Research Inc. concluded that an atomic war would avert world food and housing shortages.

On October 26, 1962, the Defense Department reported that it had located spaces for 60 million Americans in existing buildings. Kennedy announced that he would double this capacity by lowering the standard for radiation protection.

By March, space for 100 million had been located. In June, Conelrad was replaced by the Emergency Broadcast System. All stations would remain on at their normal frequency—since no one still thought the Russkies would be homing in on rock and roll. The contract for our survival biscuits went out to Sunshine, Kroger and Southern Biscuit. And Secretary Pittman kept things rolling despite congressional slashing. He declared that the United States could survive a thermonuclear war.

Civil Defense died with Kennedy. Maybe not because of him. Maybe it was just a coincidence. After the Cuban Missile crisis public hysteria never reached the levels necessary to push through the funding of any significant programs, and Johnson had a harder time than Kennedy procuring funds for CD, a program he really couldn't get it up for anyway.

In 1965 LBJ rather quietly announced that he had withdrawn, for a while anyway, the plan to shelter the entire nation. A brief revival was attempted when an unpublished report by the National Academy of Sciences was released stating that the nation's economy could support the construction of a grid system of blast-proof tunnels beneath our major cities which would save 80 percent of the population in case of thermonuclear war. Thirty-eight billion dollars was called for to build the system—but there was little response. One CD improvement was registered in '65, however, when Muzak lines were added to the CD communications network.

In 1966, Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York announced he planned to abolish the New York CD office. He noted that 12,000 of the city's 19,000 shelters had no food, water or medical supplies.

When Richard Nixon took office he announced that he would revive the shelter program—but he also planned palace guard uniforms for White House cops.

Yes, it's a tricky matter indeed, nuclear war, and Civil Defense did play a few tricks on us during the Nixon years. It tried to play a trick on us in 1970, when the mayor of Berkeley, California, tried to call out CD block wardens to control demonstrators.

In February 1971, during a routine test alert, an employee of the National Early Warning Center at Norad Headquarters underneath a mountain in Colorado accidently put on the wire to all TV and radio stations in the United States a tape that contained the authenticating code reserved for use only in case of real red alert. About ten percent of the TV and radio stations in the United States did what they were supposed to do and went off the air after announcing an emergency. Other stations checked and learned that it was an accident, but the Warning Center was unable to locate the tape containing the cancellation code for more than a half hour.

In September a surprise test of the same system accidentally knocked ABC radio

(continued on page 90)

NATIONAL
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May '77 No. 21



SIDESHOW 86

BIG APPLE AGOG AT HOOKERS' FETE

George Balassi

COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL	80	FEMME FATALE	82
HIGH CRIMES	81	IRS MUSCLES DEALERS	83
MUCHO MACHO	82	MARY WANNA	84

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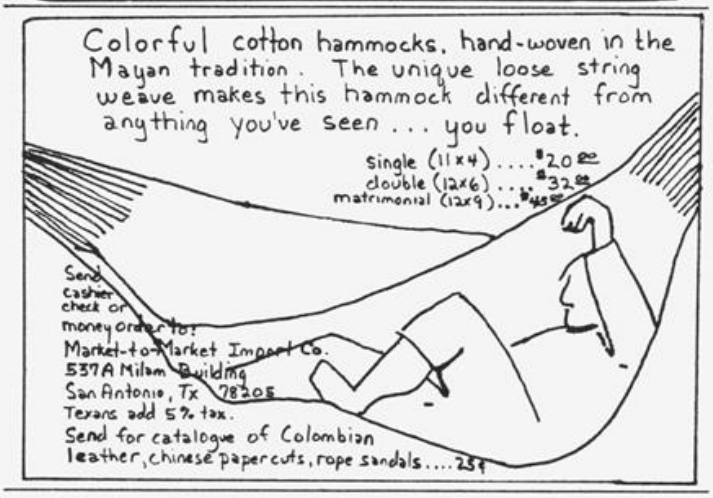
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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

Record Snow Takes Fall in Texas — 83 Pounds Bite Desert Dust

Houston, Texas, police threw a monkey wrench into an apparent smuggling attempt when they stopped a speeding car and found 83 pounds of cocaine in the back seat. The haul was the second largest coke bust in U.S. history, exceeded only by the seizure of 167 pounds from a Liberian freighter in Tampa, Florida, last summer.

Leandro Perez, 26, a Colombian national, was jailed in Houston on a bond of $24 million. Another man, age 25, whose name was not released, was arrested at a downtown hotel after agents found a parking slip in the car with his room number on it. Both men are residents of New York.

Authorities found the cocaine in 59 plastic bags wrapped in wet burlap. Narcotics Captain L. B. Alsup said the cocaine was apparently pulled from the water, probably the Houston ship channel, shortly before being nabbed and was probably brought to Houston by ship.

- A New York City woman, Rita Moore, 25, and a Compton, Alabama, man, Freddie Randolph, 26, were arrested for possession of more than three pounds of coke after being stopped in Charleston, South Carolina, on a traffic violation. Randolph was held on $75,000 bond on charges of not having a valid driver's license, driving on the wrong side of the road and possession of drugs for distribution.
- Ecuadorean narcotics police recently hit a big coke lab near the town of Montecristi in Manabí Province. Four people were busted on the farm where the lab was hidden, and the narcs confiscated two pick-up trucks, nine 60-gallon tanks of ether, eight jugs of hydrochloric acid, four bottles of sulphuric acid, sophisticated cookery equipment and $30,000 worth of coca paste ready for cooking.
- A retired U.S. Army major stands charged of attempting to smuggle two kilos of high-grade blow across the Mexican border into California. Daryl Ray Davenport, 54, of San Rafael, was popped by Customs agents who turned him over to the DEA after finding the fly in his car at the San Ysidro port of entry.
- Corporal Rolando Pacherres Sánchez of the Peruvian highway police was offered a $12,000 bribe recently to look the other way and let a convoy cross the Ecuadorean border with 350 kilos of coca paste. Sánchez turned down the bribe, confiscated the three vehicles in the convoy and busted Alberto Villanueva Sandoval, the driver of the coke-laden truck. In the protective convoy were the group's chief, Colombian Julio Alberto Giraldo Perez, and three Peruvians, one of whom escaped.
- Two Argentines and an Ecuadorean have been given five-year jail sentences and $30,000 fines by a Guatemalan judge for running a coke laboratory near Lake Amatitlán. The judge also ordered that the three be expelled from the country after their sentences have been served. Chief of the coke operation is thought to be John Allan Clark, who fled in a light plane from the bust that netted coke valued by local narcs at $350 million. The judge recommended extradition proceedings against Clark, believed to be already behind U.S. bars on a trafficking charge.
- Colombia's DAS secret police have confiscated 40 kilos of cocaine in two raids near Pasto. Twenty kilos were busted at a farmhouse on the border between Cauca and Nariño states, and the other 20 keys were found on three women traveling up from the Ecuadorean border by public transport. The coke was strapped around them in giant money belts.

HIGH CRIMES

Cops Harvest Smugglers As Pot Season Peaks

A series of major seizures has started the 1976-77 pot season out with a bang, promising to break all previous years in confiscated tonnage of the hapless weed. Oklahoma lawmen briefly claimed title to the largest U.S. pot seizure ever, after putting the arm on eight and one-half tons discovered in the cargo hatches of a DC-4 and Cessna 310. Four El Paso men were held. Only weeks earlier the record was grabbed by cops in Pennsylvania with a haul of eight tons.

• Both these records crumbled soon after, when ten tons were found aboard an abandoned lobster boat that had run aground at Elliott Key. Later the same day cops were called to the southern end of Biscayne Bay, where 100 bundles were found bobbing in the brine.

• Another abandoned vessel, the 42-foot *Starship*, was raided by watercops when the inordinate weight in the bow began sinking the yacht. Four tons of weed were found in the hold.

• Biggest bust of all will go to San Diego prosecutors if they can prove eight men there conspired to import and distribute 120 tons. Charges were brought against the eight after Customs seized the more than two tons that the men allegedly tried to smuggle in from Mexico last fall.

• Three thousand pounds were netted by Tucson police after a man took two undercover DEA agents to a warehouse allegedly to sell them half of that total. Bruce Boyka, 31 of Tucson; Jerry Lee Axselle, 27, of Newcastle, Delaware; and Richard Herron, 26, and Robert Roberts, 29, addresses unknown, stand accused of the crime.

• A DC-3 loaded with Santa Marta Gold crashed just after takeoff from a secret airstrip between the villages of Perico and Peluchua in Colombia's Guajira desert. Two unidentified foreigners, apparently unhurt, climbed out and set fire to the craft before calmly hopping a bus into Santa Marta and disappearing. Local narcs valued the cargo at around $5.7 million and launched a military operation to try to grab the failed high fliers.

• Bad news for travelers hoping for good scores of Colombian grass in Quito: Ecuadorean narcs are clamping down on the routes and busting even small dealers. Typically, in one week two Colombian girls were caught in Quito's Hotel Atahualpa with three and a half pounds brought in inside biscuit tins, another Colombian was picked up with dope valued at $1,000 (local price), a young Ecuadorean was hit at a Customs checkpoint on the road from the Colombian border with 230 grams and just outside Quito a local dealer was caught with several lids.



Officer of the law breaks the biblical code, spilling his seeds upon the ground. The astronomic rise in "victory garden" pot has spawned a brisk trade in seeds for this spring's planting. Seeds sell for $80 to $100 a pound.

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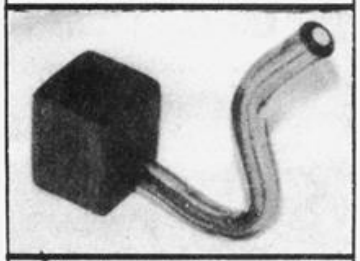
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MUCHO MACHO

By Gabrielle Schang

• **Mick Jagger** of the Rolling Stones has, for the second time, taken court action against former girlfriend Chrissie Shrimpton. Jagger is trying to halt publication by Shrimpton—who is the sister of actress/model Jean Shrimpton—of some "personal" letters he sent her some ten years ago.

• Congressman **Newton Steers, Jr.,** a Republican from Maryland, recently sold his stock in Frederick's of Hollywood—the famous sexy-lingerie company. He allegedly severed his link with the store after it was reported in the Congressional Record. However, Rep. Steers emphatically denies that he got rid of his stock because of political embarrassment. "It was strictly a financial decision," he claimed when Washington newspapers gleefully reported the underwear connection.

Frederick's is the nation's best-known mail-order house, specializing in "exotic" fashion—i.e., lingerie with tested bedroom appeal. Besides its 30-year-old mail-order operation, Frederick's has 107 retail stores in 31 states. Frederick's founder and president, **Frank Mellinger,** said he understood Steer's position: "We are doing our bit to protect the institution of marriage, but a congressman must protect his flanks." Of Frederick's profit picture, Mellinger said: "We are a *very* sound company."

• Men everywhere have had oddly negative reactions to *The Hite Report,* a survey on what satisfies women sexually. However, women generally appreciate researcher **Shere Hite's** efforts and acclaim the book. Hite's report is widely discussed, although it will never win the official recognition of, say, Masters and Johnson, because it is based solely on questionnaires sent randomly to women by the author herself.

Males who have read excerpts of the sex report in magazines are simply not rushing out to buy the book. It is hard to figure out what upsets men about *The Hite Report* because everything in it is true. Hite's report is a collection of women's frank responses to questions like: "Is sexual intercourse [here described as "thrusting"] the best way for you to achieve orgasm?" At least 80 percent of the women answered "no."

FEMME FATALE

By Gabrielle Schang

• **Chiang Ching,** Mao Tse-tung's widow, was formerly China's biggest movie star and an idolized beauty. But the former Madame Mao is currently missing after her arrest for allegedly plotting to take over China after Mao's death. Official Chinese wall posters proclaim these days that Chiang Ching—once China's most powerful woman—is now public enemy number one for China's 800 million people. The posters portray her as a luxury-loving, power-mad, sexually depraved witch who led a group of conspirators, known as the "Gang of Four." No one knows what has happened to her since her arrest in Peking after Mao's demise.

• **Naomi Nicely** has asked a Pennsylvania judge to determine whether or not she became a widow when the man she was marrying dropped dead during the ceremony. Last September 11, as she and her fiance Robert Neiderhiser were on the verge of saying "I do," Neiderhiser collapsed and died at the altar of the Fort Palmer United Presbyterian Church in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. Naomi, who claims that the marriage had taken place, has filed under the name of Mrs. Robert Neiderhiser for control of Neiderhiser's estate.

The hapless bridegroom's parents have contested the application, saying that the ceremony was not completed and therefore their son's estate legally belongs to them. Rev. William Jacobs, pastor at the church, told a recent court hearing that he had declared the pair to be man and wife as soon as Robert fell to the floor. At the time, the groom still appeared to be alive, he said.

• Big spender **Cher Allman** reportedly startled a saleswoman in a Beverly Hills boutique with "Honey, I'll give you $200 if you'll get me a Coke." The saleswoman won't say what her response was, "because if we lose Cher as a customer, we'll go out of business."

• Equal billing for "Charlie's Angels" ends with their paychecks. **Kate Jackson** makes the most—a handsome figure of $7,500 per show—while Farrah Fawcett-Majors earns $5,000 and Jaclyn Smith only gets $3,500.

IRS Tax Dealers' Ingenuity

By Joann Lawless



"Investigation of strike force and narcotics traffic cases will receive top priority as these investigations create a forceful impact on public opinion and promote voluntary compliance."—Official IRS Guidelines

This seemingly innocuous paragraph buried in the thousands of pages of Internal Revenue Service guidelines is turning into a major headache for dope dealers. In the spirit of Elliot Ness, the IRS has launched a tax war against accused, not necessarily convicted, sellers of illicit drugs. By claiming a tax lien of up to $350 a pound for illegal pot—the tax on illegal sales can legitimately be considered income, although illegally achieved—revenuers can tabulate a huge bill on the smallest of dealers. In hopes of taxing the dope trade to death, the IRS has announced plans for a major push of drug-related audits this year.

According to a secret manual dug up by the Los Angeles journal Freedom, the IRS has not only laid out a plan to tax dealers, but intends such harassment to be one of the cornerstones of their audit program for the upcoming year. The secret documents are in-house guidelines for IRS agents, not usually available to the public.

Despite the Supreme Court decision prohibiting warrantless searches and seizures by the IRS, its secret policy and regulations modify and even contradict lawful procedures. Most of these secret rulings and regulations "embroil taxpayers in claims for additional taxes," according to the study, and thus subject them to the possibility of seizure as a method of "settling" disputes. Obviously, taxpayers—particularly dealers—with visible, glamorous or in any way suspicious goods are easy targets.

In the area of property abuse alone, the agency has:

- seized property without verifying its true ownership
- seized property even when it was known that the delinquent taxpayer was not the owner
- seized property when its subsequent sale cost the IRS more than the net proceeds (in other words, they lost money)
- seized property in some cases without notice or opportunity for the taxpayer to protest
- seized property in some states at a rate nearly 400 percent that of others.

A recent case in point involved a dealer who had been selling hash purchased in Ibiza. His girlfriend, a model, brought it into England via a Land Rover with built-in compartments. One of the dealer's cohorts and beneficiaries bought a lemon yellow '75 Lotus Europa to the tune of $6,300. Several months later, the dealer was contacted by the IRS, questioned as to how he had obtained the auto and threatened with its confiscation. He managed to flee to Ibiza. Another woman was followed for several years, and her movies, breakfasts and the men she slept with were documented.

Under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), more information about secret manuals or individual tax cases is theoretically obtainable. However, the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), which works closely with the IRS, has for some time refused to comply with the FOIA. They claim that an entire government agency can declare itself off-limits, and have done so. According to tax lobbyist Linda Barrigan of New York City, "This action destroys the entire intent of the FOIA."

More outrageous, perhaps, than these abuses and manipulations themselves is the fact that they are built into the daily working bureaucracy of the agency, as well as the secret manuals. Collection officers are promoted on the basis of their cash collections. They get points for grabbing a taxpayer's bank account, taking his wages and seizing and selling his property at fire sales. Many can't take the pressure. John S. Dougherty, a Palo Alto agent with 15 years service, quit one day in a huff, calling the IRS "the largest secret police agency in the world." He reports that agents are sent to training schools where they learn that everyone cheats. They are drilled in the adversary method to find out where and how, not whether.

How do you prevent search and seizure? In addition to the FOIA, albeit handicapped, you have three defenses if audited: (1) certified public accountants, (2) high-powered tax lawyers and (3) enrolled agents. About the second, a former cocaine dealer now being sued by IRS said, "These guys are the best dealers in the business; they'll take you for every penny you have." Fees average $75-$100 an hour and $500 a court session. One guy, a dealer himself, reportedly charges $5,000 a day. "If you can afford this guy, there's no way you go to jail. But once you hire him, you are admitting your guilt. You wouldn't even know his name unless you were in the business."

For the little man, a less well known source of help is the "enrolled agent," part of a system created by Congress 40 years ago. Enrolled agents are private individuals licensed by the Treasury Department after passing a two-day exam. They can't advertise, so no one knows about them, though they charge half the fee that most lawyers do.

According to Director David Smollan, the Association of Enrolled Agents can be contacted at Box 815, Main Post Office, Los Angeles, Ca. 90053.

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Mary Wanna, Mary Wanna



1. "Oh, Loretta," Mary laments, "I live such a sleazy life, all dope, debts and sex." Loretta consoles her, "Come along to the prayer meeting at the Baptist church! It's a real high, and President Jimmy Carter is guest preacher today!" "Oh!" Mary gushes. "Let's go!"



2. "Guess what I've got in the bag?" Tom yells as he enters. But he gets no answer. "Too bad Mary's gone. This is the best smuggling scam since airplanes. We'll be rich!"



5. "How about some peach brandy?" Mary suggests, but Carter abstains. "No thankee. My job requires total control and self-discipline. I have lust in my heart, but I keep it at bay. I will have some peanuts, though."



6. "Hot damn, these are some goobers! Lots of salt though."



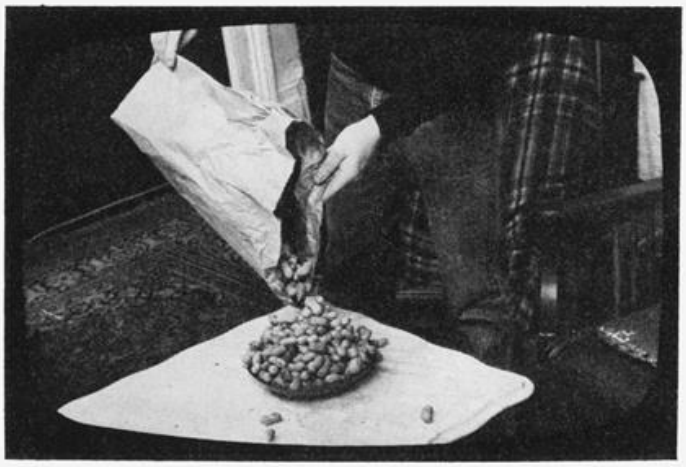
9. "Oh, Mary, let me Zbigniew your Brzezinski!" Carter implores.



10. A knock at the door. Tom! "You cornpone Casanova! Take your Bible and beat it."

in Peanut Passion

By Harry Wasserman. Photography by Howard Berman
Starring: Gabrielle Schang, Coca Crystal, Harry Wasserman, Mickey Kienitz and Jack Brown



3. "I'll just leave these peanut shells with the cocaine inside on the coffee table and go sell the rest."



4. Back from church with a special guest. "Mr. President, we're just tickled pink you came to our church and want to meet an average family at home on Sunday."



7. "I haven't felt this good since I was a calf!" Carter howls as he leaps on Loretta. "Get your peanut-pickin' hands off me!" she cries.



8. Carter grabs Mary too. "Stop, stop," she cries. "A little higher and to the left," murmurs Loretta.



11. "Poor security here. I'd better split," says Carter. "By the way, boy, ship a sack of those peanuts to the White House. Let's go, Igor."



12. "Oh Jimmy," Mary sighs, "you can leave your shells on my sheet anytime."

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Howard Berman

Drag queens, pimps and media whores packed Copacabana. Top: *Head COYOTE Margo St. James.*

SIDESHOW
COYOTE Packs Copacabana

By Gabrielle Schang

The occasion: the fourth annual Hookers' Ball, held at New York City's famous Copacabana, nightclub-turned disco. The date: Valentine's Day. Leaning comfortably against the bar, the advertising manager of the Copa took note of the big turnout: "Well, it's no wonder. It's every man's fantasy to have some gorgeous whore say to him, 'For *you* it's free, baby.'" Several other clean-cut men—clearly observers—nodded in agreement.

Invitations to the event asked that everyone come costumed or dressed up. A donation was requested to COYOTE, the national hookers' union. The organization, a loose coalition of prostitutes, ex-prostitutes and friends of prostitutes, has a working membership of 850 and a mailing constituency of 10,000.

COYOTE's ("Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics") primary task is to work with legislators on a state and national level to remove prostitution from the criminal code and government control. COYOTE also concentrates on legal counsel for hookers, raising bail money, providing child care for women in jail and offering emergency help for battered prostitutes. The organization also aids women who want to leave the profession and find other jobs.

The party was a study in characters. Exotic-looking creatures filled two large, dimly lit rooms. It was an upstairs/downstairs situation, a split-level affair. The main attraction of the room below was a large dance floor. One man danced all night long with a life-size doll, twirling it round and round the floor. A couple of women danced for a bit and then unexpectedly lifted their skirts, revealing their panties. Soon the two of them dropped to the floor, bumping and grinding without missing a beat amidst the furious popping of flashbulbs.

In a booth a woman dressed as a nun was flanked by four handsome men in tuxedos. They sat in silence, their hands folded on the table, while flashbulbs zapped around them. In another booth, a woman and a man sat expressionless and silent, she in a satin bunny suit and eye mask, he decked out like a toreador. Both identified themselves as strippers who earn $700 to $800 a week. Abruptly, after flashing a glance at her companion, the woman stood up, her hips gyrating. As the cameras moved in and the lights went on, she illustrated her trade. Before unfastening her G-string, she whimpered, "Oh, I'm so embarrassed. I can't do it." A part of her act—because she did take it all off.

All in all, it was a swell party, as most of the participants would tell you. Plus, it was a perfect occasion to act out sex fantasies.

Hookers' Ball-goers who came strictly to see kinks were not disappointed. But the men who fancied meeting the whore of their dreams, to have and to hold for free, went home a little downhearted. To the ladies who threw the party, sex is a business, and they are proud to be professionals.



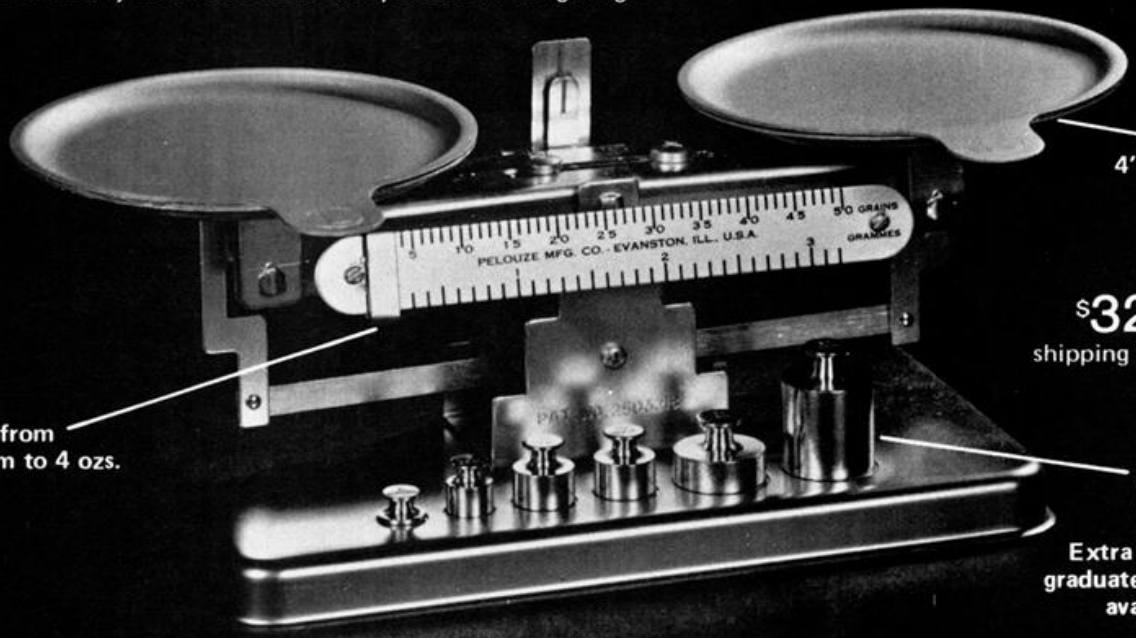
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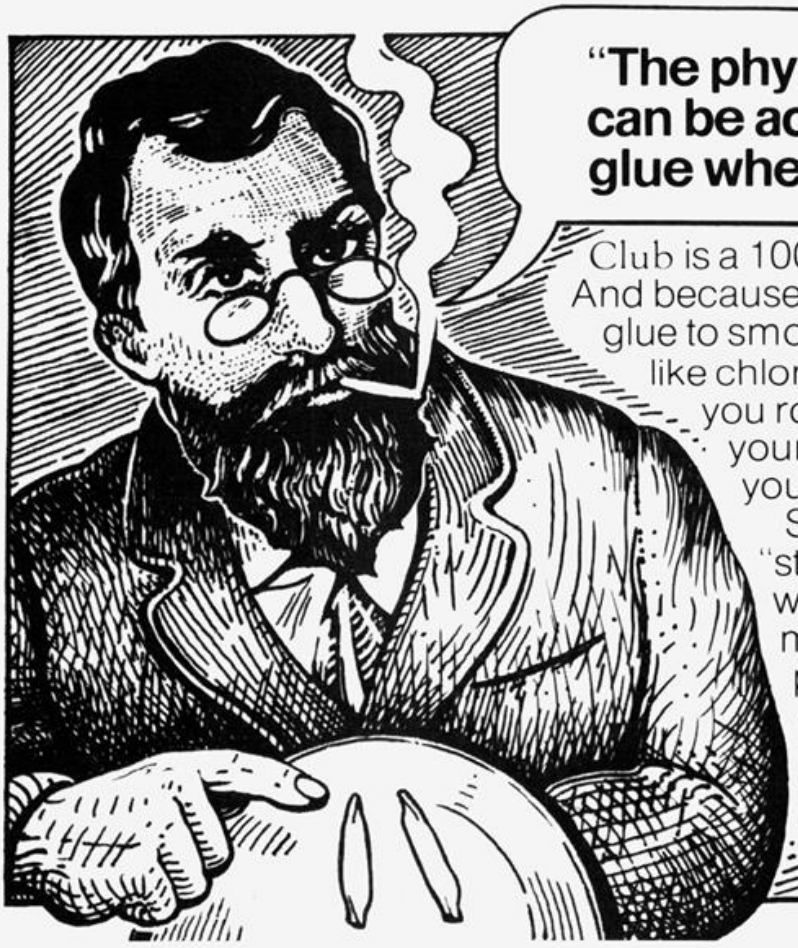
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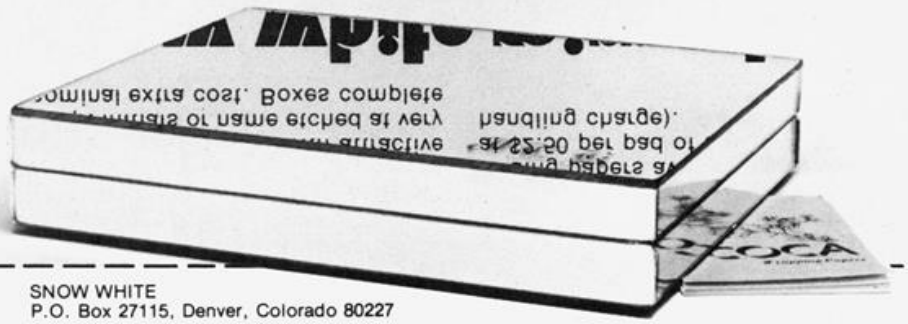
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HT 21

Yum Yum Estates

(continued from page 52)

While the TV set flickered to life, Neck Like a Swan brought in cans of cold beer. The Indians opened their cans and gazed intently at the TV set. Jose and his brothers tapped softly on their drums and sucked from their cans. I leaned back against the wall and watched the screen. The whole room had a musky Indian odor, an odor of sagebrush and outside. It was a good smell, reminding me of wide places and laughter. When the TV picture came into focus, I peered intently at it. It was "Bonanza," the western serial. Walter and I looked at one another. The Indians stared intently at the television screen. From the shadows of the powwow room I heard an eerie sound, a sound like brittle wind off the plains. I looked around and realized that it was JoJay blowing softly into his holy wingbone-of-an-eagle whistle. Somehow the music was perfect, full and empty at the same time, like a lone bird circling high above flat tabletop vistas looking out upon the beauty and stillness of Black Mesa.

The pipe came around again and I toked from it. On the TV screen Hoss and the Cartwright brothers rode hell for home, and the Indians shouted in merriment. Beer cans emptied and others popped open and were drained in long foam-swallowing gulps. Walk in Many Suns led the merriment as the Indians followed every incident on the screen with hoots and laughter. Every time Hoss or a white man came on the screen, the Indians hissed and booed, throwing empty beer cans against the wall. Jose and Trinidad boom-boomed on their drums and Joselito chanted. The other Indians shouted encouragement. I rocked on the floor in laughter as a commercial interrupted the performance.

"Hoya hoya! It's a good ceremony, huh, JoJay?" Walk in Many Suns shouted.

JoJay nodded his head. Tears were streaming from his eyes, he was laughing so hard. Walter grabbed another can of beer from Neck Like a Swan and chanted with Joselito, each of his yelps drowning out the bikini-clad girl in the commercial. Everyone in the room hollered and swayed, completely mesmerized by the beer and grass and the action on the screen. I got on a laughing jag and rolled on the floor helplessly. The sound of Hoss bellowing and drums beating and the blue haze from the pipe and the drawn curtains of the powwow room and the sheepskin rugs on the floor and the chanting Indians intermingled with Walter's hoya hoya! and JoJay's eerie wingbone whistle lifting up out of Yum Yum Estates and carrying over the Oakland hills toward the bay, all conspired to send me into fits of laughter. With tears streaming from my eyes and my belly aching, I rolled on the floor helplessly.

Decriminalization Is Not Enough

You, as one of 50 million marijuana smokers should be aware that the decriminalization of marijuana will not protect your personal privacy, will not lower the outrageous street-price of pot, nor will it prevent your being sold inferior weed or being ripped-off in other ways. Under decriminalization, it remains illegal for you to buy or sell marijuana, state resources continue to be squandered in a futile attempt to suppress marijuana use and our own farmers are precluded from raising dynamite pot which they could produce and sell to an already existent 5-Billion Dollar market.

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Why settle for less----support the Kentucky Study

The Kentucky Study has the Model Plan for the legalization of marijuana and your state could adopt it tomorrow. By bringing our Study to the attention of your state, you could effect an immediate change in your local pot laws.

Our state-certified, non-profit organization is dedicated to bringing you legal marijuana and we will not cease our efforts until this is accomplished.

We want to speak for your interests both locally and nationally. For those of you who sincerely wish to help legal marijuana become a reality, we offer a lifetime membership packet which is designed through newsletters to keep you abreast of all developments leading to legal marijuana and which includes a membership card, a bumper-sticker, a summary of our Kentucky Study Plan and a brilliant specially-commissioned poster, suitable for framing,which depicts the benefits to everyone of legal marijuana.

In addition, to get this issue out in front of the American Public, we would love to see the Plan for Legal Marijuana advertised by people all over the nation wearing a T-shirt with our 3-colored seal on the front and "Legal Marijuana in (your state)" on the back. Can you imagine every pot smoker in America wearing this demand for legal marijuana?

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The Kentucky Marijuana Feasibility Study, Inc.
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*Ask for our book, The Kentucky Study: The Plan for Legal Marijuana in Kentucky, in your favorite store this spring.

Civil Defense

(continued from page 78)

off the air for a half hour. The improper code had gone out once again.

Meanwhile, back in New York, the city began removing $3 million worth of phenobarbital from the remaining shelters that had become the targets of teen loots; the federal CD director urged similar disposal of $600 million in dolls in bunkers across the country. And by this time all those whole wheat cookies with a shelf life of five years were getting pretty stale. So in 1974 CARE distributed millions of pounds of 12-year-old snacks to famished drought victims in Chad and Nigeria. More cookies were dispatched to Bangladesh, where the witty wogs dubbed them "English tea biscuits."

In December 1974 a TWA Boeing 727 crashed on Mt. Weather, Virginia—an H-bomb-proof bunker belonging to the Emergency Broadcast System. H-bomb-proof, yes; 727-proof, no. It was knocked out of action.

Today there seems to be no defense. Suburbanites and rurals alike seem to have become as oblivious to the perils of fallout as your gay Manhattanite. Is Civil Defense really gone? No, it's not really gone. There's still an agency—now called the Department of Defense Civil Preparedness Agency. They have a new plan called "crisis relocation" and they plan to spen $50 million this year planning how to evacuate folks from various grounds zero. Yup, they once said, there are only three ways you can go: up, sideways or down.

In another recent communiqué, the agency recommended that state and local offices dispose of the 100,000 tons of whole wheat biscuits still sitting in the basements of America. If shelter occupants ate them now they would most likely croak. And there seems to be no truth to the rumors of donating the crackers to Angola.

Another recent report lamented the fact that of the estimated 835,000 private shelters actually built by homeowners during the CD craze, very few remain in "go" condition. In fact, even most of your better blast shelters are now playrooms, day-care centers, wine cellars, mushroom farms, store rooms and closets with no provisions left for the End.

So where did Civil Defense go. Maybe it went underground. Remember Doctor Strangelove?

> **Strangelove:** Mr. President, I would not rule out the chance to preserve a nucleus of human specimens. It would be quite easy in some of our deeper mine shafts. The radioactivity would never penetrate thousands of feet deep, and in a matter of weeks sufficient improvements in dwelling space could easily be provided.
> **President:** How long would you have to stay down there?
> **Strangelove:** Let's see ... possibly one hundred years.

In 1940 a group of amateur cave-buffs formed the National Speleological Survey—and set about indexing all known caves in the United States, and, as soon as war broke out, this information was turned over to the Department of War. Our Armageddon planners have had the underground staked out for 35 years. Kentucky alone has over 100,000 miles of caves—and the survey found that two caves in Mammoth Cave State Park could hold the entire population of the United States and more!

Natural nuke nooks notwithstanding, the U.S. Defense establishment lost no opportunity in digging their own. On August 23, 1947, the Denver Post leaked the incredible story of vast artificial caverns under construction inside a mountain range near Albuquerque as "super defenses against World War III." Indeed, the bunkers of the atom age would be the greatest underground works ever undertaken by man, veritable basements of Babel, beyond the wildest dreams dreamed by der Fuhrer in der Führerbunker, built to sleep through the Apocalypse itself.

"Your Entire Family Could Be Wiped Out Tomorrow!" screamed the ad in big block letters. Yes, folks, you could have this shelter installed in 24 hours.

Few know and no one can say how many superbunkers there are. But they are there. We've been building them for more than 30 years. Some are old mines. Some are cut out of solid rock under vast mountain peaks. The North American Air Defense Command is built into a 9,500-foot mountain peak in Colorado. Inside a vast cavern are 11 two- and three-story concrete buildings mounted on 937 heavy-duty steel springs. Civil Defense rents a room in one of these buildings. It is hooked up with 16,000 warning centers around the country.

Then there's the Alternate National Command Center, near Camp David in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains. Known as "The Rock," the Presidential Bunker, hundreds of feet deep in the granite mountain face, will accommodate 3,000 chosen survivors. No, no one knows how many can live on in the superbunkers. We do know that they can live "for the duration," according to the Defense Department. But we don't know who they are.

> In the event of an atomic attack, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence can, in 40 seconds, be dropped 20 feet into an atom-bomb-proof vault and sealed by a 50-ton door. —*Christian Science Monitor, July 3, 1953*

In May 1975, Harper's magazine published an article called "The Most Embarrassing List in Washington," reporting writer Barney Collier's adventures trying to ascertain "Who gets saved when the balloon goes up?" You see, the federal "Office of Preparedness" has this list of people who get saved. They get saved, not because they have seen the light, but because they are classified "essential and noninterruptable." Mr. Collier was able to learn that the House Minority Leader and the House Majority Leader were considered "essential and noninterruptable." This means a bed in the bunker.

The Office of Preparedness, as an executive agency, is authorized to relocate "the government." "Its plans," quoth its director, General Bray, "are not for relocation of the judicial or legislative branch."

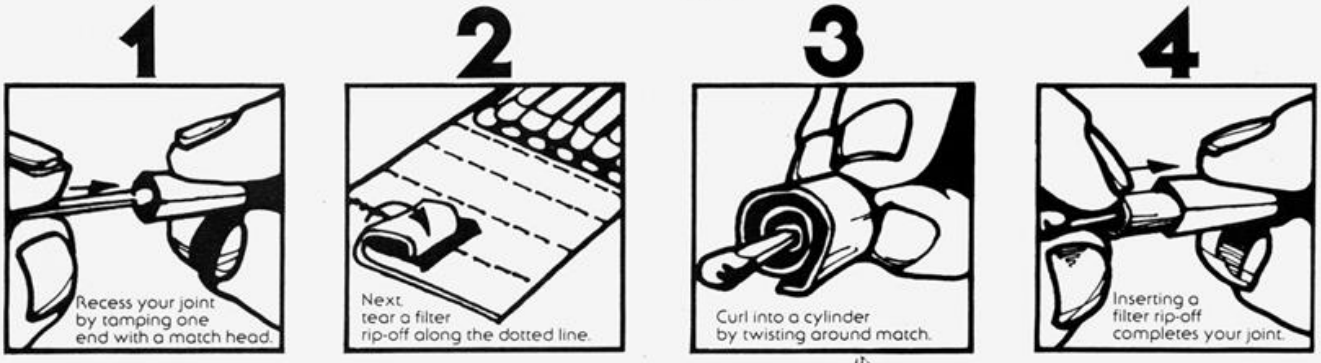
Not only are executive branch essentials included, but certain "noninterruptable" private citizens are included, such as telephone executives. Hubert Humphrey told Collier that when he was V.P. he assumed Congress was taken care of, but after rejoining the Senate he found he'd lost his place in the bunker.

> **President:** I'd hate to have to decide who stays up and who goes down.
> **Strangelove:** That would not be necessary Mr. President. It could easily be accomplished with a computer. And the computer could be set and programmed to accept factors from youth, health, sexual fertility, intelligence and a cross-section of necessary skills. Of course it would be absolutely vital that our top government and military men be included to foster and impart the required principals of leadership and tradition. They would breed prodigiously, eh? There would be much time and little to do. With the proper breeding techniques and a ratio of, say, ten females to each male, I would guess that at the very best, we could reach the present gross national product within twenty years.

There's probably no one outside the armed forces and the executive branch of the government who knows who goes to the bunkers, how many bunker spaces we have or where they are. It is known as the Federal Relocation Arc, a chain of bunkers "that runs in an arc from the District of Columbia to Pennsylvania, out to Virginia and West Virginia, and south to North Carolina." And that's just for the D.C. gang.

A vast network could exist. Congress would never know where the money came from. Caves are valuable real estate, too. Used lead and salt mines can go for a pretty penny. But you don't have to buy, you can rent. You don't have to be a Rockefeller to have a place in the bunker. You don't have to be anybody. All you have to do is have the bucks and you can have a bunk and as

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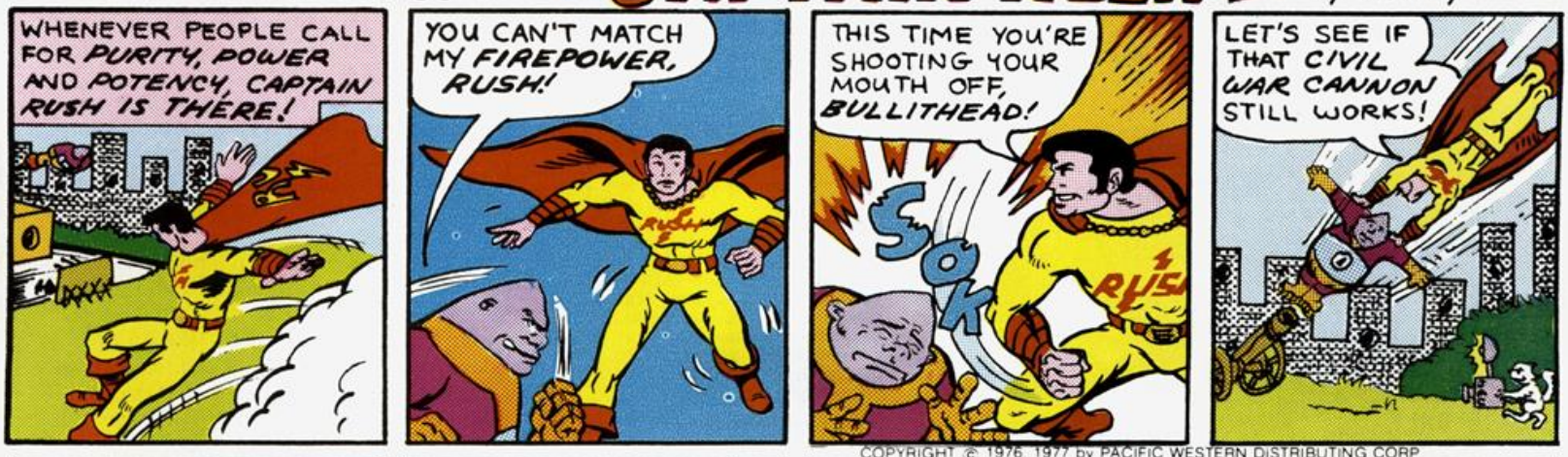
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Yeah. I remember Civil Defense. I almost forgot it once. But then I remembered. It was 1967. Johnson had just started bombing North Vietnam, and things were pretty hot on that front. But Civil Defense, nobody thought about it at all anymore because it had become unthinkable. If there was an atomic war, it was all over.

I was sitting around in my dorm at Georgetown University—in Washington, D.C. Everybody was studying and playing cards and talking on the phone to their girlfriends. It was a big corridor—all men—and suddenly a bunch of guys ran in screaming hysterically. They said it was a red alert.

They banged on the door of the dorm supervisors, who were law students, and when they came out they handed them a big transistor radio. It helped to have our leaders holding the radio. And over the radio came the news. Hanoi and Saigon had both been destroyed by nuclear blasts. President Johnson was flying out of the country on Air Force One. There were no details yet. The radio urged everyone to remain calm.

The dorm went insane. As my friend Malachy recalls, "There were those that wanted to huddle in the hall and die together. And there were the people that wanted to be alone." The scene in the hall was heavy. Someone banged on the door of the priest who lived with us. He came out and gave the hysterical, trembling mob of able-bodied young men general absolution for their sins, while several of them clung to his priestly gown sobbing uncontrollably. But most of the students, paralyzed with fear, huddled around the radio.

My friend Mike, who did a little dealing, went back to his room to take all of his dope. My roommate was leaning against the wall in the corridor crying. I decided I didn't want to die in the dorm with a bunch of hysterical assholes, so I headed back to my room to get my motorcycle keys. Or something. But when I got to my room I thought I'd turn on my own radio. I suddenly had a hunch life goes on.

Meanwhile out in the corridor, Civil Defense headquarters finally came on the radio and the hysterical mob was stilled by the law students so the instructions could be heard. "If you are in a brick building, go into the basement and find the corner deepest under the earth or farthest from the center of the city. Sit on the floor, put your head between your legs, your arms over your head and . . . kiss your ass goodbye."

The guys with the radio ran like hell. ◘

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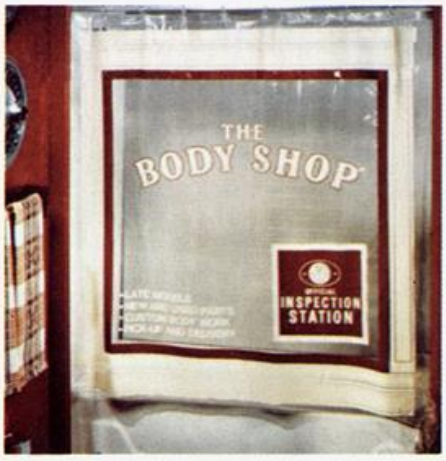
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Honey

(continued from page 55)
over with references to sparkling honey drinks. The chief Irish god, Mannannan, praised his Isle of Man as a paradise where "Rivers pour forth a stream of honey. . . . / Abundant there are honey and wine, / Death and decay thou wilt not see."

In Mannannan's day, alcohol was already a national pastime in Ireland. The Saxons cooked up their ale from honey, or from the washings of honeycombs, and called the concoction "beor" (from *beo*—"bee")—the granddad of our own beer, etymologically speaking. Many an old English pub featured a beehive on its sign and a jolly rhyme like: "In this hive we are all alive,/Good liquor makes us merry!/If you be dry, step in and try,/ The value of our honey."

Of course, it goes without saying that beer-wise, those medieval Germans were no slouches either. Munich, Danzig, in fact any with-it German burg boasted a brewery. And in Germany, as everywhere else on the international suds scene, honey was the last word in correct fermenting. No brewmaster worth his salt would ever have dreamt of using malt, considered a contemptible pollutant.

Some returning Crusaders strung out on refined sugar introduced it as a fermenting agent, a trick they picked up from the infidels. However, adulterating beer with sugar was soon proclaimed a serious crime, and perpetrators found themselves literally up shit's creek. Eleventh-century records report that during the reign of England's King Edward the Confessor "a knavish brewer of the City of Chester was taken around town in the cart in which the refuse of the privies had been collected."

Now we have some idea of where honey came from, historically. But where does it *really* come from? That's right! Bees.

My folks kept me in the dark about the birds and the bees, so I turned to the street. I attended The Honey Bee Festival at the Queens, New York, farmer's market, where the vice-president of the Long Island Beekeepers Association opened my eyes. He gave a boffo demonstration complete with hive, bees, free honey and samples of bee-related products like beeswax candles and tape recordings of honeybee hums.

"Did you ever see anything prettier?" the V.P. inquired, pointing to a perfect honeycomb the demo bees had made. We enthusiastically replied that we never had. Encouraged, he showed us a cross-section of a hollow tree—"The bee's original home, like the cave was for man"—and a complete modern hive. We were amazed to learn that beekeeping is a national phenomenon—"even in the cities"—and that a massive grassroots amateur movement keeps bees, publishes newsletters, organizes meetings and even coins slogans—like "Honeylovers stick together!"

We also discovered that it takes three types of bees to found a colony: the queen, the drone and the worker bee. Together they can really churn out the honey. Bees visit at least 50 flowers to collect one five-thousandth of an ounce of nectar. Think of this in terms of pot, my friend. One pound of honey involves 30,000 or more foraging trips. There are 18,000 nectar-producing flowers, shrubs and trees that feed the bees, which, like most sane humans and geese, prefer warm, dry weather, so American beekeepers often take their hives south in the winter.

In fact, when the first bees arrived in Boston (they were not native to America) in 1664, hot on the heels of the first Africans, they quickly buzzed off to the South and West where, like Satanists, they thrived and multiplied in California. According to Time magazine, "Of the 600,000 insect species known to man, the bee is the only relatively domesticated six-legged creature." And now for some sex.

The expression "busy as a bee" applies only to the female worker bee. She works herself to death in one short season. During her humdrum life she must assume every menial position in the hive, starting as a maid and ending as a senile civil servant. She never marries but must provide for the children of others. After Her Majesty The Queen lays worker and drone eggs in the hive maternity ward, or the "brood comb," the worker serves as wet



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(continued on page 96)

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nurse, feeding the larvae honey, pollen and royal jelly, a thick white cream formed in the glands of the workers' heads. Larvae vying for the queen position get to eat royal jelly until they die or accede to the throne. For the lesser larvae, the royal jelly dose is cut off after three days, taking with it any hope that a plain little worker might become a sexy queen and get herself laid occasionally.

If young workers are dissatisfied with their lot, they have little time to foment revolution. Cinderellas with no Prince Charming in sight, they slave around the clock scurrying from one end of the hive to the other. Their graduation from the hive to the great outdoors represents little change—same hours, same pay; only the atmosphere is different.

Workers outside the hive must scout for nectar, often roaming as far as two miles from home at speeds up to 15 miles an hour. Should a scout find a worthy field, she makes tracks back to the hive and does a dance to alert her fellow honeysucking workers. This "bee dance" is no idle jig. It gives the low-down on the location of the nectar pasture in relation to the position of the sun. So precise is this little mambo that it allows for the time lapse from sighting to advance and predicts where the sun will be when the swarm arrives. While youth labors in the fields, the oldest workers (five or six weeks) guard the hive from brigand bees. This is their last duty before dying of exhaustion.

Conversely, the male, or drone, serves but one function, albeit a big one. Pimplike, he learns early in life how to obtain food and shelter from the little worker girls. Thus he prepares to fly well rested and well fed from the hive to meet his destiny as consort to the queen. Although only a handful of drones will actually perform their stud duty, each is equipped with the largest penis (relative to body size) of any creature in the world, so large, in fact, that erection and a quickie with the queen are almost always fatal.

Often the queen flies back to the hive after sex carrying not only a lifetime supply of sperm, but also a male member or two as a souvenir of the fray. For the drones who miss out on royal service, life is no great shakes either. A lackluster bunch, banned from the hive and unable or unwilling to feed themselves, they die of starvation in a matter of weeks.

The venereal life of the drone illustrates the ultimate justice of the universe. For while most guys would be proud to be hung like a bee, few would be willing to put up with his postcoital blues. By the way, the French are not adverse to a mild bee sting, which they consider to be an aphrodisiac.

Early Egyptians worshiped the bee for its absolute allegiance to a monarch. The monarch, as it turns out, is a matriarch. One queen rules the hive, no questions asked. And no wonder, since the first duty of the queen upon emerging from the larval cell is to seek out and kill all possible contenders for the throne. This accomplished, she lounges for a few days, taking a well-deserved vacation and fattening up for her maiden flight (for lack of a better term). Although she may meet and mate with Mr. Right her first time out, usually she just cruises the drones.

Once it was believed that the queen had but a single flight of fancy before retiring to the hive for good to spend her days laying eggs, laying about and laying down the law for the rest of the bees. Now it is known that she may cat around a bit before opting for power over sex. Basically, however, two or three flings suffice. She collects enough sperm in her brief encounters to lay up to 5,000 eggs a day until she dies. While a-laying, she is attended by workers, who feed her that good royal jelly during breaks. An energetic queen may lay 1,500,000 eggs in her four-to-five-year life. In general, however, she will stop after a year or two to live out her reign as a figurehead, keeping up the morale of the ever-changing troops.

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Records

RAMONES LEAVE HOME, by the Ramones (Sire 5A-7528). I like the kind of



people who would make love to this record. Yes, it's fast! Yes, it's frantic! It gets in quick, takes its shot, smashes you with gut-wrenching riffs, stuns you with the wit and insensitivity of the lyrics and gets out fast! And it rocks! It rolls! It bops and strolls! This second album by the premier group of New York Punk Rock is a hot blast of molten teenage angst pumped directly into the spinal column of the listener. It is too much to bear. It's so good it hurts. The Ramones wouldn't have it any other way. They've seen the business end of a paper bag filled with glue; they know what it means to be punk.

The new album contains 14 vintage cuts of familiar Ramones material, including, "Gimme, Gimme Shock Treatment," "Suzy is a Headbanger" and the now classic "Carbona, Not Glue," the song that glorifies that traditional of great highs, sniffing Carbona. In "Carbona, Not Glue" they explain: "Mom threw out the glue,/ Ran out of paint and roach spray too./ It's TV's fault why I am this way,/Mom and Pop wanna put me away." Now that is poetry!

And the production! You should hear the production! For the Ramones, it is positively baroque. Special effects (but only the coolest kinds), echo (Sixties' DJ variety) and even a few background vocals by the band (sound good!).

The Ramones are today's beat! Their longest song is 2:42 and their shortest is 1:38. Brevity is the soul of wit.

— Douglas Kelley

THE LESTER YOUNG STORY, VOLUME I (Columbia CG-33502). Singer Bil-



lie Holliday nicknamed Lester Young "Prez" because he was "chairman of the board" on bandstands across the nation. Young invented a new language on the saxophone, which he carried from the mellowest ballad to the rockingest stomp. He even spoke in a Lestorian tongue, peppered with words of his own invention (cops were "Bob Crosbys" and playing his sax was "voncing"). Thus Lester Young influenced the musicians of his day and many who came later—like John Coltrane and Stan Getz. He captured the imagination of hipsters around the world, fascinated with this monster talent who often seemed to be living in an elaborate, creative world of his own design.

Prez worked with Billie Holliday early in her career, and they were lovers for a while. An added bonus in this two-record set is that Billie is featured prominently with Lester, and the recordings are among the finest she ever cut. With Young providing a thick cushion of countermelody behind her vocals, it's impossible not to feel the warmth and electricity in their relationship. "I'll Never Be the Same" is especially revealing.

The musicians on these cuts are culled from the greatest of their day, featuring the likes of Count Basie, Teddy Wilson and even Benny Goodman. Many of the records, originally 78s, were produced by John Hammond, who, besides Lester Young, has discovered such musical giants as Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen and George Benson. Hammond put together this retrospective and deserves full credit for it. The album's liner notes are excellent, including a rare interview with Prez in which he talks about his childhood and early years.

The Lester Young Story pulsates with such character that it is more than just an album—it's a vivid portrait of a man's life in music.

—Crispin Cioe

THE STORY OF THEM, featuring Van Morrison (London LC 50001), and BACKTRACKIN': THEM, featuring Van Morrison (London PS 639). Thirteen



years ago, when the "British Invasion" began happening in rock and roll, it manifested two distinct styles, which, for the sake of convenience, we'll call good and bad. Good included such groups as Herman and the Hermits, the Dave Clark Five, Freddie and the Dreamers and of course the Beatles (who would later learn to be bad). What these groups shared was the new sound, plus cuteness and the fact that your mother would get over them. The shared appeal of the bad groups—the Rolling Stones, the Animals and Them —was based on rudeness, incorrigibility and the fact that no adult could even hope to understand their function.

Van Morrison was the lead singer of Them, and as these albums show, he's probably the greatest white blues singer of them all. And Them—well, there's little doubt that Them is the greatest rock band ever to come out of Ireland. Actually, they were even better than that.

If you're over 25, there's a good chance you might even remember some of their stuff—like their two hits "Here Comes the Night" and "Gloria" recorded and transmogrified recently by Patti Smith.

There aren't any greatest hits on these two platters, but there are some great tracks. *The Story of Them* consists of material never before released in the U.S. Usually this means leftovers, but it's not the case here. Half of the cuts are sharp swinging renditions of blues classics—Jimmy Reed, T-Bone Walker, Ray Charles. The rest are Van Morrison blues originals, except for two pop Stonesy cuts—"My Little Baby" and "Friday's Child"—which sound amazingly modern, probably because of the current heroic efforts of modern youth to reinvent this sort of Anglo alienation. If you like Doctor Feelgood, you'll love Them.

Backtrackin' is half re-released cuts and



half tracks never before released in the States. It's not as bluesy as *The Story of Them*—or maybe it's that the blues here is more progressive and Themized. Van plays great trashy sax on Screamin' Jay Hawkins's "I Put a Spell on You," and on "All for Myself" he out "alright, alright's" Mick Jagger. On "Baby Please Don't Go" and "Don't Start Crying Now" the band shows off its great bizarre, chilling, superfast, rhythm-rave, up style that has never been duplicated. These guys were the original punk rockers. I wonder if they were named after the giant mutant ants movie?

—Glenn O'Brien

PHIL SPECTOR'S GREATEST HITS (Warner/Spector 2SP 9104). There's more



to this long-awaited two-LP set than a crazy quilt of oldies: it has a sort of thematic resonance you don't hear on collections of Fifties singles. Of course, Spector made his name in the early Sixties, in the Silver Age of rock's first blossoming; his achievement was in putting the bloom back on the rose. Not an innovator or pioneer like Beethoven or Mahler, who created entire new musical idioms, Spector stands with Bach and Lully among the ranks of those who expanded existing traditions to their furthest logical conse-



Fabulous Faye

While other actresses complain about the dearth of good roles for women these days, Faye Dunaway complains not at all. And for good reason. She gets the plums. Beginning with *Bonnie and Clyde* and on to *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *The Towering Inferno* and *Chinatown* and right down to last year's twin blockbusters, *Voyage of the Damned* and *Network,* when a picture was nominated for an Oscar, Dunaway somehow managed to be in it. She is easily the most sought-after female lead in Hollywood today and you'll find out why in an exclusive interview in the current issue of OUI. In the same issue, Emmett Grogan chronicles the historic last concert of the legendary cult group, The Band, while Ed Sanders returns to the scene of the crime, and possible solution, in *Cattle Mutilations Part II.* All that, plus a galaxy of questions to test your knowledge of Kirk, Spock, et al, in the *Star Trek Trivia Quiz,* makes the May issue of OUI magazine one of the most exciting yet. Look for it at your newsstand now.



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quences. He arrived when teen rock classicism had passed its high noon and entered the decadent penumbra of history's eclipse, at which point he provided the dazzling colors of its first sunset.

All his songs are essentially Fifties punk romances in their puppy-love content; but Spector enhanced his palette with violins, three-part harmonies and technicolor pre-Cream wall-to-wall-of-sound effects and saved the day. He was the David O. Selznick of rock—and, like Selznick's *Gone with the Wind*, Spector's hits summed up, epitomized and exhausted the style of an era. Of course, rock trends last about ten minutes, and the Spector sound never really went out of style. It went underground, sort of—more characteristic of Motown and the Cher-type TV variety shows of the Sixties than of the rock vanguard—but many record shops in Flatbush never had to change their Spector inventory as long as they could get it. And, now that Spector's *Greatest Hits*, as well as his *Christmas Album*, released a few Yules ago, are available again—and in stereo, at that—the great archival and ecumenical need for a Spector master anthology has been filled and the quality of music at parties is sure to go up.

Spector's greatest, in case you've forgotten, include "Da Doo Ron Ron," "He's a Rebel," "Spanish Harlem," "River Deep—Mountain High," "Today I Met the Boy I'm Gonna Marry" and many other fine hits by the Crystals, Ronettes, Ike and Tina Turner, Gene Pitney and other wonderful artists. There might be some problem getting a consensus, but take "Da Doo Ron Ron," for the sake of talk: that was the Crystals, April '63. They could play that before every ball game, and what would it take? Two minutes, two an' a half? Everyone rise for the national anthem. —*Eric Kibble*

BOGALUSA BOOGIE, by Clifton Chenier (Arhoolie 1076). On first listen,



Clifton Chenier sounds like a harmonica bluesman. That's because his accordion comes in with some high notes, and his style is as bluesy, sexy and funky as any Chicagoan's. But windy city veterans most certainly do not sing in *French*.

Clifton Chenier is a black Cajun from Louisiana who's been playing so long and well with his Red Hot Louisiana Band that he's reached a level of regional stardom in Texas, California and his home state. He's made nearly a dozen albums and appeared on the PBS TV show "Austin City Limits" and in Les Blank's acclaimed film *Dry Wood and Hot Pepper*. He's journeyed to Switzerland for the prestigious Montreux Jazz Festival. All this, and yet readers outside those three states have probably never heard of Chenier and his wild, genius music.

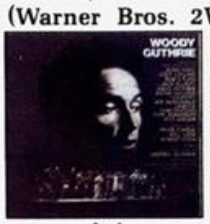
Slow and fast are the two speeds in Cajun music. Slow (*valse*) is a gliding coffee-grinder beat, extremely sexy in the late-night romantic mood. An example here is "Ma Mama Ma Dit (My Mama Told Me)". Fast (two-step) is for energy dancing, something like the twist beat or a fast shuffle in Chicago blues, and lots of fun. To hear Chenier properly, I suppose that a dance hall setting is mandatory. And when he does play for dances, the crowd boogies long and hard as Clifton plays nonstop, whipping the dancers into exhausted satisfaction with song after song until the night is through.

Back in Louisiana, in the Cajun bayous, the French-speaking blacks call this type of music *zodico* or *zydeco*, from the phrase *les haricots pas salés* ("the unsalted snap beans"). Get it? *'S haricots* spelled phonetically is *zydeco*. But what does it all mean? Even Queen Ida, whose Bon Temps Zydeco Band has a new LP, could not explain what the music has to do with green beans, except that there's a traditional song of that title.

Let the good times roll, creole. Get your *jolie blonde, tite fille* or *negresse* and dance the bogalusa boogie at the old church hall or private party (*fais do-do*, literally "go to sleep," which is what the kids are told at Cajun house parties) or else just *listen* to some different, enjoyable sounds.

—*Anton J. Mikofsky*

A TRIBUTE TO WOODY GUTHRIE, featuring Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Bob Dylan, Jack Elliott, Arlo Guthrie, Richie Havens, Joe McDonald, Odetta, Tom Paxton, Earl Robinson and Pete Seeger. (Warner Bros. 2W-3007). Hardly your



ordinary hootenanny, but a hootenanny nevertheless. This two-record set is an edited but smooth-flowing document of two concerts given by a collection of some of the most revered names in folk music. Both concerts were presented as Woody Guthrie tributes; the first, at Carnegie Hall in early 1968, received considerable media attention due to the re-emergence of one Robert Zimmerman, the most famous Guthrie imitator of them all. Other performers included Arlo Guthrie, Ramblin' Jack Elliott (once described as sounding more like Woody than Woody) and heroines like Judy Collins and Odetta. The second concert, recorded at the Hollywood Bowl, features Joan Baez instead of Bob Dylan.

If you're looking for a primer on Guthriedom, it might be wiser to spend your bucks not on this superstars package, but on the real thing. The most obvious choice would be the three-record set on Elektra of Guthrie himself—the celebrated Library of Congress recordings.

For those who've passed that point,



BACK TO BACK

Where have you been? In stir? On the road? Or just plain dull? If you don't own a complete set of *High Times*, the Magazine of High Society, you are more or less out to lunch. More or less depending on how many magazines your collection lacks. What did you miss? Our greatest hits, and lots more.

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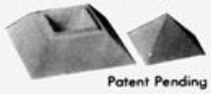
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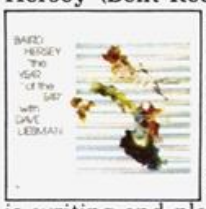
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however, this is an entertaining and touching dedication to the "people's bard of America." Hobo, socialist, observer, introvert, drunkard and poetic genius, Guthrie lived the kind of life that folkies from Maine to California emulate. But Guthrie was no lifestyle trend-setter, and there's little doubt that he lived for playing much more than he played for a living. When he did the latter, it was for soup and a roof over his head at night.

The accompanists, who provide many of the finest moments on the album, include the likes of Ry Cooder, Chris Ethridge, Gib Guilbeau and all five members of The Band. The narrations, provided by Will Geer, Robert Ryan and Peter Fonda, are a little dated, but well meant.

The proceeds of the disc go to the Woody Guthrie Foundation, which supports research in Huntington's disease (Woody's final battle), maintains the Guthrie Archives and makes grants available to deserving musical and social causes. —*Edgar Koshatka*

THE YEAR OF THE EAR, by Baird Hersey (Bent Records BRS-1). During a



time in American history when economic pressures on musicians to create something "marketable" have never been greater, guitarist Baird Hersey is writing and playing some of the very freshest, innovative music to be heard anywhere. This music is difficult to categorize but includes elements of all the experiences Baird has had in his 15 years as a player.

From a rock and soul base, to Indonesian, African and Tibetan forms, to twentieth-century classical composers like Ligeti and Penderecki and jazz giants like Cecil Taylor, Charles Mingus, Sun Ra, John Coltrane and Bill Dixon (the trumpeter/composer with whom Baird studied), Baird fashions psychedelically colorful tapestries, using a striking mixture of freedom and discipline. The constantly shifting tempi and textures of the 11-piece band afford the listener any number of marvels to consider.

Choicest cuts on this album include Baird's reworking of Dizzy Gillespie's classic "Night in Tunisia," which fixes the maestro's spare, tropical guitar line over muscular, horn voicings. And "Herds and Hoards" and "Credo" each have long sections that realize, as well as anything I've heard, the potential explosiveness of "jazz-rock" via funky ostinato rhythms and wild, saxophone wailings in the Shepp/Ayler/Sanders tradition.

There are moments here when Baird's writing seems rather stiff. But overall, the various effects are exhilarating, the musical equivalent of some of the bizarre and beautiful dreamscapes of Mati Klarwein or

Sátty (except warmer). *Year of the Ear* is a stunning debut album from an artist who may mature, over the years, into a bona-fide giant of contemporary music. You can buy it from the Jazz Composers' Orchestra Association (JCOA), 6 West 95th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10025, or from Record People, 66 Greene Street, N.Y., N.Y. —*Bill Adler*

LOW, by David Bowie (RCA CPL1-2030).



David Bowie has moved from glitter king to space-drag Ziggy to soul man to suave eccentric while running the gamut of musical genres. With each album, Bowie has created something unlike his past endeavors. His new disc *Low* is no exception. The only aspect *Low* and his other LPs have in common is the cover photo. Both *Station to Station* and *Low* feature photos from Bowie's film debut *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, thus strategically withholding his present and future image.

For this outing, Bowie has split the disc in half: Side A is totally unlike Side B. In fact, the original title of *Low* was supposedly *New Music: Day and Night*. Side A contains seven tracks, all of which are under four minutes long. The instrumentals "Speed of Life" and "Sound and Vision" are danceable tunes but in no way resemble his smash hit "Fame." These tunes are opposingly cosmic disco. The bass and drums are mixed up-front throughout Side A, thus accenting the rhythmic and counterpoint musical fantasies of Bowie and Brian Eno.

Eno, a former member of Roxy Music who is working with Bowie for the first time, supplies *Low* with a wide variety of electronic treatments. The results are strange but highly successful. Eno has truly affected Bowie's musical approach. "Always Crashing in the Same Car" and "Be My Wife" are typical songs in the Roxy Music vein, while "Breaking Glass" and "What in the World" are characteristic of Eno's solo albums.

Side B, which brings to mind *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, maintains a cinematic quality in the science-fiction soundtrack mode. Four tracks of electronic mood music are enhanced by Bowie's vocal mutations. On "Warszawa," Eno is credited with all the instrumentation, while Bowie concentrates on vocalizing a number of wordless moans in a variety of high and low tones. Another cut, "Weeping Wall," features Bowie exclusively on a spectrum of instruments ranging from harp to xylophone.

To appreciate Bowie one must remember that he is uncommitted to any one style. He has successfully escaped the perils of merely duplicating a commercially accessible formula. Hence, this disc is for the adventurous. —*John Innelli*

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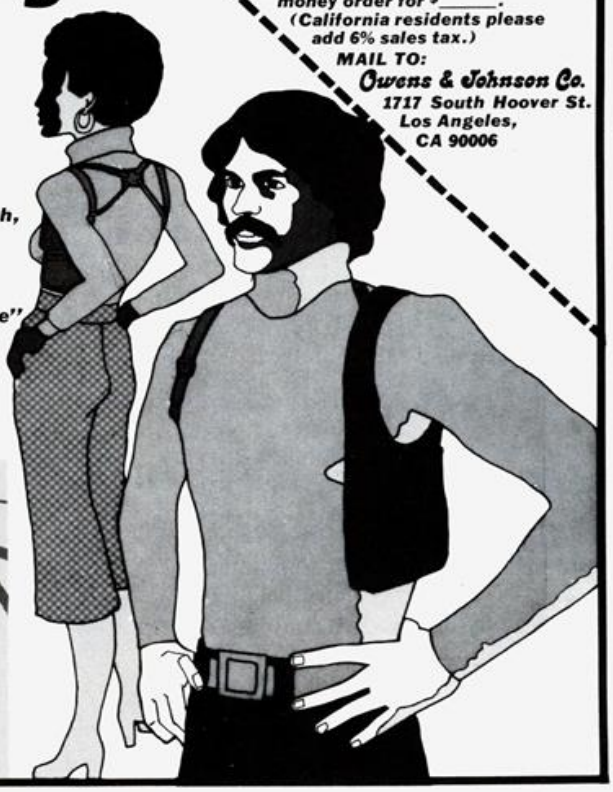
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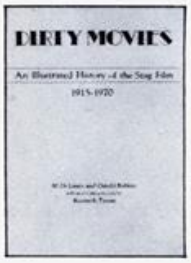


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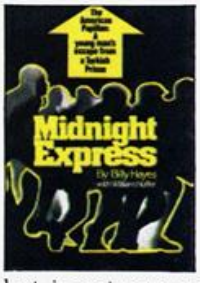
DIRTY MOVIES: An Illustrated History of the Stag Film, 1915-1970, by Al Di Lauro and Gerald Rabkin (New York: Chelsea House, $15.00). Unlike most of its fellows, *Dirty Movies*, the latest film book to come down the publishing pike, at least has the advantage of covering a sleazy celluloid subgenre that has heretofore received but scant attention. While early installments of Playboy's long-running *Sex in the Cinema* series traveled some of the same grainy ground a few years back, *Dirty Movies* represents the first book-length look at stag films—those generally grim, usually amateur, gray-and-white one-reelers that used to unspool for the "erotic" edification of cathouse customers, private porn collectors and the boys at the local Legion Hall.



Considering their subject matter—at their best the stag films were simply "blue jokes" that moved—the authors can get awfully serious. Sentences like "Since film, like fiction, exists in time, the stag film as it emerged absorbed the conventions of literary pornography in much the same way that public movies fed on existing literary and theatrical forms."

Dirty Movies is best when it sticks to the facts, when detailing famed stripper and sometime porn performer Candy Barr's punitive marijuana bust, say, or erasing the myth that all early stag stars sexed with their socks on (bestockinged schtuppers didn't proliferate until the late 40's and early 50's, when the form became largely the domain of rank regional amateurs). Still, 15 bucks is an awfully stiff price to pay to help clutter a coffee table—even a closet stag film buff's. —*Joe Kane*

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, by Billy Hayes with William Hoffer, (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., $7.95). With much popular entertainment locked in loops of parasitic imitation and groundless sequels, it is tempting to characterize *Midnight Express* as a slimmed-down version of *Papillon*. In each narrative, a sympathetic, vital, honest but impetuous young man runs afoul of the law—"Papillon" for murder, Billy Hayes for attempting to smuggle two kilos of hash out of Turkey.



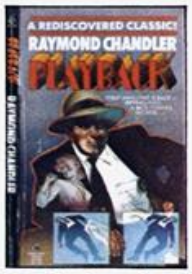
Perhaps most interestingly, the basic facts of each man's account have come under attack. *Papillon* has been criticized as a romantic fabrication, and *Midnight Express* will doubtless be characterized by some as the final touch to an elaborate CIA operation and cover-up. For it has been speculated that Hayes's entire adventure, from capture and imprisonment to escape and repatriation, was planned and expedited by U.S. intelligence forces who were monitoring Greece-Cyprus-Turkey tensions in the early 1970's.

Whether or not such allegations have any truth is an open-ended point. In the book, Hayes is presented just as he was in the newspapers—a middle-class ex-lifeguard and college dropout from North Babylon, Long Island, who was caught with the two kilos in 1970, sentenced to life imprisonment (reduced to 30 years) in 1973 and freed in a daring escape in the fall of 1975.

The Billy of the book has plenty of what they used to call moxie. Denied a blanket on his first night in prison, Billy manages to lift one out from storage, and when confronted by the prison trustee, Billy spunkily punches the guy out. In consequence, a mustachioed gorilla beats the hell out of him with a club. While his fellow inmates congratulate him on his macho, somehow you're left with the feeling that he just might have been able to show his balls without getting them bludgeoned.

—*Robert Lemmo*

PLAYBACK, by Raymond Chandler (New York: Ballantine Books, $1.50). *Playback* was plagued by bad luck since its inception. When Houghton Mifflin finally printed *Playback* in 1958, the novel turned out to be Chandler's least successful book, selling a pathetic 9,000 copies. It was to be his last before he died of pneumonia and neglect in March of 1959 at the age of 70. The book has been out of circulation in America until this paperback edition.



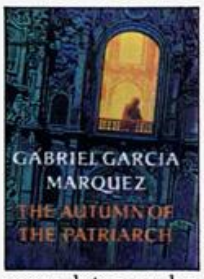
Now a whole new generation of Philip Marlowe fans—those who have enjoyed him in such detective classics as *The Big Sleep* and *Farewell, My Lovely*— can rediscover Chandler's most bitter, bareboned evocation of the private eye he called "the only honest man in a dishonest world."

Chandler first created Marlowe for short stories in the Thirties' leading detective pulp, *Black Mask*. The character emerged as America's hard-boiled Hamlet, a tough guy with a troubled mind. As an underpaid loner in a dirty, dangerous business, Marlowe handled corrupt cops, lascivious blondes, unmerciful kingpins and their lowlife flunkies with his unique blend of cynical social insight and heroic, selfless integrity.

The private eye who was already out of place in the Thirties became hopelessly alienated in the mediocrity and degradation of the late Fifties. In *Playback*, Marlowe complains the detective image has degenerated into the Spillane kiss-and-kill genre and the cardboard TV detective who "never takes his hat off." Marlowe is so cynical by this point that he has lost all sentimentality and with it any thought of heroic, self-sacrificing love.

The end to sentimentality brings with it a stripped-down style bereft of much of the exquisite tough-guy epithets of earlier novels. But the brisker pace also reveals Chandler's most coherent storyline and consistent puzzle-playing yet. Familiar faces remain: the oily lawyer, the suspicious house dick, the disappearing corpse, the devious gangster, the pistol-toting femme fatale with the strange secret. The corrupt but gutsy and gritty cops of previous Marlowe stories, however, are here replaced by happy, efficient technicians who love their new tape-recorder so much they keep playing it back to hear a confession. Says Marlowe: "There are things that are facts, in a statistical sense, on paper, on a tape-recorder, in evidence. And there are things that are facts because they have to be facts, because nothing makes any sense otherwise." —*Harry Wasserman*

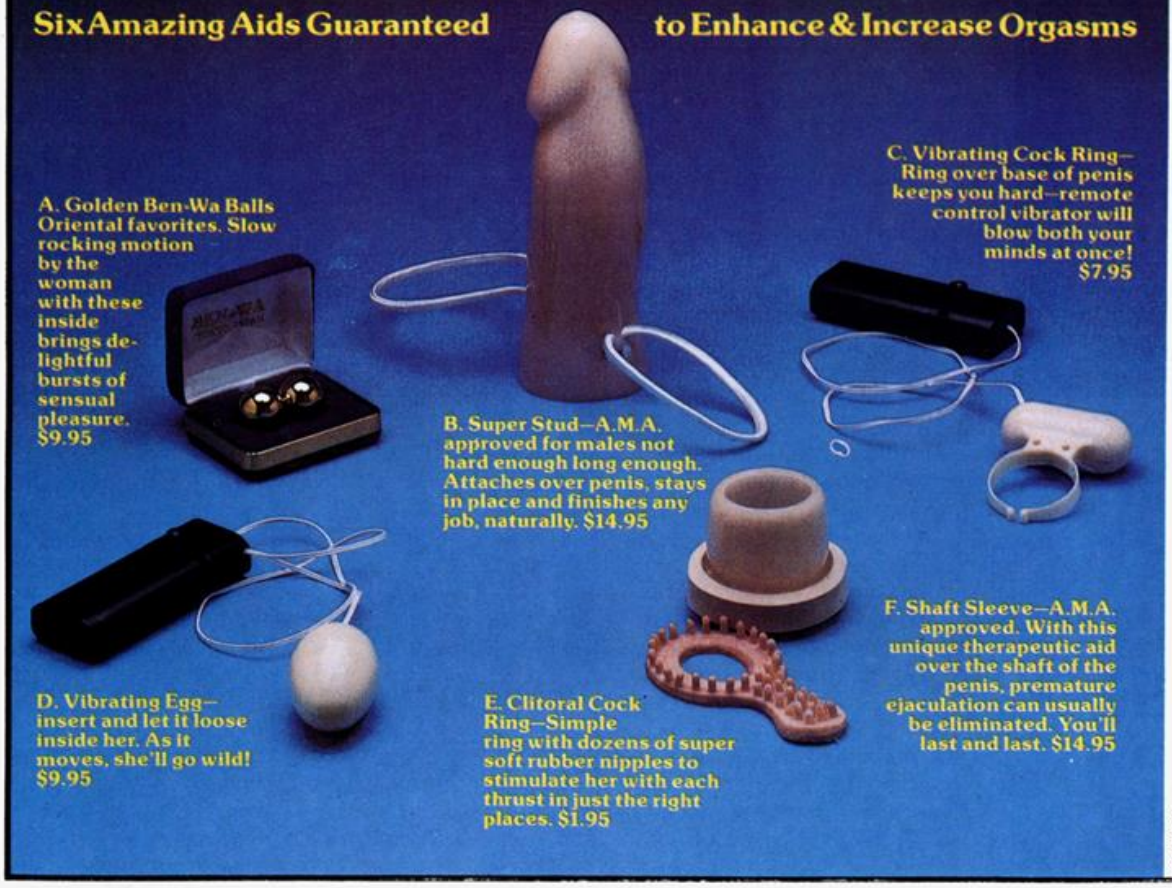
THE AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH, by Gabriel García Márquez (New York: Harper & Row, $10.00). A few years ago a Nicaraguan friend sent me *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, García Márquez's first novel, with the note "Read this and you'll understand Latin America." I opened it and read and reread the first sentence: "Many years later as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendia was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice." Here was something new, fresh, something never written before. The characters and places as unforgettable as fairy tales from childhood.



Gabriel García Márquez's second novel, *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, is a composite portrait of a most unbenevolent dictator in a nameless Caribbean country. The "general" as he is known throughout the book, governed "as if he knew he was predestined never to die." Although no one has seen the dictator since the days of the black vomit, the people of this Latin country knew he was governing because mail was still delivered and at night in the presidential palace there were lights in the windows facing what was once the sea;

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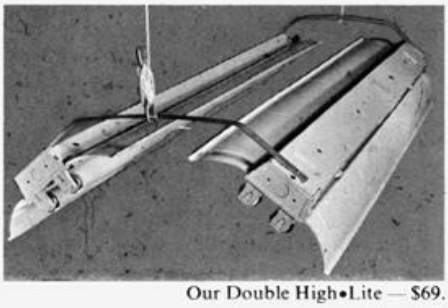
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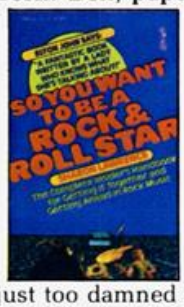
the dictator has, we learn, sold the sea to the gringos, who removed it by suction dredges to Arizona.

Readers of fiction in English are accustomed to a story that develops along a line from A to Z; here the poison mentioned on page one is likely to be administered on page 200. Even more complicated time constructs in our fiction usually are structured in logical patterns. The English-speaking traveler in Latin America confronts in casual ways a reality that's essentially different from our own: little chocolate candies in the shapes of skulls, virgin dolls with baby skeletons in their arms. The life/death, real/unreal crossovers confront our linear mentality. García Márquez has his finger on this pulse of the Latin reality. In his fiction, everything is simultaneous; past and present are at once. The book happens in one breath, and it could be read back to front.

Cervantes, Céline, Joyce, Rabelais, Faulkner—there is something of each writer in García Márquez's style, but he is, after all, himself and no one is as rich, mystical, exotic and hilarious. His rare energy is equal to life itself.

—*Frances Mayes*

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK AND ROLL STAR, by Sharon Lawrence (New York: Dell, paperbound, $1.75). Oh, the



life of a rock and roll star is *not* a bed of roses. Just read this book, it's enough to make you trade in your beloved old five-string on a key of Red and get into some less *demanding* livelihood, like interstate pushing. There's just too damned much responsibility that goes with being a rock star: you have to maintain your personal values and integrity under continual assault and temptation by nearly everyone around you. There are rules to follow and pitfalls to avoid in the big-time pop biz, the whole affair is one enormous exercise of the Protestant Ethic, and it's *grim*.

Rock folk are necessarily good people—It's the lure of superstardom that motivates these excellent people, and the opportunity to provide an inspiring example to the youth of all the world. Every fourth page in this book is a handsome (black and white) portrait of some very wonderful rock-person, with a blurb describing his or her immeasurable contributions to modern culture.

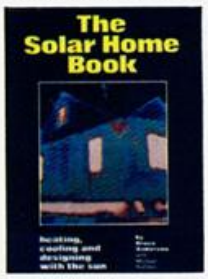
Ah, but these are the top people, of *proven* worth and durability. Your dewey-eyed starter-out has a tough row to hoe before he can play the Fillmore with the superb likes of *them!* The twin menace of sex and drugs is omnipresent. Some male performers "take everything they can get, usually getting a little more mixed-up about themselves and women in general as they flaunt their manhood across the country." As for women, oh Mother Mary preserve them.

And finally, as to dope, well, it's simple—"You are the one who will have to decide that drugs are bad for you." Or else. Remember, "your own sense of values" determines everything. "Promoters can be your best friends or your worst enemies, it all depends on you." Just ask Joe Cocker: it wasn't Leon Russell, it was Cocker *himself!*

Two inside tips, the first from Eric Clapton and the second from a chapter heading in this very rewarding book: (1) "They just wanted to fuck my name, not me" and (2) "Sleep and Good Food, Your Body's Best Friends."

—*Dean Latimer*

THE SOLAR HOME BOOK, by Bruce Anderson (Harrisville, N.H.: Cheshire Books, $7.50). This attempt at a Whole Sun



Catalog shows that a surprising number of workable solar homes have already been built and provides a thorough introduction to the science behind all of them. Anyone thinking of a solar house will find this work essential for the way it lays out all the options and problems in a coherent overview.

The Solar Home Book introduces a bewildering array of house designs, all of which are 75-to-100-percent heated by the sun. If there is a hero in this impersonal volume, it's the collective ingenuity that produced all these gadgets for trapping and storing the sun's heat. You'll learn about insulation, collecting panels, do-it-yourself solar water-heaters, degree days, roof ponds, heat transfer fluids, thermosiphoning and heat storage rockpiles. Lots of graphs and tables. Western technology's first dozen solar buildings are analyzed in detail, and other examples include remarkable self-contained living units that produce the occupant's food and fertilizer as well as heat.

The author's one continual recommendation is "simplest works best." Solar technology will not support us in our accustomed style, he warns, unless we learn energy conservation and acquire a "primitive" knowledge of weather forces to supplement our gizmos. Heating a house without expensive hardware is the best solution—and the toughest, because so many people feel lost without their machines.

Prospective builders will learn enough from this book to talk with an architect about their plans. They must go elsewhere, though, for advice on surmounting the high installation costs and the reluctance of bankers to mortgage solar homes. Anderson can't even bring himself to hint that banks and other oil investors might have a stake in keeping the sun's price high.

—*Gary Stimeling*

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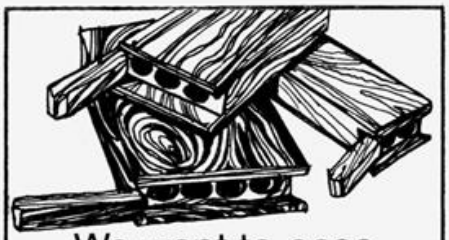
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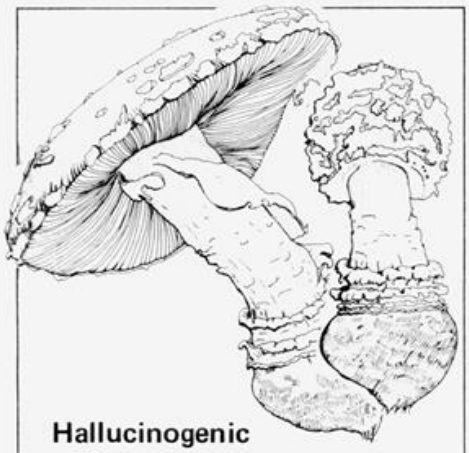
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Art From Acid

Man has been etching with acid since about 1500, but Andy from North Hollywood didn't know anything about it when he started. He taught himself. And the results are some of the most meticulous and artful craftworks we've seen. The stash box/lighter represents about 400 hours work, and it was made as a wedding present. The lighter itself contains a hidden roach clip, coke spoon and hash pipe, ingeniously packaged. This set is not for sale, but Andy *will* sell fine roach clips and spoons that represent about 24 of his hours for $75 to $100. His lighters take so long to make that if he'll sell you one, you might have to wait in line. You can write the amazing Andy at 5645 Fair Ave., North Hollywood, Ca. 91601.

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You've probably seen these new foot maps showing where the heart, liver, stomach, eyes, ears and all the other parts of the body are. It's not that *feet* have all these features—but they do have nerves, and these are in constant radio contact with all vital organs. It's something like acupuncture. Rub your big toe, and your splitting headache goes away. Rub your heel, and your ulcer goes to sleep. Remember, everything you do is based on your feet. Keep them happy, and you'll be happier too. One way to keep these little pedestrians perky is with the Noppy exercise sandal—a soft rubber sole-stimulating shitkicker that makes every little step you take a step toward good health. The Noppy exercise sandal is available at health-food stores and shoe stores across the country for $8.95. Or write Birkenstock, Dept. HT, 517A Jacoby Street, San Rafael, Ca. 94901.



"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor.

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AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	good steady smoke	oz	1-2
		lb	50-100
Water-pressed hash	some good, some bad	oz	1-1.50
		kilo	30-60
Shirac hash	potent	oz	3-6
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-sharif	excellent quality	oz	5-8
		kilo	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	improving slightly	oz	20-30
		lb	200-300
Nepalese hash	usually temple balls	oz	75-125
		lb	900-1100
Indian hash	just fair	oz	65-90
		lb	850-1050
Afghani hash	soft black; good	oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1500
LSD	brown blotter	hit	2-5
		100	100-200
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2300

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	getting bogus	oz	35-65
		lb	450-700
Mozambique grass	scarce	oz	60-90
		lb	500-800
Quaaludes	seldom seen	one	2-3.50
		100	75-150
Dormadinos	good quality	one	1-2
		100	75-150

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	fine high	oz	30-50
		lb	425-550
Chitral hash	primo	gm	2-3
		oz	45-75
Lebanese hash	supply drying up	oz	40-60
		lb	425-550
Nepalese hash	usually good	oz	45-75
		lb	450-600
LSD	decent	hit	2-5
		100	225-350
Cocaine	heavily cut	gm	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	15-30
		lb	150-275
Regular Mexican	good supply	oz	15-40
		lb	150-325
Top-grade Mexican	very tasty	oz	35-70
		lb	450-625
Commercial Colombian	usually abundant	oz	35-50
		lb	400-550
Connoisseur Colombian	hard to find	oz	50-75
		lb	425-650
Hawaiian	just stash	oz	175-275
		lb	2200-3200
Afghani hash	primo black; pliable	oz	125-200
		lb	1400-2000
Indian hash	just OK	oz	100-145
		lb	1100-1500
Kashmiri hash	excellent	oz	150-215
		lb	1600-2150
Afghani hash oil	thick black; potent	gm	25-45
		oz	400-550
Honey oil	amber	gm	30-50
		oz	450-650
LSD	several types	hit	2-5
		100	150-250
Cocaine	all kinds	gm	75-125
		oz	1400-1900
MDA	still available	gm	25-50

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	very good taste and head	oz	5-10
		lb	40-65
Machu Picchu	excellent quality	oz	8-10
		lb	50-70
Punta roja	sweet	oz	8-10
		lb	45-65
Colombian hash	improving slightly	lb	30-50
		100 lb	2000-3000
Colombian hash oil	fair	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	rare	hit	3-5
		100	250-400
Mushrooms	spiritual	oz	3-5
		lb	30-50
Cocaine	mostly rock	oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	generally stale	gm	2-3
		lb	600-850
Moroccan hash	just decent	gm	1.50-3
		lb	600-700
LSD	scarce	hit	2-4
		100	125-200

ECUADOR

Colombian	mostly connoisseur	oz	8-10
		lb	80-160
Ecuadorian red	delicious	oz	4-5
		lb	60-100
Cocaine	good flake	gm	20-30
		oz	450-625
San Pedro cactus	countryside acid	free	

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	good supply; fair quality	oz	50-75
		lb	600-750
Lebanese hash	getting hard to find	oz	70-85
		lb	800-925
Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	85-140
		lb	850-1200
Colombian hash	fair	oz	50-70
		lb	600-800
Hash oil	usually Afghani, some Lebanese	gm	25-35
		oz	400-500
LSD	good quality available	hit	1-2
		100	75-125
Cocaine	poor to fair quality and quantity	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1750
Mandrax	standard for some	one	1-2
		100	75-150

FRANCE

Yamba	rare	oz	40-60
		lb	400-600
Colombian	decent quality and quantity	oz	35-65
		lb	450-750
Moroccan	various qualities, some good	oz	30-50
		lb	350-500
Afghani hash	excellent when found	gm	5-7
		lb	900-1100
Chitral hash	mostly stash smoke	oz	50-70
		lb	500-700
LSD	U.S.-made	hit	2.50-5
		100	200-325
Opium	wonderful high	gm	12-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	disappearing	gm	2-3
		kilo	1100-1250
Afghani hash	strong commodity	oz	40-60
		lb	500-700
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	35-50
		lb	450-600
Thai sticks	very good	one	10-12
		100	800-900
LSD	good blotter around	hit	3-4
		100	200-300
Cocaine	usually rock	gm	60-100
		oz	400-650

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	decent	oz	10-15
		lb	150-200
Thai grass	good bargain	oz	60-90
		lb	700-1200
Thai sticks	excellent	one	8-12
		oz	75-140
Afghani hash	scarce of late	gm	8-15
		oz	75-150

ITALY

Colombian grass	quantity and quality fair	oz	75-100
		lb	600-850
Lebanese hash	poorly made mostly	oz	100-125
		100 gm	300-350
Afghani hash	thin black slabs; good	oz	100-120
		100 gm	270-300
Moroccan hash	crumbly green	oz	75-125
		100 gm	270-300
LSD	hard to find	hit	4-6
		100	300-400
Cocaine	nothing special	gm	40-60
		oz	900-1100
Speed	just OK	gm	50-65
		oz	1000-1200

MEXICO

Torreon violet	wonderful head	oz	5-10
		lb	80-125
Guadalajara green	very tasty	oz	5-10
		lb	75-125
Oaxacan tops	mostly good	oz	3-4
		lb	50-75
Guerrero gold	quantity improving	oz	4-7
		lb	60-115
Pueblo	worthwhile smoke	oz	4-6
		lb	65-100
Magic mushrooms	delightful	oz	5-8
		lb	80-115
Cocaine	mostly rock, smoke flake	gm	4-5
		oz	55-70
Opium	good quality	oz	400-500
		lb	5000

THE NETHERLANDS

Senegalese & Congolese	quality and quantity on decline	oz	50-80
		lb	400-550
Domestic hash	improving slightly	oz	20-40
		lb	250-350
Moroccan hash	various qualities available	oz	50-75
		lb	400-600
Lebanese hash	fair at best	oz	50-80
		lb	500-625
Kashmiri hash	excellent when found	oz	65-90
		lb	600-725
Hash oil	fresh Afghani; good	liter	1800-2100
LSD	some blotter	hit	2-4
		100	150-225
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	75-125
		oz	1200-2000
Burmese opium	dreamy	gm	3-5
		oz	60-80

TURKEY

Turkish hash	excellent; scarce	oz	5-8
		lb	70-80
Antonia hash	strong smoke	oz	8-10
		lb	100-150
LSD	rare	hit	5-12
		100	500-600
Opium	very good quality	oz	3-6
		lb	60-80

USA

Contiguous

Regular Mexican	steady supply and quality	oz	15-30
		lb	100-300
Top-grade Mexican	Oaxacan sinsemilla	oz	75-150
		lb	1000-2300
Jamaican	mostly fair	oz	20-30
		lb	250-450
Commercial Colombian	good supply	oz	25-40
		lb	325-450
Connoisseur Colombian	supply up	oz	40-65
		lb	400-600
Hawaiian	scarce	oz	175-250
		lb	1900-3000
Thai sticks	quality and quantity on increase	one	20-35
		oz	175-250
Moroccan hash	poor	oz	75-100
		lb	800-1200
Lebanese hash	good quality; hard to find	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1500
Afghani hash	surfboard; good	oz	120-190
		lb	1300-1800
Nepalese hash	some finger and temple balls	oz	120-185
		lb	1350-1850
Paki hash	fair	oz	115-165
		lb	1300-1700
Lebanese hash oil	just stash	gm	20-30
		oz	350-475
Afghani hash oil	potent	gm	25-45
		oz	400-600
Honey oil	excellent; good supply	gm	25-45
		oz	400-600
THC	around	one	1-3
		100	75-150
LSD	all kinds	hit	1-3
		100	75-175
Psilocybin mushrooms	still available	oz	20-35
		lb	150-250
Cocaine	quality mostly improving	gm	75-125
		oz	1200-1800
Quaaludes	around	one	3-5
		100	200-375

California (Special)

Domestic sinsemilla	excellent smoke	oz	75-150
		lb	700-1500
Hawaiian bush	Kamoniwanha Layya; excellent	oz	50
		lb	700
Aminita muscaria	mountain-rain fed	negotiable	
Psilocybe	nix		
Peyote	gunny sacks from Texas	one	.25-.40
		1000	200-350
LSD	yellow 100 microdots	hit	.60-2
	aquamarine; mellow	hit	.75
	panes, blotter; excellent	hit	2

Alaska

Domestic	good prospects	oz	25-65
		lb	400-600
Regular Mexican	the usual	oz	20-40
		lb	250-450
Connoisseur Colombian	needle in a haystack	oz	50-80
		lb	500-700
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	75-125
		oz	1000-1300

Hawaii

Kona gold	delicious	oz	75-150
		lb	1100-1700
Maui	tremendous high	oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

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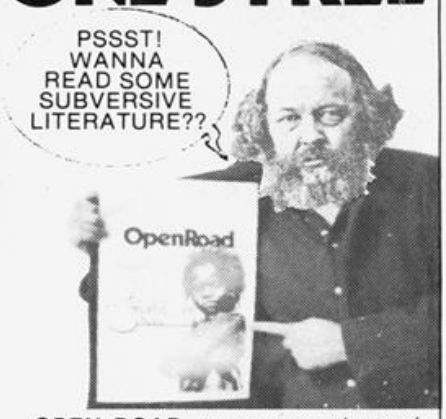
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Closers



Re Vamp

Vamp, short for vampire, used to be uptown slang for those who sucked on reefer; later it came to describe a certain sort of young lady, although we're not sure why. But we're pretty sure that Becky Wilson and Terry Richards, who edited "Vamp," play it both ways. Although Becky and Terry are both daughters of the Midwest, they met in the San Francisco underground comics scene, where they worked on Wimmen's Comix and the first women's erotic comics, Wet Satin. Terry also created Manhunt, a True Confessions for weirdos. Becky works as a freelance illustrator for such mags as Rolling Stone and Chic. Both are in the book *Titters*. And both are active water-sports enthusiasts who frequently shower with West Coast rap groups.





Sweethearts

Lynn Geller and Billy Madden, who wrote our report on "Honey," are in fact real-life sweethearts. Lynn writes for such magazines as Oui and Viva, works as a photostylist and dabbles in poetry and cooking with vegetables. Billy writes for such publications as Circus and the National Enquirer, and his hobbies are walking and cooking with mushrooms. These Greenwich Villagers have a lot in common, but they have their differences too. Both are into health food. Lynn smokes Merits; Billy smokes Gitanes.



By Appointment to Jah

Dave Sheridan is Gilbert Shelton's partner in the Furry Freak Brothers. A Cleveland boy, he served in the United States Army from 1966 to 1968 as a graphic designer, and while stationed in Ethiopia he was commissioned to design a birthday card for Emperor Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah, Root of David and spiritual leader of the Ras Tafari. Back in Cleveland, Dave met Gilbert Shelton and soon afterward split for California, where he joined Ripoff Press and worked on Slow Death, Skull Comics, Mother's Oats and The Leather Nun. In 1973 Sheridan and Shelton began collectively creating the Freak Brothers and an underground comic service called the Ripoff Syndicate, a funnies network now appearing in 60 underground and college newspapers.



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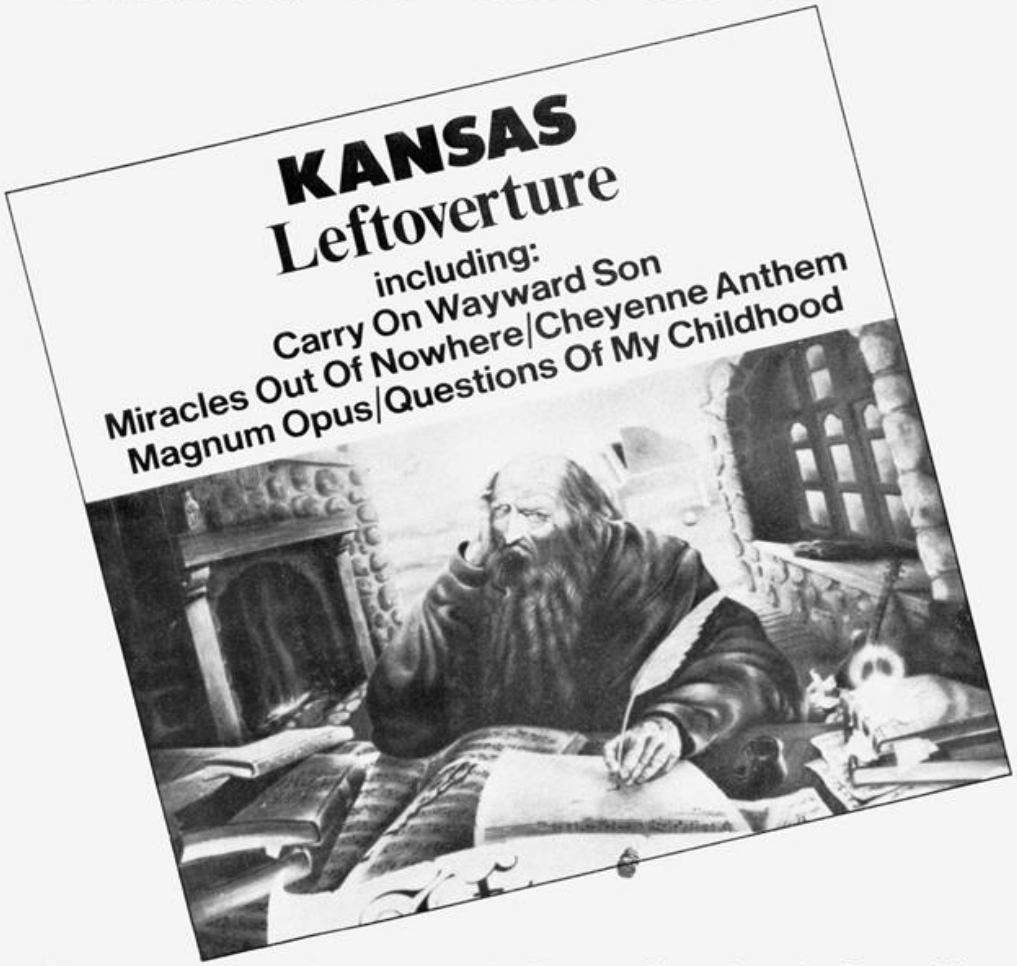
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